

The DRAMATICK
WORKS
OF

Thomas Shadwell, Esq;

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. KNAPTON, at the Crown in St.
Paul's Church-Yard; and J. TONSON, at
Shakespeare's Head over against Katharine Street
in the Strand. M D C C X X.

16

W. O. R. K.

W. O. R. K.

O. T.

Thomas Smith's

in the



L. O. N. D. O. N.

Printed for J. Smith at the ...
Prints Church Yard; and J. T. ...
Shakespeare's ...
in the ...

THE
WORKS
OF

Thomas Shadwell, Esq;

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

CONTAINING,

<i>The Sullen Lo-</i>	<i>The Royal Shep-</i>
<i>vers.</i>	<i>herdess.</i>
<i>The Humourists.</i>	<i>The Virtuoso.</i>



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

WORKS

Thomas Spackell, 114

VOLUME FIRST

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF THE
ROYAL SHIRTS
AND THE
ROYAL SHIRTS
AND THE
ROYAL SHIRTS



Printed in the Year 1800

TO THE
KING.

May it please Your Majesty,

I BEG Leave most
humbly to present
to Your Majesty
the Works of a Man, who,

Dedication.

I may say, (tho' my Father,) deserv'd the Patronage of a Good King, having in very troublesome Times suffer'd for his good Wishes and Attempts to serve his Country, and for shewing on all Occasions, as far as lay in his Power, his Dislike to any Measures tending to give up the Laws and Liberties of the Nation. This can be no ill Recommendation of

Dedication.

of a Person to Your MA-
JESTY, who is so remark-
able a Bulwark of both,
and whose Counsels are
indefatigably employ'd in
securing Peace to *Europe*,
and Freedom to your Sub-
jects. I know not, SIR,
which is greatest, the Ho-
nour of being Your MA-
JESTY's Servant, or the
Happiness of being Your
Subject: The good For-
tune

Dedication

tune that I enjoy of being both, and the Honour of having had Access to Your MAJESTY, have given me the Opportunity of admiring my Master, and revering my Sovereign; and I may say, with the Numbers that have the Honour of approaching You, that Your MAJESTY, as You shew Your self more, must have as many Friends as Subjects.

BUT

Dedication

BUT I forget that the Dedicacy of Great Minds over-awes the Justice which is due to their exalted Virtues, and that my Gratitude had almost betray'd me into an Offence.

THE Dead Author of these POEMS is beyond the Sense or Advantage of Your MAJESTY's Excellent Patronage; and Your Illustrious Name is prefix'd to his Writings chiefly as

Dedication.

a Declaration of his Son's
Happinefs, as a most
humble and a most du-
tiful Acknowledgment of
Your MAJESTY's Favours
to him: And if this De-
dication may remain as an
entire Testimony of my
Zeal for Your MAJESTY's
Service, and as a lasting
Monument of my Father's
Loyalty to Your Royal
Ancestors; like him, I shall
think I have liv'd like an
Eng.

Dedication.

Englishman, whose greatest Felicity is to be, as I am,

May it please Your MAJESTY,

Your MAJESTY'S

most Humble,

most Obedient,

and most Dutiful

Subject and Servant,

JOHN SHADWELL.

Engliffman, whose great
of Felicity is to be
I and

Also in place of Mr. Master
John M. A. S. S. V.
HOLLYWOOD

most Humble
most Obedient

and most Obedient
Subject and Servant
JOHN SHADWELL



College in Cambridge, and thence removed to the Middle Temple, to study the Law; but having more than a competent Fortune

SOME

Office. He had eleven Children to maintain in the Civil Wars, whereas he was a great Sufferer for the King, which forced

AUTHOR *and his Writings.*

his Estate: He was in Commis- on for the Peace in three Counties

T **HOMAS SHADWELL**
was of an ancient Family
in *Staffordshire*, the El-
dest Branch of which has
enjoyed an Estate there of at least
five

Some Account of the Life, &c.

five hundred Pounds *per Annum* for above three hundred Years, without any Honours or Publick Business. His Father was bred at *Caius College* in *Cambridge*, and thence remov'd to the *Middle-Temple*, to study the Laws; but having more than a competent Fortune left him by an Uncle, he did not much trouble himself with the Practice. He had eleven Children to maintain in the time of the Civil Wars, wherein he was a great Sufferer for the King, which forc'd him to sell and spend good part of his Estate: He was in Commission for the Peace in three Counties in *England*, *Middlesex*, *Norfolk*, and *Suffolk*, and behav'd himself with great Ability and Integrity. He was afterwards Recorder of *Gall-*

of Mr. THO. SHADWELL,

Galway in Ireland, and Receiver there to the late King James, then Duke of York; he was sometime Attorney-General at Tangier, under the then Earl of Inchequin.

Our Author was born at *Santon-Hall* in *Norfolk*, a Seat of his Father's; he was Educated at *Caius College*, and was likewise, as his Father had been, plac'd in the *Middle-Temple*, to study the Laws; where after he had spent some Time, he went abroad to improve himself by travelling. Upon his Return home, he came acquainted with the most celebrated Persons of Wit and distinguish'd Quality in that Age, which was so given to Poetry and polite Letters, that it was not easie for him, who had so true a Relish and Genius, to abstain from the elegant

Some Account of the Life, &c.

gent Studies and Amusements of those Times. He apply'd himself chiefly to the Dramatick Kind of Writing, in which he studied to serve his Country, rather than raise himself by the low Arts then in Practice; and he succeeded so well in his Design, as to merit the Honour of being made Poet *Laureat* and Historiographer Royal upon the Revolution by King *William* and Queen *Mary*, which Employments he enjoy'd till his Death 1692, in the 52^d Year of his Age.

His Principles were very Loyal and firm to the Interest and Laws of his Country, and to such good Princes as govern'd by their Authority; at once approving himself a good Patriot and a good Subject.

He

of Mr. THO. SHADWELL.

He was allow'd by all who knew him to be an accomplish'd Gentleman; he had a great deal of ready Wit, and very quick Parts, improv'd by the best Advantages of Learning, the best Conversation and other Acquisitions; amongst which I might mention his Great Skill in Musick.

He had not only a strict Sense of Honour and Morality, but likewise (particularly in his latter Days) a true Sense of Religion too.

As to his Writings, *Langbain* has endeavour'd to do him Justice, in his View of the Stage; wherein he shews how free he is from the Barrenness of some other Poets, which made them turn Plagiaries, and copy from other Authors, what he, like a skillful Observer, drew to the Life from Nature.

Some Account of the Life, &c.

Nature. His writing thus his own unborrow'd Thoughts, what he had himself collected immediately from the World, (the most instructive Library for a Man of Genius and Observation,) accounts for that easie Turn of Conception and Language that graced every Thing he said or wrote. He is universally allow'd to have excell'd in Humour, which is a Talent almost peculiar to the *English* Nation. The famous Earl of *Roche*ster has given him a Character which, tho' seemingly alloy'd by the Frankness of the Expression, is not only less liable to the Suspicion of Flattery, but plainly allows him that known Commendation of *H*is race, such an easie Turn of Thought and Language,

of Mr. THO. SHADWELL.

— *Ut sibi quivis*
Speret idem: Sudet multum, fru-
straque laboret,
Ausus Idem. —

Of the good Design and Intention
of the Author's Works one can't
give a shorter and better Account,
than what appears in an Inscription
which was intended for the Monu-
ment erected for him by his Son
Sir John Shadwell among the Poets
in Westminster-Abbey; but after it
was engrav'd upon the Stone, it
was alter'd by the Desire of the late
Bishop of Rochester, upon an Ex-
ception which he said some of the
Clergy had made to it, as being too
great an Encomium upon Plays to
be set up in a Church. But by the
Copy, as it was first design'd, the
Reader

Some Account of the Life, &c.

Reader is left to judge whether there could be any just Reason to take Exceptions to it.



of Mr. THO. SHADWELL.

Upon the Pyramid was Engrav'd

ΣΚΗΝΗ
ΠΑΣ 'Ο ΒΙΟΣ
ΚΑΙ ΠΑΙΓΝΙΟΝ.

Upon the Stone the following Inscription.

P. M. S.

*Thomæ Shadwell Armigeri,
Antiquâ Stirpe in Comitatu Staffordiæ
Oriundi:*

*Qui, inter cæteras Eruditionis dotes,
Animum feliciter ad scribendum appulit.*

*At hoc Poeseos proposuit munus,
Ut quas fecisset Fabulas*

*Populares deriderent Ineptias
Morésque corrigerent profligatos,*

Ut delectarent simul & prodesse;

*Majori enim sibi laudi duxit
Bonus Civis haberi*

Quam Principibus Poetis inseri.

*Inde, Imperante Gulielmo Tertio,
Poetæ Laureati & Historiographi Regii
Titulos meruit & exornavit.*

Ob. Nov. 19. Æt. suæ 52.

H. M. P. C.

*In perpetuam Pietatis Memoriam,
Johannes Shadwell. M. D. Thomæ F.*

of Mr. T. S. G. W. L.

Upon the Pyramid was engraved

THE

WAT O RICE

KAI PLANTION

Upon the stone the following inscription

M. S.

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THE
SULLEN LOVERS:

OR, THE
IMPERTINENTS.

A
COMEDY,

Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL

BY
Their MAJESTIES Servants.

*Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira Poemata pango:
Occupet extremum scabies: mihi turpe relinqui est,
Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fatari.* Flor. de Art. Poet.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

THE
SUILEN LOVER

IMPERIAL



THEATRE

THEIR MASTER

THEIR MASTER

Printed at the Year 1800



To the Thrice Noble, High and Puissant PRINCE

WILLIAM,

Duke, Marquis, and Earl of *NEWCASTLE*,
Earl of *Ogle*, Viscount *Mansfield*, Baron of
Bolsover, of *Ogle*, of *Bertram*, *Botball*, and
Hepple; Gentleman of His Majesty's Bed-
Chamber, One of His Majesty's most Honour-
able Privy-Council, Knight of the most Noble
Order of the Garter, His Majesty's Lieutenant
of the County and Town of *Nottingham*, and
Justice in *Eyre*, *Trent*, *North*, &c.

May it please Your GRACE,

AD I no particular Obliga-
tions to urge me, yet my
own Inclinations would
prompt me not only to de-
cate this to You, but my self to

B 2

Your

DEDICATION

Your Grace's Service: Since You have so much obliged Your Country both by Your Courage, and Your Wit, that all Men, who pretend either to Sword or Pen, ought to shelter themselves under Your Grace's Protection: Those Excellencies, as well as the great Obligations I have had the Honour to receive from Your Grace, are the Occasion of this Dedication: And I doubt not, but that Generosity, wherewith Your Grace has always succour'd the Afflicted, will make You willing (by suffering me to use the Honour of Your Name) to rescue this from the bloody Hands of the Criticks, who will not dare to use it roughly, when they see Your Grace's Name in the beginning, that being a Stamp sufficient to render it true Coin, though it be adulterate. That Authority that makes You able

DEDICATION.

and that great Goodness that makes
You willing to protect all Your Ser-
vants, may give You frequent Trou-
bles of this Nature ; but I hope Your
Grace will be pleased to pardon them,
when they come from,

My LORD,

Your GRACE'S

Most obliged humble Servant,

London, Sep. 1.
1668.

Tho. Shadwell.



P R E F A C E

Reader,

THE Success of this Play, as it was much more than it deserv'd, so was much more than I expected; especially in this very Critical Age, when every Man pretends to be a Judge, and some, that never read Three Plays in their Lives, and never understood one, are as positive in their Judgment of Plays, as if they were all *Johnsons*. But had I been us'd with all the Severity imaginable, I should patiently have submitted to my Fate; not like the rejected Authors of our Time, who, when their Plays are damn'd, will strut, and huff it out, and laugh at the Ignorance of the Age: Or, like some other of our Modern Fops, that declare they are resolv'd to justify their Plays with their Swords (though perhaps their Courage is as little as their Wit) such as peep through their Loop-holes in the Theatre to see who looks grum upon their Plays: And if they spy a Gentle 'Squire making Faces, he, poor Soul, must be *beckor'd* till he likes 'em, while the more stubborn *Bully-Rock* damns, and is safe. Such



P R E F A C E.

Such is their Discretion in the Choice of their Men: Such Gentlemen as these, I must confess, had need pretend they cannot Err. These will huff, and look big upon the Success of an ill Play stuffed full of Songs and Dances, (which have that constraint upon 'em too, that they seldom seem to come in willingly;) when in such Plays the Composer and the Dancing-Master are the best Poets, and yet the unmerciful Scribler would rob them of all the Honour.

I am so far from valuing my self (as the Phrase is) upon this Play, that perhaps no Man is a severer Judge of it than my self; yet if any thing could have made me proud of it, it would have been the great Favour and Countenance it receiv'd from His Majesty and their Royal Highnesses.

But I could not perswade my self that they were so favourable to the Play for the Merit of it, but out of a Princely Generosity, to encourage a young Beginner, that did what he could to please them, and that otherwise might have been baulk'd for ever: 'Tis to this I owe the Success of the Play, and am as far from Presumption of my own Merits in it, as one ought to be, who receives an Alms.

The first Hint I receiv'd was from the Report of a Play of *Moliere's* of three Acts, called *Les Facheux*, upon which I wrote a great Part of this before I read that; and after it came to my Hands, I found so little for my Use (having before upon that Hint design'd the fittest Characters I could for my Purpose) and that I have made Use of but

P R E F A C E.

two short Scenes which I inserted afterwards (*viz.*) the first Scene in the Second Act between *Stanford* and *Roger*, and *Moliere's* Story of *Piquette*, which I have translated into Back-gammon, both of them being so vary'd you would not know them. But I freely confess my Theft, and am ashamed on't, though I have the Example of some, that never yet wrote Play without stealing most of it; and (like Men that lye so long, till they believe themselves) at length by continual Thieving, reckon their stol'n Goods their own too: Which is so ignoble a Thing, that I cannot but believe that he, that makes a common Practice of stealing other Men's Wit, would, if he could with the same Safety, steal any thing else,

I have in this Play, as near as I could, observ'd the three Unities, of Time, Place, and Action; The Time of the Drama does not exceed six Hours, the Place is in a very narrow Compass, and the main Action of the Play, upon which all the rest depend, is the fullen Love betwixt *Stanford* and *Emilia*, which kind of Love is only proper to their Characters: I have here, as often as I could naturally, kept the Scenes unbroken, which (though it be not so much practis'd, or so well understood, by the *English*) yet among the *French* Poets is accounted a great Beauty. But after these frivolous Excuses, the want of Design in the Play has been objected against me; which Fault (though I may endeavour a little to extenuate) I dare not absolutely deny. I conceive, with all Submission to better Judgments, that no Man ought to expect such Intrigues in the little Actions of Comedy, as are requir'd in Plays of a higher Nature: But in
Plays

P R E F A C E.

Plays of Humour, where there are so many Characters as there are in this, there is yet less Design to be expected: For if, after I had form'd three or four forward prating Fops in the Play, I made it full of Plot, and Business; at the latter End, where the Turns ought to be many, and suddenly following one another, I must have let fall the Humour, which I thought wou'd be pleasanter than Intrigues could have been without it; and it would have been easier to me to have made a Plot than to hold up the Humour.

Another Objection, that has been made by some, is, that there is the same thing over and over: Which I do not apprehend, unless they blame the Unity of the Action; yet *Horace de Arte Poetica* says,

Sit quod vis, simplex duntaxat, & unum.

Or whether it be the carrying on of the Humours to the last, which the same Author directs me to do:

*Si quid inexpertum Scenæ committis, & audes
Personam formare novam, servetur ad unum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi consuet.*

I have endeavour'd to represent variety of Humours (most of the Persons of the Play differing in their Characters from one another) which was the Practice of *Ben. Johnson*, whom I think all Dramatick Poets ought to imitate, though none are like to come near; he being the only Person, that appears to me to have made perfect Representations of Human Life. Most other Authors, that I ever read, either have wild Romantick Tales, where

P R E F A C E.

in they strain Love and Honour to that ridiculous Height, that it becomes Burlesque; or in their lower Comedies content themselves with one or two Humours at most, and those not near so perfect Characters as the admirable *Johnson* always made, who never wrote Comedy without seven or eight excellent Humours. I never saw one, except that of *Falstaffe*, that was in my Judgment comparable to any of *Johnson's* considerable Humours: You will pardon this Digression, when I tell you He is the Man, of all the World, I most passionately admire for his Excellency in Dramatick Poetry.

Though I have known some of late so Insolent to say, that *Ben. Johnson* wrote his best Plays without Wit; imagining, that all the Wit in Plays consisted in bringing two Persons upon the Stage to break Jest, and to bob one another, which they call Repartie; not considering that there is more Wit and Invention requir'd in the finding out good Humour, and Matter proper for it, than in all their smart Reparties. For in the writing of a Humour, a Man is confin'd not to swerve from the Character, and oblig'd to say nothing but what is proper to it: But in the Plays, which have been wrote of late, there is no such thing as perfect Character, but the two chief Persons are most commonly a Swearing, Drinking, Whoring, Ruffian for a Lover, and an impudent ill-bred *Tomrig* for a Mistress, and these are the fine People of the Play; and there is that Latitude in this, that almost any thing is proper for them to say; but their chief Subject is Bawdy, and Profaneness, which they call *Brisk Writing*, when the most dissolute

P R E F A C E.

dissolute of Men, that relish those things well enough in Private, are *shotk'd* at 'em in Publick: And methinks, if there were nothing but the ill Manners of it, it should make Poets avoid that Indecent way of Writing.

But perhaps you may think me as impertinent as any one I represent; that, having so many Faults of my own, shou'd take the Liberty to judge of others, to impeach my Fellow-Criminals: I must confess, it is very ungenerous to accuse those, that modestly confess their own E-rors; but Positive Men, that justify all their Faults, are common Enemies, that no Man ought to spare; prejudicial to all Societies they live in, destructive to all Communication, always endeavouring Magisterially to impose upon our Understandings, against the Freedom of Mankind: These ought no more to be suffer'd amongst us than wild Beasts: For no Corrections, that can be laid upon 'em, are of Power to reform 'em; and certainly it was a positive Fool that *Solomon* spoke of, when he said, *Bray him in a Mortar, and yet he will retain his Folly.*

But I have troubled you too long with this Discourse, and am to ask Pardon for it, and the many Faults you will find in the Play; and beg you will believe, that whatever I have said of it, was intended not in Justification, but Excuse of it: Look upon it, as it really was, wrote in haste, by a young Writer, and you will easily pardon it; especially when you know that the best of our Dramatick Writers have wrote very ill Plays at first, nay some of 'em have wrote several, before they

P R E F A C E.

they could get one to be Acted; and their best Plays were made with great Expence of Labour and Time. Nor can you expect a very correct Play, under a Year's Pains at the least, from the wittiest Man of the Nation; It is so difficult a thing to write well in this Kind. Men of Quality, that write for their Pleasure, will not trouble themselves with Exactness in their Plays; and those, that write for Profit, would find too little Encouragement for so much Pains, as a correct Play would require.

Vale.



PRO-

PROLOGUE.

HOW popular are Poets now-a-days!
Who can more Men at their first Summons raise,
Than many a wealthy home-bred Gentleman,
By all his Interest in his Country can.
They raise their Friends; but in one Day arise
'Gainst one poor Poet all these Enemies:
For so he has observ'd you always are,
And against all that write maintain a War.
What shall he give you Composition now?
Alas! he knows not what you will allow.
He has no Cautionary Song, nor Dance,
That might the Treaty of his Peace advance;
No kind Romantick Lovers in his Play,
To sigh and whine out Passion, such as may
Charm Waiting-women with Heroick Chime,
And still resolve to live and dye in Rhime;
Such as your Ears with Love and Honour feast,
And Play at Crambo for three Hours at least:
That Fight, and Wooe, in Verse in the same Breath,
And make Similitudes, and Love in Death:

——— But if you love a Fool, he bid me say,
He has great Choice to shew you in his Play;
(To do you Service) I am one to Day.
Well, Gallants, 'tis his first, Faith, let it go,
Just as old Gamesters by young Bubbles do:
This first and smaller Stake let him but win,
And for a greater Sum you'll draw him in.
Or use our Poet, as you would a Hare,
Which, when she's hunted down, for Sport you spare.
At length take up, and damn no more, for Shame,
For if you only at the Quarry aim,
This Critick poaching will destroy your Game.

Dramatis Personæ.

Stanford, A Morose melancholy Man, tormented beyond Measure with the Impertinence of People, and resolved to leave the World to be quit of them.

Level, An Airy young Gentleman, Friend to *Stanford*, one that is pleased with, and laughs at the Impertinents; and that, which is the other's Torment, is his Recreation.

Sir Positive All, A foolish Knight, that pretends to understand every thing in the World, and will suffer no Man to understand any thing in his Company; so foolishly Positive, that he will never be convinced of an Error, though never so gross.

Ninny, A conceited Poet, always troubling Men with impertinent Discourses of Poetry, and the Repetition of his own Verses; in all his Discourse he uses such affected Words, that 'tis as bad as the Canting of a Gypsie.

Woodcock, A familiar loving Coxcomb, that embraces and kisses all Men; So used to his familiar endearing Expressions, that he cannot forbear them in the midst of his Anger.

Huffe, An impudent Cowardly Heſtor, that torments *Stanford* with coming to borrow Mony, and is beaten by him.

Roger, *Stanford's* Man.

Father to *Emilia* and *Carolina*.

Country Gent. A grave ill-bred Coxcomb, that never speaks without a Proverb.

Tim. Scribble, }
Jacob Dash, } Two Justices Clarks.

Emilia, Of the same Humour with *Stanford*.

Carolina, Of the same Humour with *Level*.

Lady Vaine, A Whore, that takes upon her the Name of a Lady, very talkative and impertinently affected in her Language, always pretending to Virtue and Honour.

Luce, *Emilia's* Maid.

Bridget, *Lady Vaine's* Maid.

Sergeant with a File of Musqueteers. Waiters, Fiddlers, &c.

SCENE LONDON.

The Time, in the Month of *March*, 1667.

THE



THE
SULLEN LOVERS:
OR, THE
IMPERTINENTS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Stanford and Roger his Man.

STANFORD.

IN what unlucky Minute was I born, to be Tormented thus where-e'er I go? What an Impertinent Age is this we live in, when all the World is grown so troublesome, that I should envy him that spends his Days in some remote and unfrequented Place, with none but Bears and Wolves for his Companions, and never sees the Folly of Mankind!

Rog. Good Sir, be patient, let it not disturb you.

Stanf. Patient—Thou may'st as well teach Patience to a Man, that has a fit o'th' Cholick or the Stone.

Enter

Dramatis Personæ.

Stanford, A Morose melancholy Man, tormented beyond Measure with the Impertinence of People, and resolved to leave the World to be quit of them.

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Roger, *Stanford's* Man.

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T H E



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Stanf. Patient——Thou may'st as well teach Patience to a Man, that has a fit o'th' Cholick or the Stone.

Enter

Enter Lovel.

Lovel. What, in a fit again, *Stanford*? now art thou as moody as a Poet, after his Play is damn'd. [Exit Roger.]

Stanf. Oh *Lovel*! I am tormented so beyond my Patience, I am resolv'd to quit the World, and find some uninhabited Place far from Converse; where I may live as free as Nature made me.

Lov. Why this down-right Madnes? pr'ythee send for a Chirurgeon and open a Vein, try what that will do; for thou wilt be as ripe for Bedlam else as a Fanatick.

Stanf. What would you have me do? Where-e'er I turn me, I am baited still by some importunate Fools, that use me worse than Boys do Cocks upon *Shrove-Tuesday*; this makes my Life so tedious and unpleasant, that, rather than endure it longer, I'll find out some Place in the *West-Indies*, where I may see a Man no oftner than a Blazing-Star.

Lov. Why, thou wilt come to be bound in thy Bed, *Stanford*: 'Thank Heaven, I find nothing makes me weary of my Life; thou art scandalous; Why dost thou abuse this Age so? Methinks it's as pretty an Honest, Drinking, Whoring Age, as a Man wou'd wish to live in.

Stanf. Sure, *Lovel*, thou wer't born without a Gall, or bear'st thy Anger like a useless Thing, that can't endure to live among such Fools, as we are every Day condemn'd to see.

Lov. Where's the Trouble?

Stanf. Sure thou art insensible, or thou wou'dst not ask me. I am more restless than the Man that has a raging Fever on him; and like him, I change my Place, thinking to ease my self; but find that, which should lessen, does increase my Pain.

Lov. As how Sir?

Stanf. Could any Man have born but Yesterday's Impertinence?

Lov. What was that? for I have not seen you since.

Stanf. In the Morning, coming abroad to find you out, (the only Friend, with whom I can enjoy my self) comes in

in a brisk gay Concourse of the Town—O Lord, Sir, (says he) I am glad I've taken you within, I come on Purpose to tell you the News, d'ye hear it? Then might I reasonably expect to hear of some great Intrigue or other; at the least that the Kings of *France* and *Spain* were agreed — Then after he had bid me guess four or five times, with a great deal of Amazement, says he, *Fuck Scatter-brain* comes in with ten Guineas last Night into the Groom-Porter's, and carry'd away two hundred; and then teaz'd me half an Hour, to tell me all his Throws.

Lov. Now, should I have been pleas'd with this.

Stanf. You make me mad to hear you say so.

Lov. If you are weary of one Company, why don't you try another? and vary your Companions as often as your young Gallants do their Mistresses, or the Well-bred Ladies their Servants.

Stanf. Where-e'er I go, I meet the same Affliction: If I go into the City, there I find a Company of Fellows selling of their Souls for Two-pence in the Shilling Profit.

Lov. You are too Satirical.

Stanf. Besides I find the very Fools, I avoid at this End of the Town, come thither, some to take up Money at Ten in the Hundred, what with Interest and Brokerage, as they call it; others to take up Commodities upon Tick, which they sell at half Value for ready Money; and these Inhumane Rascals i'th' very midst of all their Business will fix upon me, and I am more barbarously us'd by 'em, than a new Poet by a Knot of Criticks.

Lov. So Sir! go on with your Relation.

Stanf. The other Day, being tir'd almost to death with the Impertinence of Fops that importun'd me, for Variety, I ventur'd into a Coffee-house; there I found a Company of formal starch'd Fellows talking Gravely, Wisely, and nothing to the Purpose; and with undaunted Impudence discoursing of the Right of Empires; the Management of Peace and War; and the great Intrigues of Councils; when o'my Conscience you wou'd have sooner took 'em for Tooth-Drawers than Privy-Counsellors.

Lov.

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Lov. But why don't you make this pleasant to your self, and laugh at 'em as I do?

Stanf. Faith Sir, I cannot find the Jest on't.

Lov. Yet methinks however this should not make me Uneasie to my self.

Stanf. Sure, *Lovel*, you have Patience more than ever Stoick had; This damn'd Impertinence makes me resolv'd to fly my Country; I can never find one Hour's Refreshment in a Year: If I go to the Theatre, where all People hope to please themselves; either I find an insupportable Play; or if a good one, ill acted; or, which is worse, so many troublesome Wits buzzing about my Ears, that I am driven from thence too.

Lov. If this torments you so, then change the Scene, and go to Court, where Conversation is refin'd.

Stanf. Why, so I do; but there I find a Company of gaudy Nothings, that fain would be Courtiers; that think they are hardly dealt withal not to have Employment too. Besides, when after all my Persecutions, I think to ease my self at Night by Sleep, as last Night about eleven or twelve of Clock, at a solemn Funeral the Bells set out: That Men should be such Owls to keep five thousand People awake, with ringing a Peal to him that does not hear it!

Lov. But 'tis generously done, especially since in my Conscience they expect no thanks for their Labour, neither from their Dead Friend, nor any one else.

Stanf. A Curse upon 'em; this was no sooner past, but about two in the Morning comes the Bell-man, and in a dismal Tone repeats worle Rhimes, than a cast Poet of the Nursery can make; after him, come those Rogues, that wake People with their barbarous Tunes, and upon their Toting Instruments make a more hellish Noise than they do at a Play-house, when they flourish for the Entrance of Witches.

Lov. All this disturbs not me: But if you are troubled with this Noise, why don't you live in the Country? there you may be free.

Stanf.

Or, the IMPERTINENTS. 19

Stanf. Free! Yes to be drunk with *Marsh Beer*, and Wine, worse than ever was serv'd in at *Pye-corner* at the eating of Pigs; and hear no other Discourse, but of Horses, Dogs, and Hawks.

Lov. I wou'd not be of your uneasy Disposition for the World: But granting all this, Cannot the Women of the Town please you? methinks the pretty Devils have Charms enough to keep me in the World still, without the Danger of being *Felo-de-se*.

Stanf. Women! Oh! name 'em not: They are Impertinence it self, I can scarce endure the Sight of 'em.

Lov. Why thou art stark-mad; 'faith for my Part, I ne'er met with any of the Sex that was kind and pretty, but I cou'd bear with her Impertinence.

Stanf. It cannot be.

Lov. No! wou'd thou'dst try me, and bring me to a New Woman that's handsome; if I bogg'd at her Impertinence, may I never have other to help me at my Necessity, than an Oyster-Wife, or one that cries *Eada of Gold and Silver*: Methinks Beauty and Impertinence do well enough together.

Stanf. Sure you rally with me all this while, you cannot be so stupid to think I have not Reason in my Opinion; but nothing I have ever told you yet has equal'd the Persecution of this Day.

Lov. I know whom that concerns——pr'ythee let me hear't, that I may laugh a little at those Monkeys; the Variety of their Folly always affords new Matter.

Stanf. That it does, to my sad Experience. This Morning, just as I was coming to look for you, Sir *Positive At-all*, that Fool, that will let no Man understand any thing in his Company, Arrests me with his Impertinence; says he, with a great deal of Gravity, Perhaps I am the Man of the World that have found out two Plays, that betwixt you and I have a great deal of Wit in 'em; those are, *The Silent Woman*, and *The Scornful Lady*——and if I understand any thing in the World, there's Wit enough, in both those, to make one good Play; if I had

the

the Management of 'em: For you must know, this is a thing I have thought upon and consider'd.

Lev. This is the pleasant'st thing I ever heard.

Stanf. May you have enough on't then, if you think so: But this was not all, for notwithstanding I granted his Opinion, he fore'd me to stay an Hour to hear his impertinent Reasons for't; but no sooner, by some happy Accident or other, had I got rid of him, but in comes that familiar loving Puppy *Woodcock*, that admires Fools for Wits, and torments me with a damn'd Coranto, as he calls it, upon his Violin, which he us'd so barbarously, I was ready to take it for a Bag-pipe.

Lev. This would have made me broke my Spleen with Laughter.

Stanf. I must be stung with a Tarrantula, before I could laugh at it: But here my Persecution did not end; for after I had got loose from the other two, whom should I see as I came along, but that infinite Coxcomb Poet *Ninny*; who by force of Arms hales me into his Lodging, and read me there a confounded Scene in Heroick Verse: So that what with Sir *Positive's* Orations, *Woodcock's* squeaking Fiddle, and Poet *Ninny's* Heroick Fustian, I have a greater Wind-mill in my Brain, than a new Politician with his Head full of Reformation; but, as Fate would have it, in came a Dunn, and out got I, and for fear of further Interruption came back to my Lodging.

Enter Roger.

Rog. O Sir! here's Poet *Ninny*.

Enter Ninny.

Stanf. I ha' but nam'd the Devil, and see! I have rais'd him.

Ninny. Mr. *Lovel*, your humble Servant.

Lev. Sweet Mr. *Ninny*, I am yours.

Ninny. But, dear Mr. *Stanford*, I am infinitely troubled, that that unmannerly Rascal shou'd come and disturb us just now: But you know, Sir, we cannot help the Impertinence of Foolish idle Fellows.

Stanf.

Or, the IMPERTINENTS. 21

Stanf. No, no! you have convinc'd me sufficiently of that. [*Aside*] How the Devil could he follow me? [*Low* and *Ninny whisper*] I think the Rascal has as good a Nose as a Blood Hound.

Ninny. I have a Copy of Heroick Verses will fit him, I warrant you.

Lov. Read 'em to him, he's a great Judge, I can assure you.

Ninny. Sir, I am happy to meet with one, that is so great a Judge of Poetry as you are; for it is a miserable Thing for an Author to expose his Things to empty giddy Fellows: And let me tell you, between you and I, there are seven thousand Fools to seven wise Men.

Lov. That so great a Truth should be spoken by one, that I'll swear is none of the seven!

Stanf. Now do you judge, *Lovel*:

Enter Woodcock.

Slife, another Teazer here! *Woodcock*?

Wood. Dear *Ninny*, ah dear *Lovel*: Ah my dear *Jack Stanford*, [*Kisses them all*] I am the happiest Man in thy Friendship of any Man's upon Earth, dear *Jack*, I have the greatest Value for thee in the World; prythee Kiss me again dear Heart.

Stanf. Now, *Lovel*, have I reason or not?

Lov. That you have to laugh; this is my Recreation.

Stanf. Well! if I do not leave the World within these three Days, may I be eternally baited by Sir *Positive*, *Ninny*, and *Woodcock*, which is a Curse worse than the worst of my Enemy's Wishes.

[*Aside.*

Wood. Hah! art thou resolv'd to give over the World too, dear Heart? There's a Lady that came to Town yesterday, that is of the same Mind: She told me so, but I hope she will not, for the truth on't is, *Jack*, I am in Love with her.

Ninny. Are you so? but I hope I shall catch her from you for all that.

Wood. She says she's so troubled with impertinent People, which, between you and I, *Jack*, are so numerous

in

12 *The SULLEN LOVERS;*

in this Town, that a Man cannot live in quiet for 'em, that she's resolv'd to leave the World to be quit of 'em.

Ninny. Yes, faith she told me so last Night, as I was reading a Scene of my Play to her.

Stanf. No doubt she had reason.

Wood. 'Tis your Acquaintance, *Ned Lovel*; *Carolina's* Sister, *Emilia*.

Lov. Now, *Stanford*, I'll oblige you, and bring you acquainted with this Lady; certainly her Humour will please you.

Stanf. My Friend torment me too! have I not impertinent Acquaintance enough already; but you must endeavour to trouble me with more?

Wood. Well! that's an excellent Copy of Verses of thine, dear *Ninny*. Come on, *Jack*, thou shalt hear 'em.

Stanf. Hell and Damnation!

[Offers to go out.]

Ninny. Hold, hold; you shall hear. *Your sad Indifference* — (Look you, Sir, 'tis upon a Lady, that is indifferent in her Carriage toward me) *Your sad Indifference* — I am confident this will please you, here are many Thoughts I was happy in, and the Choice of Words not unpleasant, which you know is the greatest Matter of all) — *Your sad Indifference so wounds* — (Look you, you shall find as much Soul, and Force, and Spirit, and Flame in this, as ever you saw in your Life.)

Wood. Come, *Jack*, hear't, it is a most admirable Piece.

Stanf. Now, *Lovel*, what think you? [*Lovel laughs*] Gentlemen, I have extraordinary Business, I must leave you.

Wood. No, no, hold! Faith thou shalt stay and hear his Verses, they are as good as ever were read: Come, *Ninny* —

Stanf. O Devil! What have I deserv'd to have this inflicted upon me?

Ninny reads. *Your sad Indifference so wounds, my Fair,*
At once I hope, and do at once despair.

How do you like that, ha? —

You do at once both Hate and Kindness show;
And are at once both Kind and Cruel too.

Wood.

Or, the IMPERTINENTS. 23

Wood. Oh! very fine! is't not, Ned?

Lov. Oh! extream fine,

Stanf. What the Devil makes you commend these foolish Verses, that are nothing but a Jingling of Words? let's go.

Ninny. Hold! hold! hold, hear the rest; hem—

At once my Hopes you nourish and destroy, [Reads again.

My only Grief, and yet my only Joy.

Mark that.

Stanf. O Devil!

Ninny reads. *Virtue and Vice at once in you do shine;*

Your Inclinations are, and are not mine.

Wood. O admirable! didst ever hear any thing so fine thy Life, dear Heart?

Stanf. Oh! how these Curs bait me!

Ninny reads again. *As once a Storm and Calm I do essay,*

And do at once a Smile and Frown decry.

At once you kindle and put out my Flame:

I cold as Ice, as hot as Charcoal am.

Mark that, Mr. Stanford, I was very happy in that thought, as I hope to breath.

Wood. Upon my Word, Jack, that's a great Flight of

s.

Rog. Sir, methinks there's as pretty a Soul in't, as a man shall see in a Summer's Day.

Stanf. What am I condemn'd to!

Lov. Why do you torment your self thus? methinks nothing can be pleasanter.

Stanf. Gentlemen, detain me not; I'll stay no longer.

Ninny. Dear Mr. Stanford, I ha' just done; if you have any Respect in the World for me, stay and hear the end of it.

Wood. Nay, 'Faith Jack, thou shalt stay.

Stanf. What's this I endure!

Ninny reads. *My Fate at once is gentle and severe,*

You will not shew your Hate, nor Love declare:

Such safety and such danger's in your Eye,

That I resolve at once to live and die.

here's Body and Soul in that last Couplet. Lov.

14 *The Sullen Lovers;*

Low. Hey, Riddle my Riddle; but this is the fashionable Way of Writing.

Nimmy. What say you, Sir? Are they not well? You are a great Judge.

Stanf. Pray, Sir, let me go, I am no Judge at all, let me go; I will not stay.

Enter Sir Positive At-all.

Sir Positive here! I had rather go against an Insurrection of 'Prentices, than encounter him.

Sir Posit. Ah dear *Jack*! Have I found thee? I would not but have seen you for twenty Pounds: I have made this Morning a glorious Corrant, an immortal Corrant, a Corrant with a Soul in't; I'll defie all *Europe* to make such another: You may talk of your *Baptists*, your *Locks*, and your *Banisters*; let me see 'em mend this: Why here's at least 25 Notes Compass, Fa, la, la, &c. You shall hear.

Wood. Come, *Sir Positive*, let's hear't.

Sir Posit. With all my Heart: Fa, la, la.

Stanf. Oh Heaven! *Sir Positive*, though I love Musick, yet at present I must tell you, I am out of Tune.

Nimmy. Out of Tune, Ha, ha, ha——now have you said the best Thing in the World, and do not know it.

Stanf. *Sir Positive*, I must take my Leave of you, I must not lose my Business for a little Musick——

Sir Posit. Hold, now you talk of Musick——

Stanf. 'Slife, Sir, I talk of my Business.

Sir Posit. But for Musick, if any Man in *England* gives you a better Account of that than I do, I will give all Mankind leave to spit upon me: You must know, it's a thing I have thought upon and consider'd, and made it my Business from my Cradle; besides, I am so naturally a Musician, that *Gamut*, *A re*, *Bemi*, were the first Words I could learn to speak: Do you like *Baptist's* Way of Composing?

Low. No doubt, Sir, he's a great Master:

Wood. As ever was born, take that from me.

Sir Posit. Upon my Word, *Stanford*, I will make all my Tunes like his——You shall hear his Vein in this Corrant now.

Stanf.

Stanf. One Trouble upon the Neck of another—
when shall I be deliver'd from these Fools!

Sir Posit. Do but ask *Ninny* there.

Ninny. Yes, doubtless *Sir Positive* has a great Soul of
Musick in him; he has great Power in Corrant's and
Jiggs; and compeses all the Musick to my Plays; he has
great Power.

Wood. As any Man, that ever was born, dear Heart.

Sir Posit. Come, you shall hear't—

Stanf. Sir, I beg your Pardon; I'll hear it some other time.

Sir Posit. Pish, pish; upon my Honour thou shalt stay,
and hear it now.

Low. Come, dear *Sir Positive*, make us happy.

Sir Posit. Observe! here's Flame in this Corrant—Fa,
la, la. There's a delicate Note in *B Fa Bemmi* in *Alt.* And
observe now how it falls down to *C. Sol. Fa. Ut.* Fa, la,
la—There's Mastery for you.

Stanf. I do not like that part of your Corrant.

Sir Posit. It is a prodigious thing, thou should'st ever
be in my Company, and understand Musick no bet-
ter; thou hast found fault with the best part of the Cor-
rant, ask *Woodcock* else.

Wood. By the Lord Harry, there is a great deal of Glo-
ry in that part of the Corrant.

Sir Posit. Observe here how cunningly it falls out of
the Key, Fa, la, &c. And now at last it ends quite out of
the Key.

Stanf. Well, well! it's an Excellent Corrant; what the
Devil will you have more?—Fare you well.

Sir Posit. No, no: Stay but one Minute, and you shall
hear it all together. *Ninny*, do you beat Time—

Wood. Well thought on; do, and I'll dance to't, dear
Hearts.

Stanf. Now, *Lovel*, what think you? this Torture's
worse than any the *Dutch* invented at *Amboyna*.

[*Sir Positive* sings, *Ninny* beats false Time, and *Wood-*
cock dances to't.

Sir Posit. Here's a Corrant for you! ha! *Stanford*, what
think'st of this?

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Wood. Think' quoth a', I think I dane'd it as well as any Man in *England*, *Bully-Rock*.

Lev. Certainly, *Sir Positive*, he dances very finely.

Sir Posit. As any Man, that ever was born upon two Legs: I defie any Man in the World that out-does him; for, betwixt you and I, I taught him every step he has.

Rog. Upon my Word, *Woodcock*, you have as much Power in dancing, as any Man in *England*.

Wood. Dear Heart, let me kiss thee; 'gad thou art a great Judge——Here, drink my Health.

Rog. Ah! dear Flattery, how convenient a Sin art thou? [*Aside.*

Ninny. Come, Mr. *Woodcock*, you shall go to the Reading of my Play.

Wood. Ay! Come on, *Bully-Rock*——

[*Exeunt Ninny and Woodcock.*

Lev. Come, I'll take pity on you, *Stanford*, and go before, and prepare some Place or other, where we may enjoy our selves, and you be free. I'll take your Man along with me, and send him back again in haste for you; by that means you may get loose.

Stanf. For Heaven's sake make haste, you'll oblige me for ever. [*Exeunt Lovel and Roger*] *Sir Positive*! I am sorry I must leave you now; I must go speak with a Gentleman, that came from *Flanders* last Night.

Sir Posit. *Flanders*? if any Man gives you that Account of *Flanders* that I do, I'll suffer Death; you must know I have thought of their Affairs, I have consider'd of the Thing thoroughly, never speak on't more, name it no more, let it not enter into your Thoughts; 'tis a lost Nation, absolutely undone, lost for ever, take that from me. And yet were I with *Castel Rodrigo* but one quarter of an Hour, I'd put him in a Way to save all yet.

Stanf. This is beyond all sufferance——*Sir Positive*, I am so much in haste, that none but your self should have stay'd me of all Mankind.

Sir Posit. Mankind! dost thou know what thou say'st now? dost thou talk of Mankind? I am confident, thou never so much as thought'st of Mankind in thy Life: [*Exit*

tell thee, I will give Dogs leave to piss upon me, if any Man understands Mankind better than my self, now you talk of that. I have consider'd all Mankind, I have thought of nothing else but Mankind this Month; and I find you may be a Poet, a Musician, a Painter, a Divine, a Mathematician, a States-man; but betwixt you and I, let me tell you, we are all Mortal.

Stanf. Well, they may talk of the Pox, want of Mony, and a scolding Wife, but they are Heaven to my Afflictions.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. Sir *Positive*, my Lady *Kaine* desires you would come and look upon her Picture that's come this Morning from Master *Lilly's*.

Sir Posi. Why! there 'tis now, *Stanford*, that People should have no more Judgment; she had as good have thrown her Money into the Dirt; 'tis true, I could have made him have made a good Picture on't, if I had drawn the Lines for him; but I was not thought worthy: and now you talk of Painting, either I am the greatest Fop in Nature, or, if I do not understand that, I understand nothing in the World: Why! I will paint with *Lilly*, and draw in little with *Cooper* for good!

Stanf. O intolerable Impertinence! I am afraid he will not go, now his Mistress sends for him.

Sir Posi. Dear *Stanford*! I must beg thy Excuse.

Stanf. A Curse on him, that's easily granted [*Aside.*

Sir Posi. Come, Mistress *Bridget*, I'll go along with you——Dear *Stanford*, take it not unkindly, for I would not leave thee but upon this Occasion.

Stanf. A thousand Thanks to the Occasion. [*Aside.*

Sir Posi. But you know a Man must not disoblige his Mistress, *Fack*.

Stanf. Oh no, by no means.

Sir Posi. Adieu.

[*Ex. Sir Pos. and Bridget.*

Stanf. So! this Trouble is over.

O Fate! how little Care you took of me,
By these Misfortunes I too plainly see.



- A C T II.

Enter Carolina and Lovel.

Car. I Long to bring 'em together, they will be well match'd; but we must stay a while, for she has been so teaz'd this Morning, she has lock'd her self up in her Chamber.

Lov. *Stanford* was ready to fall out with me, when I nam'd a new Acquaintance to him, and will not be persuaded there is such a Creature as Woman, that is not impertinent.

Car. *Emilia* is as Cautious as he can be, and would be ready to swoon at the Sight of a new Face, for she will not believe but all Mankind are Coxcombs; For Heaven's sake, *Lovel*, let's surprize them into one another's Company, we shall have admirable Sport.

Lov. We'll do't; but, Madam, why shou'd we mind their Bus'ness, that have enough of our own? What if you and I shou'd play the Fools once in our Lives, and enter into the Bonds of Wedlock together?

Car. Fie, fie, 'tis such a constant Condition of Life, that a Woman had as good be profest in a Nunnery, for she can no sooner get out of one than t'other.

Lov. But with your Pardon, Madam, this is somewhat the pleasanter Condition of the Two.

Car. That's according as they use both Conditions; but pray, Master *Lovel*, bring not this villanous Matrimony into dispute any more, lest that they make us desire it: I have known some Men, by maintaining a Heresie in Jest, become of that Opinion in good Earnest. But do you know that my Lady *Vaine* was here this Morning?

Lov. No, Madam; but what of that?

Car. She told me that of you, will make your Ear tingle.

Lov. Of me, Madam! What was't?

Car. She says you are the most inconstant Man, the most

most perfidious Wretch that e'er had breath, and bid me fly you as I would Infection.

Lov. What the Devil did she mean by that?

Car. Come, let me know what's betwixt you, or I'll rack you but I'll know it.

Lov. This Jealousie makes me believe you love me — That she should be prating her self! how many Women would be thought honest, if they could hold their own Tongues? [Aside.]

Car. I am like to have a fine Servant of you: But a Lady would have a fine Time on't, that were to marry you, to stake all the Treasures of her Youth and Virginity, which have been preserv'd with so much Care, and, Heaven knows, some Trouble too, against nothing.

Lov. Faith, Madam, I have e'en as much as I had before; but, if you'll be kind, I'll take that Care off your Hands, and soon rid you of that Trouble.

Car. No, no, go to my Lady *Vaine*, give her your Heart; poor Lady, she wants it too; but for me, I can keep my Affliction to my self.

Lov. Dear *Carolina* I name her no more; if you do, I will get drunk immediately: And then I shall have Courage enough to fall aboard her.

Car. Lord! what a Loss shall I have! Heaven send me patience, or I shall ne'er out-live it, to lose so proper a Gentleman; but why should I think to rob her of her due? No, no, now I think on't, to her again, go, go.

Lov. For Heaven's sake, *Carolina*, do not Tyrannize thus; why, I had rather be kept waking at an ill Play, than endure her Company.

Car. Thus are we, poor Women, despis'd, when we give away our Hearts to ungrateful Men; but Heaven will punish you.

Lov. Dear *Carolina*, let's leave fooling, and be in downright Earnest.

Car. I hope, Sir, your Intentions are honourable.

Lov. Madam, why should you once doubt it? my Love to you is as pure as the Flame, that burns upon an Altar: You are too unjust, if you suspect my Honour.

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Car. Now will you leave Fooling; on my Conscience he is in Earnest.

Lov. As much as the severest Anchorite can be at his Devotions.

Car. Oh! are you so? it's a hard Case; but pray you, Sir, leave off; I had rather hear a silenc'd Parson preach Sedition, than you talk seriously of Love: 'would you could see how it becomes you; why you look more Comically than an old-fashion'd Fellow singing of *Robin Hood* or *Cherry Chase*. My Love to you's as pure as the Flame, that burns upon an Altar; how scurvily it sounds!

Lov. You are the cruellest Tyrant alive: Let us be serious a little, I have rallied my self into a Passion will ruin me else.

Car. Come, in what Posture must I stand to hear you talk formally?

Lov. On my Conscience 'tis easier to fix Quick-silver than your Humour, Madam; but if you would enter into Wedlock, I can assure you, that will bring you to Gravity.

Car. Let me but once more hear you name Marriage, and I protest I'll send for my Lady *Vaine* to you. I tell you again, I will not marry. I love your Conversation, and your Humour of all Things in the World: But for Marriage, 'tis good for nothing, but to make Friends fall out.

Lov. Nay, faith, if you be at that, I can do you the same Civility without that Ceremony; as you say, it is a Kind of formal Thing.

Car. No! I shall take Example by my Lady *Vaine*. Poor Lady! she little thought to be unkindly us'd, I warrant you.

Lov. Again that Name!

Car. Besides, if we were marry'd, you might say, Faith, *Carolina* is a pretty Woman, and has Humour good enough, but a Pox on't she's my Wife; no, no, I'll have none of that.

Lov. Do you still mistrust my Honour? 'tis unkindly done, but —————

Car. Hold, hold, her Door opens; step you in there, and you may hear how she entertains the Motion.

Enter Emilia with a Book in her Hand.

Emil. The Wisdom of this *Charles* the Fifth was wonderful; who 'midst of all his Triumphs and his Greatness, when he had done what Glory had oblig'd him to, seeing the Vanity of Mankind, did quit the Pleasures that attend a Monarch's State; nay more, that most bewitching thing, call'd Power, and left the World, to live an humble Life, free from the Importunity of Fools: Was't not wisely done, Sister?

Car. Yes, no doubt on't, as wisely done to go to a Monastery to shun Fools, as to keep Company with Usurers and Brokers to avoid Knaves.

Emil. Thou art a foolish Girl, I am tormented with the Impertinence of both Sexes so, I am resolv'd I'll not stay one Week out of a Nunnery.

Car. O' my Conscience thou art stark out of thy Wits with reading of *Burton's* Melancholy; to a Nunnery to avoid Impertinence! where canst thou think to meet with more than there?

Emil. Now you are too censorious.

Car. You shou'd like me the better. But must you needs find relief there? Do you think any Women, that have Sense, or warmth of Blood, as we have, wou'd go into a Nunnery?

Emil. If I shou'd meet with Fops there too, I should be irreparably lost: Oh Heaven! what shall I do to ease my self? Rather than endure the Persecution of those Fools, that haunt us here, I will go where neither Man nor Woman ever came.

Lev. [Within.] O rare! *Stanford*, here's just thy Counterpart to a Hair.

Car. Since thou art resolv'd to sequester thy self from Company, I'll buy thee a Cage, and hang thee up by the Parrot over the way; thou shalt converse with none but him: I hope he's not Impertinent too?

Emil. Must you torment me too? Fie, Sister; What would you have me do? my Patience is not great enough.

to endure longer to see the Folly of this Age: Do you judge, after I had been sufficiently worry'd by the Lady *Vaine* this Morning, whom I was forc'd to get rid of, by telling her, her Lover, my Cousin *Positive*, was at her Lodging, which, you know, is as far as the *Pall-Mall*.

Car. That *Virtuosa*, as she calls her self, is the pleasantest Creature I ever saw: But pr'ythee, Sister, let me hear none of your fantastick Stories, methinks you are as impertinent as any Body.

Emil. It distracts me to see this Folly in things, that are intended for reasonable Creatures.

Lov. O *Stanford*! if this Lady does not match thee, the Devil's in't. [Within.]

Car. These Fools, you talk of, afford me so much Recreation, that I do not know how I should laugh without 'em.

Emil. Thou hast no Sense, they make me weary of the world! Heaven! what shall I do?

Car. I tell you: *Stanford* hearing of your Humour, and admiring it, has a great Desire to see you; before you resolve to leave the World, try how he will please you.

Emil. What a ridiculous thing it is of you to wish me to new Acquaintance, when I am leaving the old? I am sure he's Impertinent, for all Mankind, I have met, are so.

Car. 'St, *Lovel*.

Lov. Your humble Servant, Ladies—— [Comes out.]

Emil. Is this he? Then farewell.

Lov. Madam! pray stay, and give me the Honour of one Word with you.

Emil. I knew what he was: My Lady *Vaine* here!

Enter Lady Vaine and Bridget.

L. Vaine. Master *Lovel*! your humble Servant.

Lov. Your Ladyship's humble Servant:—How I hate the Sight of her in Presence of my Mistress!

Car. *Lovel*! for shame be civil to your Mistress: Let's hear you make Love a little.

L. Vaine. Madam, upon my Reputation there was no such thing; Sir *Positive* was never there: sure some dirty Fellow or other brought a false Message, on purpose to rob me of the Pleasure of your Ladyship's sweet Company:

ny: 'Would he were hang'd for his Pains, the Passion, he has put me in, has put me out of Breath. [*To Emilia.*
Lev. Lord! how soon she's put in and put out!

L. Vaine. But, Madam, as soon as ever I found he was not there, I made all possible haste to wait upon you again, for fear your Ladyship shou'd resent my too abrupt Departure,

Emil. O Heavens, take pity of my Afflictions! Madam—

L. Vaine. But the Truth on't is, I design'd to spend this Day with you, since I can be no where so well satisfy'd, as with your Ladyship's Converse, a Person, who is Mistress of so much Virtue and Honour, which are Treasures I value above the World.

Emil. Why, Madam——

L. Vain. For the Truth is, so few Ladies have either, that they are things to be valu'd for their Rarity.

Emil. Oh Impertinence! Whither will this eternal Tongue of hers carry her?

Lev. This is very pleasant, for her to name Virtue and Honour in my Company. [*Aside.*

Emil. Madam! For Heaven's sake——

L. Vaine. For the truth on't is, Madam, a Lady without Virtue and Honour is altogether as detestable, as a Gentleman without Wit or Courage.

Emil. Madam! I am sorry I cannot wait on you longer, I am engag'd to dine Abroad.

L. Vaine. Where is't, Madam? for I am resolv'd to go along with you.

Emil. Why, Madam, you do not know the Persons.

L. Vain. That's all one for that, let me alone to make my Apology.

Emil. This is beyond all Sufferance.

Car. I hope she will not leave her off so,

Lev. No: If she does, I am mistaken.

L. Vaine. Come, Madam; let's go.

Emil. But, Madam, I must call at the *Exchange* first, to buy some Trifles there.

L. Vaine. O Madam! I'll bring you to my Milliner, that calls himself the *Italian Milliner*, or the *little Exchange*; he's better provided than any one in the *Exchange*.

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Emil. I am on the sudden taken ill, and must retire.

L. Vaine. Madam, d'ye think I, that am a *Virtuosa*, understand no better than to leave you now you are not well? What's your Distemper? no Woman in *England* was more serviceable among her Neighbours than I with my *Plas Unguentorum*, *Paracelsian* and *Green-Salve*.

Lov. And your *Album Gracum*, I warrant you.

L. Vaine. That *Album Gracum* was a Salve of my Invention: But a *propos*, perhaps it may be a fit of the Mother; if it be, we must burn some *Blue-Inkle*, and *Partridge Feathers* under your Nose; or she must smell to *Affafetida*, and have some cold Water with a little Flour to drink: Ay, ay, 'twill be so; pray, Mr. *Lovel*, come and help to hold her.

Emil. No, no, Madam; there's no such thing, I'll assure you: I must beg leave to go to my Chamber.

L. Vaine. Come, Madam; I'll conduct you, and be as careful of you, as if you were my Sister a thousand Times.

Emil. Madam! with your Pardon, I desire to be alone, and try to rest.

L. Vaine. Alone! by no means in the World; Madam, it may be very dangerous; I would not for all the World, Madam, you should be alone; suppose you shou'd fall into a Fit alone; I can speak it by Experience, 'tis dangerous for a Lady to fall into a Fit, without an able Body by her. Come, Madam, I'll conduct you in.

Emil. How shall I get rid of her?

[*Ex. La. Vaine and Emilia.*]

Lov. Let's in and see when the Fury of this *Del Com-mo* will be at an End.

Car. Come, come, we shall have the Pleasure of seeing my Sister worry'd almost to Death.

[*Exeunt Lovel and Carolina.*]

Enter Stanford.

Stanf. I wonder my Man returns not yet. I thought to have found Mr. *Lovel* here; but here's one will do my Business.

Enter Huffle.

Huffle. Oh Mr. *Stanford*? Have I found you?

Stanf.

Stanf. Oh Heavens! Will my Punishment never end?

Huffe. I am the most unfortunate Man that ever was born.

Stanf. Why do you trouble me with this? Am I the Cause on't?

Huffe. No! but I'll tell you, upon my Reputation, I have been nick'd out of twenty Pound just now at *Spinning's*, and lost seven to four, for my last Stake.

Stanf. What the Devil's this to me? let me go.

Huffe. But, Sir, I'll tell you a thing, that very nearly concerns you.

Stanf. Some other time; 'Slife, do not disturb me now.

Huffe. For Heaven's sake hear me, you'll repent it else.

Stanf. Make haste then, keep me in Pain no longer.

Huffe. Why, I have found out the finest plump fresh Girl, newly come out of the Country.

Stanf. Hell and Damnation! Why do you trouble me with such Trifles?

Huffe. [*Aside.*] Trifles, does he call 'em? Well! I see this won't do. But, Sir, I'll tell you somewhat concerns you more nearly; Sir, it concerns your Honour.

Stanf. My Honour! Why, who dares call it in Question?

Huffe. Not so, Sir; but do you love Generosity and Honour?

Stanf. Why do you ask the Question?

Huffe. Why then I'll put you in a way to do a very generous and honourable Thing.

Stanf. What do you mean by this Impertinence?

Huffe. If you will relieve an Honest Gentleman in Distress, lend me two Pieces; you shall have 'em again within four and twenty Hours, or may I perish.

Stanf. 'Pox on you for an Owl: There, take 'em; I would I could get rid of all my Impertinents at as cheap a Rate.

Huffe. I give you a thousand Thanks.

Stanf. 'Slife! trouble me no more, be gone.

Huffe. Sir, it were a very ungrateful thing not to acknowledge the Favour.

Stanf. Away, away, and let your Gratitude alone.

[*Huffe offers to go out, and returns.*

Huffe.

Stanf.

Huffe. D'ye hear, Mr. *Stanford*! upon mine Honour I'll return 'em to-morrow Night without fail.

Stanf. Curse on you for a Rascal! [*Exit Huffe.*] So, here's one Trouble over!

Enter Roger.

Well, what's the News?

Rog. Do you earnestly desire to know, Sir?

Stanf. Must I have Impertinence in my own Family too?

Rog. O! I am so out of Breath, I am not able to speak one Word; but if I had never so much Breath, I could tell you nothing, but what you'd be glad to hear: If I had the Wind of an *Irish* Foot-man, nay, of a Non-conforming Parson, or——

Stanf. Or, with a Pox to you! One Similitude more, and I'll break that Fool's Head of yours.

Rog. Well, Sir, since you are in haste, I'll be brief as a Fidler, after he's paid for seraping, for I love to be so in Cases of this Importance; for I have heard——

Stanf. Out you Dog, a Sentence after your Similitude! you are as impertinent as a Country-Witness.

Rog. I have done Sir, and now I'll tell you in one Word: Hold Sir! here's a Spider in your Perriwig.

Stanf. Death, you Rascal! I'll ram it down your Throat.

Rog. Be patient, Sir: *Seneca* advises to moderate our Passions.

Stanf. Hang ye Rascal! *Seneca* is an Ass in your Mouth. Tell me quickly, or——

Rog. Why Sir, you are so impatient you will not hear me.

Stanf. Faith but I will; speak.

Rog. Not to boast of my Diligence, which, though I say it, is as much——

Stanf. You Dog, tell me quickly, or I'll cut your Ears off.

Rog. Why, Mr. *Level* would have you come to him; what would you have?

Stanf. If I were not in haste, Sirrah, I'd teach you to know

know your Man, and who you may put your Tricks on, you impudent Rascal.

[As Stanford is going out, enter Woodcock.
 Rog. Death! That I should find Impertinence in others, and not see it in my self.

Wood. Dear Jack, thy humble Servant: How dost do? My Footman told me, he saw thy Man come in here, which made me believe I shou'd find thee here; and I had not power to stay from thee, my dear Bully-Rock, for I can enjoy my self no where so well as in thy Company: Let me kiss thee, dear Heart; 'Gad I had rather kiss thee than any Woman.

Stanf. This is beyond all Example: Oh horrid! his Kindness is a greater Persecution than the Injuries of others.

Wood. I'll tell thee, dear Heart, I love thee with all my Heart: Thou art a Man of Sense, dear Rogue; I am infinitely happy in thy Friendship; for I meet with so many impertinent silly Fellows every Day, that a Man cannot live in Quiet for 'em, dear Heart. For, between you and I, this Town is more pester'd with idle Fellows, that thrust themselves into Company, than the Country is with Attorneys; Is it not, Jack? [Exit Roger.

Stanf. Yes! I have too much Reason to believe you, a Curse on you. [Aside.

Wood. Ay, did not I tell you so, Jack? ha? but this is not my Business: Dear Rascal, kiss me, I have a Secret to impart to thee, but if it take the least Air, I am undone. I have a Project in my Head shall raise me 20000*l*. I know you will promise Secrecy, dear Heart.

Stanf. Don't trouble me with it.

Wood. No! it concerns thee, Man: Why thou shalt go halves with me, dear Heart.

Stanf. For Heaven's sake, Sir, don't trust it with me, I have a Faculty of telling all I know: I cannot help it.

Wood. Oh! Dear Bully-Rock, that Wheadle won't pass. Don't I know thou art a Man of Honour; and besides so reserv'd, that thou wilt scarce tell a Secret to thy Friend?

Stanf.

The Sullen Lover

Stanf. Sir, I am unhappy in your good Opinion.—This is beyond all Sufferance.

Wood. No, Faith, dear *Jack*, thou deserv'st it; but my Project is this, d'ye see.

Stanf. Well! I am so tormented with Impertinent Fellows, that I see there is no Remedy.

Wood. As I hope to live, *Jack*, I am of thy Opinion: The Truth on't is, 'tis intolerable, for a Man can never be free from these Fools in this Town; I like thy Resolution so well, that I am the Son of a Whore, if I don't go along with thee. Ah, how we shall enjoy our selves, when we are both together, how we shall despise the rest of the World, dear Heart!

Enter Roger.

Rog. O, Mr. *Woodcock*! Poet *Nimby* is gone to the *Rose-Tavern*, and bid me tell you, he has extraordinary Business with you, and begs you wou'd make all possible haste to him.

Wood. O dear Rascal, kiss me! thou art the honestest Fellow in the World: Dear *Jack*, I must beg thy Pardon for a few Minutes, but I hope thou't not take it ill, why, 'tis about Business, dear Heart, you know we must not neglect that.

Stanf. O no, Sir, by no Means.

Wood. Nay dear Rogue, be not angry, pr'ythee kiss me; as I hope to live, I'll return immediately; dear *Jack*, thy humble Servant———

[Exit *Woodcock*.]

Stanf. This is a lucky Accident.

Rog. Sir, I was fain to Sin a little for you, and get rid of him by this Lye.

Stanf. Well! This shall excuse all your former Errors; I'll away, for fear some other Fools shou'd find me out.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Emilia, L^a. Vaine (following her up and down) after them Carolina, Lovel

Car. Does she not tease her bravely, *Lovel*?

Lov. Admirably! Oh, that *Stanford* were here! If 'twere for nothing but to see a Fellow-sufferer.

L. Vaine. Then, Madam, will your Ladyship be pleased to

to let me wait on you to a Play? there are two admirable Plays at both Houses; and, let me tell you, Madam, Sir *Positive*, that understands those things as well as any Man in England, says, I am a great Judge.

Emil. Madam, I beseech you ask me no more Questions; I tell you I had as leave stand among the Rabble, to see a Jack-pudding eat a Custard, as trouble my self to see a Play.

L. Vaine. O fye Madam! a young Lady, and hate Plays! why, I'll tell you, Madam, at one House there is a huge two handed Devil, and as Brave a fat Fryar as one would wish to see in a Summer's-Day; and a delicate Machin, as they call it, where one sits and sings as fine a Song: And then at t'other House, there's a rare Play, with a Jigg in't, wou'd do your Heart good to see it, but if there were nothing else in't, you might have your 4s. out in Thunder and Lightning, and, let me tell you, 'tis as well worth it, as one Penny's worth another.

Emil. What have I done?

Enter Stanford.

Stanf. Am I trepan'd into Women's Company?

[*Offers to go out, Lovel lays hold of him.*]

Lov. Hold, hold, hold: Madam, here's Mr. *Stanford* desires to kiss your Hands.

Emil. I am in that Disorder, that never Woman was.

L. Vaine. O Mr. *Lovel*! she's falling into a Fit of an Epilepsy: Help all to hold her, lend me a Knife to cut her Lace.

Stanf. This is worse than all the rest.

Lovel [to *L. Vaine*.] Let me speak with you in the next Room in Private.

L. Vaine. Sir, your most Obedient Servant: I shall be glad of any Occasion to retire with one, for whom I have so great an Affection.

Lov. [to *Car.*] For Heaven's sake follow me, or I shall be in an ill Condition.

Car. I find you are an Errant Hypocrite, but I'll take you at your Word for once.

[*Ex. Lovel, L. Vaine, and Carolina.*
[*Stanford*

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[Stanford and Emilia walk up and down, and take little Notice of one another.]

Emil. I am the greatest Object of Pity, that ever was seen: I am never free from these Importunate Fools.

Stanf. I am not less afflicted, and have as much need of Pity too.

Emil. I find no Possibility of Relief, but by leaving the World, that is so full of Folly.

Stanf. Who would live in an Age, when Fools are Reverenc'd, and Impudence Esteem'd?

Emil. To see a fellow, but the other Day content with humble Linscy Woolsey, now have Variety of Vests, Perriwigs and lac'd Linnen?

Stanf. One, that but the other Day could eat but one Meal a Day, and that at a three-penny Ordinary, now struts in State, and talks of nothing but *Shattellin's* and *Lefrond's*.

Emil. In so corrupt an Age, when almost all Mankind flatter the greatest, and oppress the least; when to be just is to be out of Fashion, and to betray a Friend is lawful Cunning.

Stanf. This is pleasant for her to speak against these things, as if she were not as bad as any one: [*Aside*] Who would live in such a treacherous Age, to see this Gentleman, that Courts the t'other Gentleman's Wife, meet him and embrace him, and swear he loves him above the World: And he, poor Fool, dotes extreamly upon him, that does the Injury!

Emil. Now has this Fellow a Design to have me think him wise: [*Aside*] But Wisdom and Honesty are fool'd out of Countenance.

Stanf. Now the illiterate Fool despises Learning.

Emil. Nay, among the Learned themselves, we find many, that are great Scholars by Art, are most abominable Fools by Nature.

Stanf. This shall not perswade me to believe she is not Impertinent. [*Aside*]

Emil. Now the Qualifications of fine Gentlemen are to eat A-la-mode, drink Champaigne, dance Jiggs, and play at Tennis.

Stanf.

Stanf. To love Dogs, Horses, Hawks, Dice and Wenches, scorn Wit, break Windows, beat a Constable, lye with his Sempstress, and undo his Taylor; it distracts me to think on't.

Emil. Now does he desire to be taken for a discreet Fellow, but this will not do. [Aside.]

Stanf. What Relief can I expect in this Age, when Men take as much Pains to make themselves Fools, as others have done to get Wisdom?

Emil. Nay, Folly is become as natural to all Mankind as Lust.

Stanf. What shall I do? Whither shall I turn me to avoid these Fools?

Enter L. Vaine, Ninny, Lovel, and Carolina.

Lov. Now let's slip 'em.

Car. We shall have a very fair Course.

Emil. O Heavens! Are they here?

Stanf. What will become of me?

Ninny to Emil. O Madam, I'll tell you; *Stanford*, pray hear once. 'Tis such a thing as never was in the World.

L. Vaine. Ay, pray Sir hear him, he's as pretty a Wit as any Man in this Town, except Sir *Positive*, I assure you.

Stanf. What are we condemn'd to?

Emil. To a worse Condition than Gally-slaves.

Ninny. I was with my Book-seller, Madam, with that Heroick Poem, which I presented to your Ladyship, as an earnest of the Honour I have for you; But, by the way, he's an Ignorant ungrateful Fellow, for, betwixt you and I, he has got some hundreds of Pounds by some Plays and Poems of mine, which he has printed; And, let me tell you, some under the Names of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and *Ben. Johnson* too: But what do you think, Madam, I asked the Son of a Whore for this Poem?

Emil. O insufferable!

Ninny. What think you, *Stanford*? [Lays hold on him.]

Stanf. Let me go; I have no Judgment in, these things.

Ninny. But I'll tell you; there are not above 10 or 12000 Lines in all the Poem: And, as I hope to be sav'd, I ask'd him

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him but twelve Pence a Line, one Line with another.

L. Vaine. And really, Sir, that's as reasonable as he can possibly afford 'em, take that from me.

Stanf. O Devil! this is worse than a *Shearness* Ague: That will give a Man some Respite between the Fits.

Ninny. By my Soul, Madam, if he had been my Brother, I wou'd not have abated him one Penny; for you must know, there are many hundreds of Lines, that in their intrinick Value are worth ten Shillings a Line between Father and Son; and the greatest Part of 'em are worth five Shillings a Line: But before *George* very few or none, but are worth three Shillings a Line to the very't *Few* in Christendom; they have that Salt, Thought, Imagination, Power, Spirit, Soul, and Flame in 'em. — ha!

Emil. What does this concern me?

Ninny. No, but I'll tell you; *Stanford*, pr'ythee hear; as I hope for Mercy, this impudent Rogue told me, he would not give me two Shillings for the whole Poem; an ignorant Puppy! a Fellow of all the World I design'd to make, for he might have sold these Books for three Shillings a Piece, and I would have helpt off with 10000 of 'em, to ten thousand of my particular intimate Friends; besides, every one, that had but heard of my Name, which are almost all the King's Subjects, would have bought some; so that I should not have got above six or seven hundred Pound, and in a Fortnight's Time have made this Fellow an Alderman: That such ignorant Rascals should be Judges of Wit or Sense!

L. Vaine. Well Sir, we shall never have a good, World unless the State reforms these Abuses.

Ninny. 'Tis very true, Madam, for this thing is of Consequence to the whole Nation; *Stanford*.

Stanf. What the Devil would you have? Am I the Cause of this?

Ninny. No! Heaven forbid I should say so: But, Madam, I had forgot another Advantage, he had had by this.

Emil. Heaven defend me! this puts me beyond all Patience.

Ninny.

Ninny. I'll tell you, *Stanford*, pr'ythee mind me a little;
Stanf. Oh! now I am undone, ruin'd for ever; Sir *Posi-*
tive's here.

Emil. O intolerable!

Enter Sir Positive.

Sir Posi. I heard your Ladyship was here, and came to kiss your Hand. [To *Lady Vaine*.] Oh *Stanford*, art thou here? well, how dost, Cousin? I am glad I have found you all together. I came to present my Lady *Vaine* with a Musick I have made, which has that Invention in't. I say no more, but I have been this Month a making it, and, you must know, Musick is a thing I value my self upon, 'tis a thing I have thought on, and consider'd, and made my Business from my Cradle.

Lov. Come, Madam, now they are settl'd in their Business, let's leave 'em.

Car. With all my Heart.

Sir Posi. Come! you shall see it.

Emil. Cousin! Pray let it be another Time.

Sir Posi. Nay, nay, never talk of that, you shall see's now, and let me tell you, I have as much Power of Invention in Musick as any Man in England: Come in.

Stanf. O Heaven, when shall we be deliver'd from these Fools!

Enter Riders, and play a ridiculous Piece of Musick.

Sir Posi. How do you like it, *Stanford*? is it not well? what say you Cousin, ha?

L. Vaine. Indeed; *Sir Positivus*, it's very agreeable.

Sir Posi. Upon my Honour, this honest Fellow play'd it with a great deal of Glory; he is a most incomparable Bower, he has the most Luscious, the most Luxurious Bow-hand of any Man in Europe, take that from me; and let me tell you, if any Man gives you a better Account of the Intrigue of the Violin, than I do, I am Owl, a Puppy, a Coxcomb, a Logger-head, or what you will.

Emil. Sure there is Magick in this, never to be free!

Sir Posi. Magick? why, do you understand Magick?

Emil. No, no, no, not I, Cousin. O intolerable!

Sir Posi. I do; if you please, talk of something else.
leave

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leave that to me; why, I will discover lost Spoons and Linnen, resolve all Horary Questions, nay, raise a Devil with Doctor *Faustus* himself, if he were alive.

Ninny. Woodcock a Poet? a Pimp, is he not?

[To my Lady Vaine.

Sir Posit. Who's that speaks of pimping there? well! though I say't, no Man pretends to less than I do, but I cannot pass this by without manifest Injury to my self.

Strang. This Puppy, rather than not be in at all, will declare himself a Pimp.

L. Vaine. But, Sir, are you such a manner of Man?

Sir Posit. Why, Madam, did you never hear of me for this?

L. Vaine. No, Sir! if I had——

Sir Posit. If I had—— ha, ha, ha—— why, Madam, where have you liv'd all this while?

L. Vaine. O fie upon him! Madam, I shall lose my Reputation, if I be seen in his Company.

Sir Posit. Well! the Pimps in this Town are a Company of empty, idle, insipid, dull Fellows, they have no design in 'em.

L. Vaine. Sir, I am sorry you are such a kind of a Man, but——

Sir Posit. Sorry! well! if I would bend my self to't, I would starve all these Pimps, they should not eat Bread; but I am not thought fit.

L. Vaine. Sure you rally all this while.

Sir Posit. Rally! ha, ha, ha. Why, there is not a Lady of Pleasure from *Blackwall* to *Tuttle-Fields*, that I am not intimately acquainted with; nay, that I do not know the State of her Body from her first Entering into the Calling.

L. Vaine. O, Madam! I am undone, ruin'd for ever by being in his Company.

Sir Posit. Besides, for debauching of Women, Madam, I am the greatest Son of a Whore in the World, if any one comes near me.

L. Vaine. Out upon you! if you be such a Man, I will have nothing to do with you, see me no more, I must look

Or, the IMPERTINENTS.

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Look to my Honour, my Reputation is dearer to me than all the World. I would not have a Blemish in my Honour for all the Riches of the Earth; this makes me so covetous of your Ladyship's Company, a Person of so much Virtue and Honour; but for Sir Positive, I despise him; forbear my Presence, you will undo my Honour for ever.

Sir Posit. Oh, what have I done?

Emil. O horrid Impertinence!

[Offers to go out.]

Sir Posit. Nay, nay, dear Cousin stay, and see us Friends first. Madam, I beg a thousand Pardons: 'Tis true, I said, no Man in England understood pimping better than my self, but I meant the speculative, not the practical Part of Pimping.

L. Vaine. O, that's something, I assure you; if you had not brought your self off well with your Speculation, I would never have suffer'd you to have practis'd upon me; for no Woman in England values her Honour more than I do.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. Oh, Madam, we must go to the Setting-Dog and Partridge to Supper to Night; Master Whiskin came to invite us, there will be the Blades, and we shall have a Ball.

L. Vaine. Will there be none but our own Company?

Bridg. No, Madam.

L. Vaine. Well! I am resolv'd not to fail, if I can by any means get rid of Sir Positive; for I love Meat and Drink, and Fiddles, and such merry Gentlemen with all my Heart.

Enter Woodcock.

Wood. Your Servant, dear Hearts; Madam Emilia, I kiss your Hand: Dear Jack!

Emil. Nay, now it is time to shift for our selves.

Wood. My dear Bully-Rock, can I serve thee in any thing?

Stanf. Nay, then fare you well——

[Emilia and Stanford run out at several Doors, the Impertinents divide and follow 'em.]

ACT

A C T III.

Enter Stanford, Emilia, Sir Positive, Lady Vaine, Woodcock and Ninny.

Sir Posit. **N**AY then, Cousin, I am an Ass, an Idiot, a Blockhead, and a Rascal, if I don't understand Dramatick Poetry of all things in the World; why this is the only thing I am esteem'd for in *England*.

Emil. I can hold no longer. [*Aside*] This Rudeness of yours amazeth me; 'tis beyond all Example; must we be perpetually persecuted by you and your Crew? for Heaven's sake leave me.

Sir Posit. Ha, ha, ha, Cousin, thou ralliest well; 'tis true, *Woodcock* and *Ninny* will be a little troublesome sometimes; but i'faith they are very honest Fellows, give 'em their due.

Emil. Oh abominable! worse and worse.

Stanf. Gentlemen! what Obligation have we to endure your Folly any longer? Must we be forc'd to leave the World for such importunate Fools as you are?

[*To Ninny and Woodcock.*

Ninny. What a Devil ails he? he's mad; who does he mean by this?

Wood. Nay, faith I don't know; I am sure, he does not mean me, dear Heart.

Ninny. Nor me neither; take that from me.

Wood. *Jack*, if thou wilt leave the World, I'll go along with thee, as I told thee, dear Heart: But who is't troubles thee, now, Bully-Rock?

Stanf. All of ye; ye are a pack of the most insupportable Fools, that e'er had breath; I had rather be at a Bear-Garden, than be in your Company.

Ninny. Ha, ha, ha: This is very pleasant i'faith: Call the greatest Wits and Authors of the Nation Fools! Ha, ha, ha. That's good i'faith.

Wood. Nay, perhaps the greatest Men of the Age: You are a great Judge indeed, &c.

L. Vaine.

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L. Vaine. Nay, *Sir Positive*, e'en leave her, (don't be troublesome) since she desires you: Come, Madam, I'll wait upon you, whither you please: We'll enjoy our selves in private.

Emil. This is worst of all; do you think I can suffer the Noise of your Tongue for ever with patience?

L. Vaine. O' my Conscience, *Sir Positive*, she's distracted.

Sir Posit. Yes, Madam, if I be a Judge, she is; and I defie any one to deceive me in this.

L. Vaine. It must be so, for she has a vast deal of Wits and great Wits you know have always a mixture of Madness.

Sir Posit. Well, Madam! I found that by my self, for I was about three Years ago as mad as ever Man was: I 'scap'd *Bedlam* very narrowly; 'tis not above a Twelvemonth since my Brains were settled again: But come, Madam, I'll wait on your Ladyship, for she does not deserve the Honour of such Company.

L. Vaine. What shall I do to get rid of him? I shall miss my Assignment, if I do not.

Sir Posit. Come, Madam——Fare you well! since you are no better Company——[*Ex. Sir Posit and L. Vaine.*]

Ninny. So, so, now we shall be a little at rest: For, let me tell you, Madam, though *Sir Positive* be a rare Man, yet my Lady *Vaine* is a little too talkative; and there can be no greater Trouble to one of Sense than that.

Emil. You are the most impertinent of all Mankind.

Ninny. Oh Madam! you are pleas'd to say so ——

Emil. You are a most abominable Fool, and the worst Poet in Christendom: I had rather read the History of *Tom Thumble* than the best of your Poems.

Ninny. Oh Madam! you are pleasant, but this won't pass.

Emil. Such ridiculous insipid Rhimes are you Author of, that I am confident you are that incorrigible Scribler, that furnishes the Bell-man of this Ward.

Ninny. Ha, ha, ha, &c. Madam, as I hope to breathe you droll very well, this is the prettiest Humour in the World.

Enter

28 *The SUELEN LOVERS;*

Enter Lovel and Carolina.

Stanf. Oh Heaven! what will become of me?

Car. Is not this extremely Pleasant?

Lov. There was never any thing equal to't.

Emil. Your Verses are such as School-boys ought to be whipp'd for.

Ninny. This will not stir me, Madam, I know you are not in earnest.

Emil. And your Plays are below the Dignity of a Mountebank's Stage. *Salvator Winter* wou'd have refus'd them.

Ninny. Nay, Madam, never talk of that, I'll shew you a Play I have about me: Come, Madam, we'll read it; here's the most glorious Conceits, the most powerful Touches; in a Word, 'tis a Play that shall read and act with any Play that ever was born, I mean, conceived.

Wood. Come on, *Jack!*

Stanf. Ah! dear *Lovel*, use some means for my Delivery, or I am ruin'd for ever: For, if I should go, they would not leave me, they are so barbarously Cruel in their Persecutions.

Wood. Nay, never speak of that, Madam; before *George* you will bring your Judgment in question, if you condemn *Ninny's* Plays, dear Heart.

Emil. Away, you Coxcomb, you are ten times a more ridiculous 'Squire, than he's a Poet.

Wood. Ha, ha, ha. By the Lord *Harry* this is a strange Humour of hers, as ever I saw in my Life: Well, Madam, you will have your Frolick; but come, *Ninny*, we'll e'en take our Leaves.

Ninny. Ay, ay, come; your humble Servants.

Wood. Your Servant, dear Hearts; this is the pleasantest Humour in the World.

Ninny. Ay, is't not? Ha, ha, ha——

[*Ex. Ninny and Woodcock laughing.*]

Stanf. O Friend, I have been more inhumanly us'd, than ever Bawd was by the Fury of the 'Prentices.

Lov. Still I say, laugh at 'em, as I do.

Car. Let's leave them, *Lovel*; for they are in such Humours,

Humours, they are only fit for one another's Company.

Lev. With all my Heart, Madam.

[*Ex. Lovel and Carolina.*]

Emil. Well! I will leave the World immediately.

Stanf. Which way do you intend to go?

Emil. Why do you ask?

Stanf. That I may be sure to take another Way.

Emil. Nothing could so soon persuade me to tell you as that.

Stanf. What, are they gone? they have lock'd the Door too!

Emil. I wonder what they leave us alone for.

Stanf. Heaven knows, unless it be to be troublesome to one another, as they have been to us.

[*They walk up and down, and take little Notice of one another.*]

Emil. I am sure, I have most Reason to fear it.

Stanf. Your most Reason? when did you see a Man so foolish as a Woman?

Emil. When I see you.

Stanf. No, no, none of our Sex will dispute Folly with any of yours.

Emil. That's hard. I find nothing but Owls among the best of you: your young Men are all positive, forward, conceited Coxcombs; and your old Men all formal Nothings, that wou'd have fullen Gravity mistaken for Wisdom.

Stanf. This is not altogether so much Impertinence, as I expected from one of your Sex; but, let me tell you, I have too often suffer'd by Women, not to fear the best of 'em; there being nothing to be found in the most of the Sex, but Vanity, Pride, Envy, and Hypocrisy, uncertainty and giddiness of Humour: the furious Desires of the Young make 'em fit to be seduc'd by the Flesh, as the Envy and Malice of the Old prepare 'em to be led away by the Devil,

Emil. I must confess, I don't perceive yet that you are altogether so ridiculous as the rest of Mankind; but, let me tell you, I have Reason to fear you will be so, per-

50 *The Sullen Lovers;*

haps your Impertinence is an Ague, that haunts you by fits.

Stanf. That Disease, in the best of Women, is Quotidian; and if you be not infected, you must be the most Extraordinary Woman in the World.

Emil. I would give Money to see a Man that is not so, as the Rabble do to see a Monster, since all Men I have ever seen are most intolerable Fops; Would it not distract one to see Gentlemen of 5000*l.* a Year write Plays, and as Poets venture their Reputations against a Sum of Money, they venture theirs against Nothing? Others learn ten Years to play o' the Fiddle and to Paint, and at last an ordinary Fidler or Sign-Painter, that makes it his Business, shall out-do 'em all.

Stanf. This looks like Sense; I find she does understand something. [*Aside.*

Emil. Others, after twenty or thirty Years study in Philosophy, arrive no further than at the weighing of Carps, the Invention of a Travelling Wheel, or the poisoning of a Cat with the Oyl of Tobacco; these are your Wits and Virtuoso's.

Stanf. I must confess, this is not so ill as I expected from you; but it does not less distract me to see a young Lady fall in Love with a vain empty Fellow not worth a Groat, perhaps for dancing of a Jigg, or singing of a Stanza of fashionable Non-sense: Another, on the contrary, so insatiably covetous, for Money to marry old Age, Infirmary, and Diseases; and the same Bait, that persuades them to Matrimony, shall entice 'em into Adultery.

Emil. This is not so foppish as I believ'd; yet, though this be a great Truth, 'tis a very impertinent Thing of you to tell me what I know already.

Stanf. How the Devil should I know that? I am sure not many of your Sex are guilty of so much Discretion as to discern these Things.

Emil. I am sure you have not much, that cannot distinguish between those that have and have not.

Stanf. I must confess, I am a little surpriz'd to find
Woman

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Woman have so little Vanity, I could never endure the Society of any of the Sex better than yours.

Emil. To be plain with you, you are not so troublesome a Fop as I have seen.

Stanf. What the Devil makes me think this Woman not impertinent? and yet I cannot help it; what an Owl am I? [*Aside.*]

Emil. I have been so cruelly tormented, and without Intermission too, that this seems some Refreshment to me.

Stanf. [*Aside.*] Why should I be catch'd thus? But I'll keep my Folly to my self. [*To her.*] I can bear this with a little more Patience, but if you should grow much Impertinent, I shou'd venture to break open the Door for my Liberty; I can assure you.

Emil. Pray Heaven you don't give me the first Occasion. [*To him.*] Well, I know not what's the Matter, but I like this Man strangely; but what a Fool am I? [*Aside.*]

Stanf. How like a Woodcock am I insnar'd! [*To himself.*] A Curse on *Lovel* for leaving me alone with her!

Emil. What, do they intend to keep us Prisoners for ever? [*To him.*]

Stanf. [*Aside.*] I care not how long. [*To her.*] I think they intend to deal with us, as they do with Juries, shut us up till we agree in our Verdict.

Emil. That would be longer than the Siege of Troy lasted.

Stanf. This is not half so bad though as our late Persecutions, that's one Comfort.

Emil. It fares with me like one upon a Rack, that is a little loosen'd from his Pains; 'tis Pleasure to him when he compares his Torments, though those he has left may be intolerable too.

Stanf. In this we agree, though in nothing else.

Emil. I wou'd to Heaven we did in all things; [*Aside.*] I am tormented with my self, that am forc'd by the ridiculous Custom of Women to dissemble, and that way endure my own Foppery — Ah dear *Stanford*! [*Aside.*]

52 The SULLEN LOVERS;

Stanf. How now! she smil'd, and suddenly check'd the Liberty she took. *[Aside.*

Emil. O Heaven! I fear, he has discover'd something. *[Aside.*

Stanf. There must be something in't. I like her very well, but am resolv'd not to disclose it; what'er comes on't; for that will make her vain, though she be not already. *[Aside.*

Emil. Why don't you break open the Door, Sir?

Stanf. I don't find much Reason for't yet,

Emil. I could find in my Heart to give you enough.

Stanf. Nay, I doubt not but 'tis in your Nature.—What can the meaning of this be? Is there nothing but Riddle in Woman? *[Aside.*

Enter Huffle and unlocks the Door, and Roger after him, and lays hold on him.

Rog. Hold, hold, Mr. Huffle; my Master charg'd me, of all Men living, to keep you out of his Sight.

Huffa. Pr'ythee stand by, you sawcy Coxcomb.

Rog. Nay, Sir, be not so beisterous; upon my Word, you pass no further.

Huffa. Pr'ythee, dear Roger, don't put this upon me.

Rog. My Master says, it costs him two Pieces a-time to be rid of you.

Huffa. Pr'ythee let me go, and you shall go my Halves.

Rog. Are you in earnest?

Huffa. Yes, upon my Honour.

Rog. Nay, then speed ye; but be sure you sink nothing. *[Exit Roger.*

Huffa. I warrant you.

Stanf. Is he here! hold, hold, hold; here's your two Pieces, don't trouble me now.

Huffa. Your humble Servant, I'll return 'em again to Morrow without fail.—Ha! Do they come so easily? there are more, from whence these came.—O Sir, I'll tell you, I have had the severest Fortune that ever Man had.

Stanf. Away, away.

Huffa. For Heaven's sake hear, it's the most prodigious thing you ever heard.

Emil.

Emil. What will this World come to?

Huffe. I was playing at Back Gammon for my Dinner, which I won; and from thence we came to five up, for half a Piece; of the first Set I had three for Love, and lost it; of the second I gammon'd him, and threw Doublets at last, which you know made four, and lost that too; of the third I won never a Game.

Stanf. O Devil! Is this the miraculous thing you would tell me? Farewell.

Huffe. Hold, hold, Sir! you don't hear the end on't.

Stanf. Nor do I desire it, Sir.

Huffe. I'll tell you, Sir; of the fourth Set I was four to two; and for the last Game, my Tables were fill'd up, and I had born my three odd Men; so that, you know, I had two upon every Point.

Emil. O insufferable! though I feel enough my self, yet I cannot but pity *Stanford*. [To her self.

Stanf. O damn'd Impertinence! Sir, I tell you, I don't understand Back-Gammon.

Huffe. Not understand Back-Gammon! Sir, that you may understand well what I say, I'll tell you what Back-Gammon is.

Emil. This is worse than t'other: Sure *Stanford* has some Charm about him, that I can suffer this, rather than leave him. [To her self.

Stanf. I desire none of your Instructions.

Huffe. Well; then, as I was a saying, I had just two upon every Point, and he had two Men to enter; and as the Devil wou'd have it, my next Throw was Size-Ace; he enter'd one of his Men a Size; then, Mr. *Stanford*, to see the damn'd luck on't, I threw Size-Cinque next, and the very next Throw he enter'd upon a Cinque, and having his Game very backward, won the Game; and afterwards he set so, that I lost every Penny.

Stanf. This will distract me; What the Devil's this to me?

Huffe. No, but did you ever hear the like in your Life?

Stanf. This puts me beyond all Patience.

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Huffe. But this was not all; for just in the Nick came she, that nurs'd my three last Children, that were born without Wedlock, and threaten'd to turn 'em upon my Hands, if I did not pay her.-----'Faith, Mr. *Stanford*, three Pieces more will do my Business; upon my Honour I'll pay you to-morrow: Come, will you Communicate?

Stanf. Yes, that, that's fitter for you.-----

Huffe. What is that, Dear Heart?

Stanf. 'Tis that, Sir-----

[*Kicks him.*]

Huffe. That, Sir? I don't understand you; if you go to that, Sir; there's a Business indeed. What do you mean by this? What, would you make a Quarrel, Sir? You'll never leave these Tricks: I have told you of 'em often enough. What the Devil do you mean by that?

Stanf. Let this expound my Meaning.---[*Kicks him again.*]

Huffe. 'Slife, Sir, I don't understand you; and ye talk of these things, and these Businesses, Sir, I'd have you know, I scorn to be kick'd, as much as any Man breathing, Sir; and you be at that Sport, your Servant, your Servant, Sir.

Enter Roger at the Door.

Rog. Come, Mr. *Huffe*, divide.

Huffe. Divide! There's one for you, [*Gives Roger a Kick.*] for two of 'em was all I got.

Rog. This you might have kept to your self, if you had pleas'd; but d'ye think I'll be serv'd thus?

Huffe. Let me go.

Rog. I'll not leave you so.---

[*Ex. Roger and Huffe.*]

Emil. Why don't you go? the Door's open now, Sir.

Stanf. I am afraid, I shall light into worse Company.

Emil. O Sir, that's Impossible!

Stanf. How vain is this of you! Now would you give me a fair Occasion to flatter you, but, I can assure you, you shall miss of your Design.

Emil. [*Aside.*] Well, this is an extraordinary Man; I love the very Sight of him. [*To him.*] I wonder, Sir, you'll be so foppish to imagine I love to be flatter'd; I hate Flatterers worse than our new Poets.

Stanf. What an Owl am I to like this Woman! sure I am bewitch'd.

Emil.

Emil. Well, Sir, Farewel.--- [*Aside*] And yet I would not leave him. [*She offers to go out.*]

Stanf. You'd e'en as good stay, Madam, while you are well: You may perhaps, if you go, encounter some of your Persecutors.

Emil. I'd rather stay here than venture that; my Trouble is not here so insupportable.

Stanf. [*Aside*] She must be a rare Woman! [*To her*] Nor perhaps is not like to be, unless it comes from your self: But I think there's less Vanity in you, than in most Women I have seen.

Emil. This is a most excellent Person. [*Aside.*]

Stanf. Dear *Emilia*! [*Aside*] — O Heaven! is he here!

Enter Sir Positive.

Sir Poss. Jack, hark ye.

Stanf. For Heaven's sake! I have Business.

Sir Poss. 'Tis all one for that, Sir; why, I'll tell you.

Stanf. Another time; I beseech you, don't interrupt me now.

Sir Poss. 'Faith, but I must interrupt you.

Emil. What can be the matter? He listens to him. [*Aside.*]

Stanf. 'Slife, why should you put this upon me now?

Sir Poss. If you refuse me, I'll blast your Reputation.

Stanf. [*Aside*] What shall I do? Though this be a Coxcombly Knight, yet the Puppy's stout. [*To him*] Are you so running in persecuting me, to put a Thing upon me I cannot refuse? Well, Sir, remember this.

Emil. What can this mean? [*Aside.*]

Stanf. Come, Sir, I'll follow you; but a Curse upon you for finding me out. Madam, as soon as I have dispatch'd this Business, 'tis possible I may see you again.

Emil. But 'tis not, I'll assure you; I'll never see the Face of one, that has so little Sense to be seduc'd by such an Idiot as that is.

Stanf. How ridiculous is this of you to judge of a thing, before you know the Bottom on't?

Sir Poss. Come, *Stanford*, prythee come away. [*Exeunt.*]

Emil. Have I found you? this Fellow's as bad as any, and without doubt did but counterfeit his Humour, to insinuate

insinuate himself into my good Opinion. What lucky Accident is this, has undeceiv'd me! I felt a Passion growing in me, might else have prov'd dangerous. — Lucy.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Madam,

Emil. Fetch my Hoods and Scarffs, I'll take a Walk in the Fields. *[Exit Lucy.]*

Enter Lovel and Carolina.

Car. How, Sister! What, have you lost your Gallant?

Emil. O Sister, I thank you for looking me up with that Fellow; well, the Time may come, when I may be quit with you. *[Exit.]*

Car. I wonder, how the Door came open; I believe there has been hard bickering betwixt 'em: But, I find, my Sister is Conqueror, and your Friend is fled for the same.

Lov. Farewell he, let us mind our selves. Come, 'faith Madam, Why should you and I hover so long about this Matrimony; like a Cast of Falcons about a Heron, that dare not stoop?

Car. O Sir, the Quarry does not countervail the Danger.

Lov. I'll warrant you, Madam; but let's rally no longer, there is a Parson at *Knights-Bridge*, that Yokes all stray People together; we'll to him, he'll dispatch us presently, and send us away as lovingly as any two Fools, that ever yet were condemn'd to Marriage.

Car. I should be inclinable enough to cast my self upon you; but I am afraid you are gone so far with my Lady *Vaine*, you can never come off with Honour: Besides, I am sure, whate'er you say, you cannot so soon forget your Kindness to her; and if, after we are yok'd, as you call it, you should draw that way, I should draw another; then our Yoke would go near to Throttle us.

Lov. 'Faith, some would think it much the easier, if 'twere wide enough to draw both ways: But, Madam, will you never be serious with me?

Car. I know, you cannot love me, she's your Delight.

Lov. Yes, yes, I delight in her as I do in the Tooth-Ach;

Ach; I love her immoderately, as an *English* Taylor loves a *French* Taylor, that's set up the next Door to him.

Car. Sir, to keep you no longer in suspense, I am resolv'd never to marry without my Father's Consent.

Lev. Madam, I'll not despair of obtaining that.

Car. He has vow'd never to marry me, till he has dispos'd of my elder Sister.

Lev. Will you assure me to make me happy, when that's done?

Car. I think, I may safely promise any thing against that time; for as long as my Sister has these Melancholick Humours, she's far enough from that danger.

Lev. I'll warrant you, I'll make a Match yet between Stanford and her.

Car. That's impossible, unless you can alter their Natures; for, though neither finds Impertinence in themselves, they'll find it in one another; besides, their very Principles are against all Society.

Lev. Well, Madam, I have a way to make 'em stark mad in Love with one another; or at least fetch 'em out of their Sullenness: We will perpetually bait 'em with our Fools, and by that we shall either plague 'em out of their Humour, or at least make their Fellow-sufferings be a Means to endear 'em one to another. [Exit.

Enter Sir Positive, Stanford, and two Clerks.

Sir Posit. Now will I firk my two Clerks.

2 Clerk. But, Sir, before we engage, I would satisfy my Conscience, whether the Cause be just or no.

Stanf. Hang the Cause, we come to fight.

Sir Posit. Why, I'll tell you the Cause, Sir.

Stanf. By no means, *Sir Positive*; we come to fight here, not to tell Stories.

Sir Posit. We'll fight too; but, by your Leave, I'll tell the Cause first, and you were my Father.

Stanf. Hold, Sir, think upon your Honour, this is no place for words; let your Sword speak your Mind.

Sir Posit. Sir, by your Pardon, I am resolv'd to satisfy 'em; no Man in *England* knows how to manage these Things better than my self, take that from me.

Stanf. O horrid Impertinence! I fear these Fool's Tongues more, than I can their Swords

Sir Posit. Sir, no Man in *England* would put up this Affront; why look you, Sir, for him to sit in the Eighteen Pence-Gallery, pray mark me, and rail at my Play aloud the first Day, and did all, that lay in his Power, to damn it: And let me tell you, Sir, if in any Dramatick Poem there has been such Breaks, such Characters, such Figures, such Images, such Heroick Patterns, such Heights, such Flights, such Intrigues, such Surprizes, such Fire, Salt and Flame, then I am no Judge; I understand nothing in this World.

Stanf. What a Cause his Valour has found out! and how he Cants too! What an Owl was I, to come along with him! *Sir Posit.* dispatch. Come, come, Gentlemen.

Sir Posit. Hold a little——

2 Clerk. Why look you, *Mr. Timothy*, this is a very honest and ingenious Gentleman, for ought I see.

1 Clerk. 'Tis true, I sat in the Eighteen Pence-Gallery, but I was so far from railing against your Play, that I cry'd it up as high as I could.

Sir Posit. How high did you cry it up?

1 Clerk. Why, as high as the upper Gallery, I am sure of that.

Stanf. O cowardly Curs! will they never fight? Ye lie, ye did rail at his Play.

1 Clerk. Sir, I'll hold you twenty Pound, I don't lie; Sir, were you there? did you hear me? this is the strangest Thing in the World.

Stanf. Will nothing make these Rogues fight? you are both rascally Cowards.

2 Clerk. 'Tis strange you should say so, you are very Uncharitable. Do you know either of us?

Stanf. Oh insufferable! what Sons of Whores has he pick'd up, and what an Occasion too?

Sir Posit. Why, do you say you did not rail? Did not I sit just under you, in the Pit?

2 Clerk. Lord! who would expect to see a Boer in the Pit at his own Play?

Sir Posit.

Sir Pofit. Did not you fay, Fie upon't, that fhall not pafs?

Stanf. Gentlemen; either fight quickly, — *She.*

Sir Pofit. Hold, hold, let him fpeak; what can you fay? Do Gentlemen write to oblige the World, and do fuch as you traduce 'em? — *ha* —

Clerk. Sir, I'll tell you; you had made a Lady in your Play fo unkind to her Lover (who methought was a very honeft well-meaning Gentleman) to command him to hang himfelf; faid I then, that fhall not pafs, thinking indeed the Gentleman would not have done it; but indeed did it; then faid I, Fie upon't, that he fhould be fo much overtaken.

Sir Pofit. Overtaken! that's good i' faith; why, you had as good call the Gentleman Fool: And 'tis the beft Character in all my Play. D'ye think I'll put that up?

Clerk. Not I, Sir, as I hope to live; I would not call the Gentleman Fool for all the World; but 'tis ftrange a Man muft pay Eighteen Pence, and muft not fpeak a Word for't.

Sir Pofit. Not, when Gentlemen write; take that from me.

Clerk. No! I would they would let it alone then. *[Aside.]*

Sir Pofit. But, *Stanford*; it would make an Author mad to fee the invincible Ignorance of this Age; now for him to hang himfelf at the Command of his Miftrefs, there's the Surprize; and I'll be content to hang my felf, if ever that was fhewn upon a Stage before; befides, 'twas an Heroick, *Cato*-like Action; and there's great Love and Honour to be fhewn in a Man's hanging himfelf for his Miftrefs, take that from me.

Stanf. O horrid! this Magiftrical Coxcomb will defend any thing.

Sir Pofit. What do you think, *Stanford*? you are a great Judge.

Stanf. I think, a Halter is not fo honourable as a Poyard, and therefore not fo fit to exprefs Love and Honour with.

Sir Pofit. Ha, ha, ha, to fee your Miftake! now that's — *Day* — *the* —

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the only thing in the Play, I took Pains for; I could have made it otherwise with ease; but I will give you seventeen Reasons, why a Halter's better than a Ponyard. First, I'll shew you the Posture of hanging; look, d'ye mind me? it is the Posture of a Pensive dejected Lover, with his Hands before him, and his Head aside, thus.

Stanf. I would you had a Halter, you would demonstrate it more clearly.

Sir Posit. Faith, and would I had, I'd shew it you to the Life. But secondly—

Stanf. Hold, Sir; I am convinced—to our fighting Business again; but they have given you full Satisfaction; let's away—

Sir Posit. No, no, hold a little.

Stanf. A Curse on him! did I leave *Emilia* for this?

Sir Posit. Sir, if you'll set your Hand to this Certificate, I'll be satisfy'd; otherwise you must take what follows.

Clerk. Sir! with all my Heart, I'll do any thing to serve you.

Sir Posit. I had this ready on Purpose; for I was resolv'd, if we had fought, and I had disarm'd him, I'd have made him to do't, before I'd have given him his Life; how do you write your self?

Clerk. *Timothy Scribble*, a Justice of Peace his Clerk.

Sir Posit. Here, read it, and set your Hand to it.

Clerk reads. I do acknowledge, and firmly believe, that the Play of *Sir Posit At-All*, Knight, called *The Lady in the Lobster*, notwithstanding it was damn'd by the Malice of the Age, shall not only read, but it shall act with any of *Ben Jonson's*, and *Ben Jonson's* and *Flower's* Plays.—

Sir Posit. Hold, hold! I'll have *Shakespeare's* in; 'aise, I had like to have forgot that.

Clerk reads. With all my Heart.—I do likewise hereby attest, that he is no Purloiner of other Men's Works, the general Fame and Opinion notwithstanding; and that he is a Poet, Mathematician, Divine, Statesman, Lawyer, Physician, Geographer, Musician, and indeed *Unus in Omnibus* through all Arts and Sciences, and herewith I have set my Hand the Day of

Clerk. With all my Heart.

Sir Poss. Come, Sir, do you Witness it.

Clerk. Ay, Sir. [He sets his Hand.]

Sir Poss. In presence of *Jacob Dash.*

Clerk. Look you, Sir, I write an indifferent good Hand; if you have any Occasion to command me, inquire at the Stationer's at *Furnivals-Inn*.

Stanf. Why, you impudent Rascals! how dare you come into the Field? must I be diverted thus long by you? [Offers to kick 'em.]

Sir Poss. Hold, *Stanford*! I cannot in Honour suffer that; now, they are my Friends, and, after this Satisfaction, I am bound in Honour to defend 'em to the last drop of Blood.

Stanf. O intolerable!

Clerk. Sir! I pray be not angry! we did not come into Field to fight; but Master *Dash* and I came to play a Match at Trap-ball, for a Dish of Stakes at *Glocester-ball*; and here you found us.

Sir Poss. Have you the Confidence to talk of Trap-ball before me? nay, now you are my Enemies again! Hark you, *Stanford*, I'll play with 'em both for good! why, I was so eminent at it, when I was a School-boy, that I was call'd *Trap Positive* all over the School.

Stanf. Then farewell, good *Sir Positive* Trap.

Sir Poss. Dear *Stanford*, stay but one quarter of an Hour, and you shall see how I'll dishonour 'em both at Trap-ball. — They talk of Trap-ball! ha, ha, ha.

Stanf. 'Slife, what will become of me? out of the Field, you inconsiderable Rascals. Must I be diverted thus by you? [They run out. Excellent songs.]

Enter *Emilia* and her Maid at one Door, *Ninny* and *Wood* at another.

Emil. I thought we might have been free, here! And here are these Puppies.

Wood. Let's aboard of 'em, who e'er they are: Fa, ha, ha, how now dear Hearts? by the Lord *Harry*, it's pity you should walk without a Couple of Servants; here's a Cou-

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ple of Bully-Rocks will serve your Turn, as well as two of Buckram, dear Hearts.

Emil. O Heaven!

[Aside.

Luce. Gentlemen, this is very rude! we shall have them come, shall thank you for't.

Ninny. As I hope to breath, Ladies, you look the prettiest in Vizard Masks of any Ladies in England.

Wood. And now you talk of Masks, I'll shew you an admirable Song upon a Vizard Mask, dear Hearts, of Poet Ninny's making.

Emil. Oh abominable Impudence!

Wood. But I must beg your Pardon, that I cannot sing it, for I am hoarse already with singing it to the Maids of Honour.

Luce. You sing it to the Maids of Honour!

Wood. But, if I had a Violin here, no Man in England can express any thing more lasciviously upon that than my self, ask Ninny else.

Ninny. Yes, Ladies! he has great Power upon the Violin, he has the best double Relish in Gamut of any Man in England; but, for the little Finger on the left Hand, no Man in Europe out-does him.

Wood. You may believe him, dear Hearts; for he's a great Judge of Musick, and as pretty a Poet as ever writ Couplet.

Emil. O horrid! what's this? there's no way to 'scape, but to discover our selves.

[They pull off their Masks.

Ninny. Emilia! What shall I do? I am undone, she'll never own me again,

Emil. Farewell, you Baboons, and learn better Manners.

Wood. 'Slife, she'll take me for a Whore-master, I am nipt in the very Blossom of my Hopes.

Ninny. For Heaven's sake, pardon me, Madam.

Emil. Let me go.

Wood. No, Madam, we'll wait on your Ladyship home.

Emil. This is worse and worse.

Enter Huffle.

Huffle. Heart! if I put up this, I'll give him leave to use

Or, the IMPERTINENTS. 69

use me worse than a Bayley, that arrests in the Inns of Court.

Wood. Why, what's the Matter?

Huffe. 'Slife, kick a Man of Honour as I am! I'll Pistol him pissing against a Wall.

Luce. Ay, then or never, to my Knowledge.

Wood. What's the Business, dear Heart, hah?

Huffe. Sir, I'll tell you.

Emil. This is a lucky Occasion. [Ex. Emil. Luce.

Ninny. Are you gone? I'll follow you. [Ex. Ninny.

Huffe. I had Occasion for four or five Pieces, to make up a Sum with, and went to borrow it of him; and he, like an uncivil Fellow as he was——

Wood. What did he?

Huffe. Why, I did but turn my Back, and he, like an ill-bred Sot, gives me a kick of the Breech. I'll cut his Throat, if I should meet him in a Church.

Wood. This will be an ill Business; I am sorry for my Friend *Jack Stanford*——for Master *Huffe's* Honour is disturb'd, and I fear he'll revenge it bloodily, for he understands *Punctilio's* to's Hair; but I'll endeavour to prevent it however.

Huffe. If he be above Ground, I'll cut's Throat for't, I'll teach him to use a Man of Honour thus; if he had pleas'd, he might have dealt with me at another Rate; as I hope to live, I had a fighting Sword by my Side near six Foot long at that very time; and he to kick a Man! P'shaw, He does not understand his Business, but I shall find him presently. [Exit Huffe.

Enter Ninny.

Ninny. Pox on it, *Woodcock*, she would not let me go with her.

Wood. Pr'ythee, dear Heart, see if thou can'st find *Jack Stanford* in the Fields, while I go and see, if I can find him in the Town.

Ninny. What's the matter?

Wood. 'Tis a Business concerns his Life, dear Heart, ask no Questions; but if you find him, bring him to the

Step.

[Exit.
Ninny.

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To Miss. What can this be?
But I'll go see if I can find him out,
So to be sure of what I'm now in doubt.



ACT. IV.

Enter Lady Vaine, and Carolina.

L. Vaine. Come, Madam, I am not so blind, but I have discover'd something.

Car. What have you discover'd, Madam?

L. Vaine. Let me tell you, Madam, 'tis not for your Honour to give Meetings privately to Master Lovel.

Car. Why, Madam; if I should, are you concern'd in it?

L. Vaine. Yes, Madam; first in my good Wishes to your Ladyship: I would not have the World blame your Conduct, nor that you shou'd have the least Blemish in your Honour; but that your Fame and Virtue should continue unspotted and undefil'd, as your Ladyship's Beauty is.

Car. Fear not, Madam; I'll warrant you, I'll secure my Honour without your Instructions.

Enter Lovel softly, and comes just behind them.

L. Vaine. But, Madam, let me tell you again, no Woman has really that Right in Master Lovel, that I have: But he's a false Wretch, Madam, he has no Religion in him; if he had any Conscience, or had used to have heard Sermons, he would never have been so wicked and perfidious to a poor innocent Woman, as I am.

Lov. This is very fine, I faith. *[To himself.]*

L. Vaine. Madam, he protested all the honourable Kindness in the World to me, and has receiv'd Favours from me, I shall not mention at this time; and now he has rais'd the Siege from before me, and laid it to your Ladyship.

Car. I cannot imagine what you mean by this.

L. Vaine;

L. Vaine. And, Madam, to confess my Weakness to you, I must needs say, I love him of all Men in the World.

Car. Well, Madam, since you do, I'll resign my Interest in the Gentleman you speak of; here he is.

L. Vaine. Oh Heaven! am I betray'd? Well, Madam, I shall acquaint your Father with your Amour.

Lov. Hold, Madam; if you do, perhaps I may whisper something in Sir Positive's Ear.

L. Vaine. Sir! you will not be so ungenerous to boast of a Lady's Kindness. If he shou'd say the least thing in the World, after my unhandsome leaving of him just now, it would incense him past Reconciliation; what a Confusion am I in! [Ex. L. Vaine.

Lov. Is not this very pleasant, Madam?

Car. I wonder, Sir, after what has now past, you have the Confidence to look me in the Face.

Lov. I like this Gallery very well, Madam.

Car. I can assure you, you shall have no Reason to think I rally with you.

Lov. Certainly you cannot be in earnest.

Car. Upon my Word, you shall find I am; I will have nothing to do with any Man, that's engaged already.

Lov. You amaze me, Madam.

Car. I'll never see you more.

Enter Stanford.

Stanf. O Friend! I'm glad I've found you.

Lov. I shall have no Opportunity to appease my Mistress, if I do not get rid of him; but I have a Trick for him. [Aside.

Stanf. Wou'd this Woman were away, that I might acquaint you with the greatest Concernment, I ever had.

Lov. Step into that Chamber quickly, and I'll get rid of her, and come to you——

Stanf. With all my Heart—— [Ex. Stanford.

Lov. Certainly, Madam, you cannot know this Woman so little, as to give her Credit: I'll tell you, what she is.

Car. I am very glad, I know you so well: Do you think, I'll be put off with a Remnant of your Love?

Enter

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Enter Roger.

Rog. O! Master Lovel is my Master here? I have lost him these two Hours.

Lov. Ay, ay. But, Madam, for Heaven's sake hear me!

Car. Trouble me no more—

[Exit Carolina, Lovel follows her.]

Rog. Where is this Master of mine? I have been seeking him these two Hours, and cannot light of him.

Enter Huffle.

Huffe. Oh *Roger*! where's your Master?

Rog. O Sir! you shall excuse me for that.

Huffe. Pr'ythee, dear Rogue, tell me, 'twill be better for thee.

Rog. No, no, that won't do; you were not so just to me last Time.

Huffe. Upon my Honour, I was: Why should'st thou distrust thy Friend?

Rog. Come Sir, don't think to wheedle me at this Rate!

Huffe. I am a Son of a Whore, if I was not just to you: But pr'ythee bring me to him once more: I am sure to get Money of him, and may I perish, if I do not give you your Share, to a Farthing.

Rog. Well! I'll trust you once more: go, and stay for me in the Hall; and I'll come to you, when I have found my Master, who is somewhere in this House.

Huffe. Well! I'll wait for you— *Exit.*

Rog. My Comfort is, if he gets Money, I may have my Share; if not, he ventures a kicking again, and I venture nothing.

Enter Stanford and Emilia.

Rog. Oh! Sir! I have been seeking you these two Hours, and here's Master Lovel in the House.

Stanf. You Rascal, must you trouble me too?

[Offers to strike him.]

Emil. He does not trouble you, more than you do me.

Stanf. Now You are like a young Hound, that runs away with a false Scent.

Emil. For Heaven's sake leave me.

Stanf.

Stanf. Nay, This is like a Woman, to condemn a Man unheard.

Emil. Must I be for ever pester'd with impertinent People?

Stanf. If you were not so your self, you wou'd not think me so; but she, that has the Yellow Jaundice, thinks every thing yellow which she sees.

Emil. Is it possible you can have the Impudence to endeavour to justify your Folly?

Stanf. Not that I care much for satisfying you, but to vindicate my self from the unjust Aspersions: Know, it was my Honour oblig'd me to go along with that Fool.

Emil. Out of my Sight; are you one of those Fops, that talk of Honour?

Stanf. Is that a thing so despicable with you? he ask'd me to be his Second, which I cou'd not in Honour refuse.

Emil. Granting that barbareous Custom of Duels; can any thing be so ridiculous, as to venture your Life for another Man's Quarrel, right or wrong?

Stanf. I like this Woman more and more, like a Sot as I am; sure there is Witchcraft in her.

Emil. But to do the greatest Act of Friendship in the World, for the greatest Owl in Nature?

Enter Huffle.

Huffe. Oh, Mr. *Stanford*, I have a Business to impart to you.

Stanf. O insufferable! Have you the Impudence to trouble me again?

Emil. I know not what's the Matter, but I cannot but have some Inclination to this Fellow yet.

Huffe. I am going into the City, where I shall have the rarest Bubble, that ever Man had; he was set me by a Renegado-Linnen-Draper, that fail'd last Year in his Credit, and has now no other Trade but to start the Game, whilst we pursue the Chase. This is one of those Fellows, that draw the Youth of the City into our Decoy, and perpetually walk up and down seeking for a Prey.

Stanf. Be gone! and leave me.

Huffe. But you know, a Man must have a little Gold to shew, to bait the Rogues withal.

Stanf.

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Stanf. Out, you unreasonable Rascal, I'll send you hence— [Draws.]

Huffe. Nay, 'tis not that, Sir, can fright me; but that I would not disturb the Lady, I'd make you know—

Stanf. You impudent Villain, I'll send you further—

[Follows Huffe, who runs away Huffing.]

Huffe. Nay, Sir, your humble Servant, and you go to that, Sir; I care as little for a Sword, Sir, as any Man upon Earth: I fear your Sword? Who dares say it? your Servant, your Servant.— [Ex. Huffe.]

Emil. This is not altogether so foolish, as fighting in Sir *Possine's* Quarrel.

Stanf. Sir *Possine's* Quarrel! 'twas in effect my own; for I was sure to meet with some impertinent Rellow or other for my Enemy, and was glad of this Opportunity, to vent my Indignation upon one of those many, that have tormented me; I had rather fight with them all, than converse with them.

Emil. But you may chuse whether you will do either.

Stanf. Yes, as much as chuse whether I'll breathe or no.

Emil. But how could you be sure to meet with such an one?

Stanf. What a Question is that? Is it not above odds to one odds?

Emil. [Aside.] I am glad he has brought himself well off; for I must like him, do what I can: He must be a Man of Sense:—I must confess, the Business is not altogether so ill, as I imagin'd. [To him.]

Stanf. Now, Madam, who is impertinent, you or I?

Emil. You are, to say the same thing twice to me.

Stanf. Well! this is a rare Woman: What a quick Apprehension she has! I love her strangely; the more Coxcomb I, that I shou'd be drawn in, of all Men living.

[Aside.]

Enter Woodcock.

Wood. O Dear Heart, have I met with thee? I have been seeking thee all the Town over.

Stanf. Heart! What's this? I was going in great haste, just as you came: Adieu.

[Exit Stanf.]

Wood. Ah dear *Jack*, I have not so little Honour, as to leave thee in this Condition.

Stanf. Good Sir! What Condition? I am not Drunk, am I?

Wood. No Gad, wou'd it were no worse, Dear Heart.

Stanf. It cannot be worse, do not trouble me.

Wood. No, I'll tell thee *Jack*; [*Embraces and kisses him.*] *Huffe* threatens thee to cut thy Throat where ever he meets thee; and I came, my Dear Bully *Rock*, to offer thee the Service of my Sword and Arm.

Stanf. For Heaven's sake, put not this upon me; Do you think he, that would be kick'd without Resistance, dares do any thing?

Wood. But look you, dear Heart; Lord, this is the strangest thing in the World; you had Ladies with you, and you know it had been an uncivil thing to have turn'd again then, *Jack*: But now he's resolv'd to have Satisfaction, he told me so; and, if I can see as far into a Mill-stone as another, he's no Bully *Sandy*.

Stanf. Trouble me no more: Be gone——

Wood. Ay, ay, thou dost this now to try, whether I have so little Honour as to quit thee, but it won't pass, my dear Rascal; kiss me; I'll live and dye with thee.

Stanf. Sir, let me tell you, this is very rude: And upon my Word I have no Quarrel, unless you'll force one upon me.

Emil. Still do I like this Man better and better.—[*Aside.*]

Wood. Nay, then I smell a Rat——Farewell *Jack*.
Servant, dear Hearts. [Ex. Woodcock.]

Enter Lovel, Carolina, Roger.

Car. But are you sure my Lady *Kaine* is such a one?

Lov. Yes, that I am, my little peevish Jealous Mistress.

Car. Yes, yes, I have Reason to be jealous of such a Treasure as you are: But pray, to satisfy a little Scruple I have, see her no more.

Stanf. We had best change the Scene, I think; what if you shou'd walk out a little?

Emil. I care not much, if I do.

Stanf. I could find in my Heart to go along with you.
Emil.

Emil. Yes, and leave me again for your Honour; forsooth.

Stanf. How devillishly impertinent is this, for you to harp upon one String still!

Lev. Let's pursue our Design.

Enter Sir Positive.

Car. Agreed: And to our Wish, here comes my Cousin *Positive*.

Sir Posit. Oh! Have I found you? I'll tell you the pleasantest thing in the World.

Stanf. Sir, I am just going to a Lawyer of the Temple, to ask his Counsel.

Sir Posit. Pshaw, pshaw; save thy Money; what need'st thou do that? I'll do it for you; why, I have more Law, than ever *Coke* upon *Littleton* had; you must know, I am so eminent at that, that the greatest Lawyers in *England* come to me for Advice, in Matters of Difficulty: Come, state your Case, let's hear't; come——Hold, hold, Cousin, whither are you going?

[Emilia offers to go out.]

Emil. Let me go, I am going in haste to bespeak a Seal.

Sir Posit. A Seal? Why do'st thou know, what thou do'st now? To go about that, without my Advice: Well, I have given *Symons* and all of 'em such Lessons, as I have made 'em stand in Admiration of my Judgment: Do you know, that I'll cut a Seal with any Man in *England*, for a thousand Pound?

Rog. I have my Lesson; I'll warrant you, I'll do it. *[Exit.]*

Emil. O Heaven! I must go now to bespeak it; I am to send it immediately to my Sister at the *English* Nunnery in *Bruges*.

Sir Posit. *Bruges*? ah dear *Bruges*; now you talk of *Bruges*, I am writing this Night to *Castel Roderigo*; you must know, I have thought of their Affairs, and consider'd 'em thoroughly; and just this very Afternoon I have found out such a Way for them to preserve *Flanders* from the *French*, I desire all Mankind for such an Invention; and, I think, I offer him very fair, if he will let me divide

divide the Government with him, I'll do it; otherwise, if *Flanders* be lost, 'tis none of my Fault.

Leo. What is your Design, *Sir Positive*?

Stanf. That thou should'st be so very foppish, to ask Questions!

Sir Poss. I'll tell you, I will this Year, pray mark me, I will bring 100000 Men in the Field, d'ye see.

Car. But where will you have these Men, Cousin?

Sir Poss. Have 'em! p'shaw p'shaw, let me alone for that; I tell thee, *Stanford*, I will bring 100000 Men into the Field, 60000 in one compleat Body, and 40000 for a flying Army, with which I will enter into the very Body of all *France*.

Stanf. O Devil! I had rather *Flanders* shou'd be lost, than hear any more on't.

Sir Poss. But this would signifie nothing, unless it were done by one, that understands the Conduct of an Army; which if I do not, let the World judge: But to satisfy you, I'll tell you what I'll do, pray mark me. I will take threescore thousand *Spanish* Soldiers, and fight with 60000 *French*, and cut 'em off every Man: Pray observe one, this is Demonstration; then will I take those very numerical individual *Frenchmen* I spoke of.

Stanf. What, after you have cut 'em off every Man?

Sir Poss. Pish; what do'st talk, Man? What's matter, whether it be before, or after? that's not the Point: P'shaw, pr'ythee don't thee trouble thy self for that, I'll do't, Man; I will take those very 60000 *French*, and fight with a *Spanish* Army of 100000, and by my extraordinary Conduct destroy 'em all; this is Demonstration, nothing can be plainer than this; by this you may guess, whether I may not be a considerable Man to that Nation or no. — Nay, more than that, I'll undertake, if I were in *Candia*, the Grand Vizier would sooner expose himself to the Fury of the *Famizaries*, than besiege the Town, while I were in't.

Emil. I cannot tell, whether I am more tormented with *Sir Positive*, or pleas'd with *Stanford*; he is an extraordinary Man.

[Aside.
Sir

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Sir Posit. But, as I was saying, Cousin *Emilia*; I will have 100000 Men in the Field, and I will Man the Garrisons to the full: Besides, pray observe, I will have an infinite store of Provision every where, and pay all my Soldiers to a Penny duly.

Car. But where's the Money to do this, Cousin?

Emil. What shall I do? Whither shall I turn me?

Stanf. Ah dear *Emilia*!

Sir Posit. Where's the Money? that's a good one, faith — Pr'ythee, dear Cousin, do thou mind thy Guitar; thou dost not understand these things.

Stanf. I am sure, I understand you to be the greatest Coxcomb in Nature.

Sir Posit. Then I will make you me a League Offensive and Defensive with the King of *England*, the Emperor and Princes of *Germany*, the Kings of *Sweden* and *Denmark*, the Kings of *Portugal* and *Poland*, *Prestier-John*, and the Great *Cham*, the *States of Holland*, the Grand Duke of *Muscovy*, the Great *Turk*, with two or three Christian Princes more, that shall be nameless; and if, with that Army, Provision and Alliance, I do not do the Business, I am no Judge, I understand nothing in the World.

Enter Roger.

Rog. O *Sir Positivus*! My Lady *Vaine* would speak with you at your Lodging immediately.

Sir Posit. Cods my life-kins! *Stanford*, I am heartily sorry I must leave you.

Stanf. So am not I.

Sir Posit. I beg your Pardon a thousand times. I vow to Gad I wou'd not leave you, but upon this Occasion.

Emil. How glad am I of the Occasion!

Sir Posit. [going, returns in haste] Well! I hope you'll be so kind to believe, that nothing, but my Duty to my Mistress, shou'd have made me part with you thus rudely.

Stanf. O yes! we do believe it.

Sir Posit. But hark you, Cousin, and *Stanford*, you must promise me not to take it ill; as I hope to breath, I mean no Incivility in the World.

Emil.

Emil. Oh no, no, by no means.

Sir Posit. Your Servant —

[*Ex. Sir Positive.*]

Car. Come, *Lovel*, let's follow him, and either prepare him, or find out some others for a fresh Encounter.

Lov. Allons; but be sure, *Roger*, you forget not what I said to you —

[*Ex. Lov. Carolina.*]

Rog. I will not, Sir.

Stanf. How courteously he excus'd himself, for not tormenting us more!

Emil. This is the first good turn my Lady *Vaine* e'er did me.

Rog. No, Madam, this was my Ingenuity; I ne'er saw my Lady *Vaine*, nor do I know where she is.

[*Sir Positive returns.*]

Sir Posit. Cousin, and Mr. *Stanford*, I have consider'd on't, and I vow to Gad I am so afraid you'll take it ill, that rather than disoblige you, I'll put it off.

Stanf. O no, Sir, by no means; 'twould be the rudest thing in the World, to disobey your Mistress.

Sir Posit. Nay, Faith I see thou art angry now; pr'y-thee don't trouble thy self, I'll stay with thee.

Stanf. Hell and Damnation! this is beyond all Sufferance.

Emil. Let me advise you by all means to go to your Mistress.

Sir Posit. Well! if you won't take it ill, I'll go; adieu.

[*Exit Sir Posit.*]

Enter Woodcock, Serjeant and Musquetiers.

Wood. That's he, seize him.

Serje. Sir, by your leave, you must go to the Captain of the Guard.

Stanf. O intolerable! What's the matter now?

Serje. I do not know, but I guess 'tis upon a Quarrel betwixt you and one Lieutenant *Huffe*.

Stanf. Was ever any thing so unfortunate as this! Can't you defer't an Hour?

Serje. I am commanded by my Officer, and dare not disobey.

Stanf. How loth am I to leave this Woman! there is

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some-

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something extraordinary in this — Madam, I am willing enough to stay with you, but you see I am forced away: — Stay you here, *Roger*.

[*Exit with Serjeant and Musquetiers.*

Emil. What an unlucky Accident is this! but my Misfortunes never fail me. [Exit.

Wood. So, he's safe, and I have done, what I in Honour ought to do; and now, honest *Roger*, my dear Bully-Rock, I'll stay with thee: pr'ythee kiss me, thou art the honestest Fellow in the World.

Rog. Sir, I am glad I can repay your Commendations; I have the best News for ye, that ever you heard in your Life.

Wood. Me! What is't, Dear Heart?

Rog. Why, I'll tell you; the Lady *Emilia* is in Love with you.

Wood. In Love with me! fy, fy! Pox on't, what a wheadling Rogue art thou now? Why should'st thou put this upon thy Friend now?

Rog. Sir, this Suspicion of yours is very injurious: Let me tell you, that I am sure I have not deserv'd it from you, Sir.

Wood. Nay, I must confess, I have always found thee an honest Fellow, dear Heart; but a Pox on't, she can't love me: P'shaw, me? What, what can she see in me to love me for? no, no.

Rog. Sir, upon my Life, it's true.

Wood. Ha, ha, Dear Rascal, kiss me; the Truth on't is, I have thought some such thing a pretty while, but how the Devil com'st thou to find it out? On my Conscience thou art a Witch.

Rog. O Sir! I am great with her Maid *Luce*, and she told me her Lady fell in Love with you for singing; she says, you have the sweetest Voice, and the delicatest Method in singing, of any Man in *England*.

Wood. As Gad shall sa'me, she is a very ingenious Woman; dear Dog, honest Rascal, here, here's for thy News. I'll go in, and give her a Song immediately. [Exit.

Rog. How greedily he swallows the Bait! But these

self-conceited Idots can never know when they are wheedled.

Enter Lovel and Ninny.

Ninny. P'shaw, p'shaw, ad'au'tre, ad'au'tre, I can't abide you shou'd put your Tricks upon me.

Lov. Come, *Ninny*, leave Fooling; you know I scorn it, I have always dealt faithfully with you.

Ninny. [*Aside.*] I must confess, he has always commended my Poems, that's the truth on't: But I am afraid this is impossible.—Don't wheadle your Friend.

Lov. I shall be angry, Sir, if you distrust me longer. You may neglect this Opportunity of raising your self; do, but perhaps you may never have such another.

Ninny. Nay, but dear Sir, speak, are you in Earnest?

Lov. Do you intend to affront me? you had as good give me the Lye.

Ninny. No, dear Sir, I beg your Pardon for that; I believe you; but how came you to know it?

Lov. Her Sister *Carolina* told me so, and that she fell in Love with you for reading a Copy of your own Verses: she says you read heroick Verse with the best Grace of any Man in *England*.

Ninny. Before *George*, she's in the right of that; but Sir ———

Lov. 'Slife ask no more Questions, but to her, and strike while the Iron's hot: Have you done your Business, *Roger*?

Rog. Most dextrously, Sir.

Lov. Let's away——

[*Ex. Lov. and Roger.*]

Ninny. Love me! I am o'erjoy'd. I am sure I have lov'd her a great while.

Enter Emilia, Woodcock following her singing.

Wood. Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Emil. Heaven! this will distract me; what a vile Noise he makes, worse than the creaking of a Barn-door, or a Coach-wheel ungreas'd!

Wood. This is damn'd unlucky, that he shou'd be here to hinder my Design. [*Aside.*]

Ninny. What a Pox makes him here? But I'll on in my Buft

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Business. Madam, I'll speak you a Copy of Verses of my own, that have a great deal of Mettle, and Soul, and Flame in 'em.

Emil. But I will not hear 'em, Sir.

Wood. Alas poor Fool! he hopes to please her, but it won't do; ha, ha, ha. [*Aside.*]

Nimmy. What the Devil can she mean by this? sure she can't be in Earnest. No, I have found it; Ay, ay, it must be so: she wou'd not have me speak before him, because she wou'd not have him take Notice of her Passion; but what care I—— [*Aside.*]

[*He offers to rehearse.*]

Wood. Pr'ythee, *Nimmy*, don't trouble the Lady with your Verses.

Nimmy. Well, Well! Can't you let it alone——

Wood. Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Emil. What horrid Noise is this you make in my Ears? Shall I never be free?

Nimmy. Alas poor Coxcomb! he hopes to please her with his Voice: No, no, he may spare his Pains——I am the Man. [*Aside.*]

Wood. What a Pox ails she? She's damnably out of Humour, what-e'er's the Matter. I am sure, *Roger* wou'd not deceive me of all Men. What an Ass am I, that I shou'd not find it? she's afraid my singing will encourage him to trouble her; or else she would not have him perceive her Kindness—— [*Aside.*]

Emil. Sure all the World conspires against me this Day.

Wood. Fa, la, la, la, &c.

[*Wood. sings all the while Ninny repeats.*]

Ninny [reads.] *My Love to that prodigious Height does rise,*
'Tis worthy of my Heart; and of your Eyes:
First of my Heart, which, being subdu'd by you,
Must for that Reason be both strong and true;
Then of your Eyes, which Conquerors must subdue,
And make 'em be both Slaves and Freemen too:
Your Eyes, which do both dazzle and delight,
And are at once the Joy and Grief of Sight.
Love, that is worthy of your Face and Fame,
May be a Glory, but can be no Shame:

My

*My Heart being overcome does stronger prove,
Strength makes us yield unto your Eyes and Love.
In this my Heart is strong, because 'tis weak;
This, though I hold my Peace, my Love will speak.
Silence can do more than e'er Speech did do,
For humble Silence does do more than Wooe;
Under the Rose, which, being the sweetest Flower,
Shews Silence in us has than Speech more Power.*

Ninny. Why, what a damn'd Noise does he make! Pox take me, Madam, if one can be heard for him; can't you let one alone with one's Verses, trow?

Wood. Poor Fellow! alas! he little thinks why I sing now. [Aside.]

Ninny. If he thought how pleasant my rehearsing were to her, sure he wou'd not be so rude; but Mum for that. [Aside.]

Enter Luce.

Luce. O Madam! your Father's come to Town, and has brought a Country-Gentleman to come a wooing to you: He sent his Man before-hand to know if you were within, and one of the Servants unluckily inform'd him, before I cou'd see him: He says, he's the most down-right pladding Gentleman the Country can afford.

Emil. What will become of me! is there no Mercy in Store for me?

Wood. Is he coming — nay then — hem — hem.

Ninny. I'll make haste, before he comes to hinder me.

[They both take hold of Emilia, and hold her by Force, and sing and repeat as fast again as they did before.]

Emil. For Heaven's sake let me go.

[Wood, and Ninny sing and repeat both toget'er.]

Emil. Oh, hold, hold! I faint, if you give not over.

Wood. What a Devil does she mean by this? I am sure she loves me; but perhaps rather than endure the Trouble of his Noise, she's willing to dispense with the Pleasure of my Voice.

Ninny. A poise take this Woodcock, that he shou'd anger this Lady: as I hope to live, he's an impertinent Fellow.

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for though she was troubled at him, I perceiv'd she was transported with me.

Emil. It must be so: I must do Ill, that Good may come on't. This Country-Fellow will be the worst Plague of all, since he has my Father's Authority to back him. I must be forced to subdue my own Nature, and flatter these Coxcombs, to get rid of him, for they are so impudent they'll drive him from hence——

Enter Stanford, and over-hears.

Wood. Madam, let me ask you in private, How did you like my Song? speak boldly, Madam; *Ninny* does not hear, dear Heart.

Emil. I must needs like it, Sir, or betray my own Judgment.

Wood. Ah, dear *Roger*! thou art a made Man for ever.
[*Aside.*] I am the Man——

Stanf. What's this I hear?

[*To himself.*

Ninny. How did you like my Verses, Madam?

Emil. So well, Sir, that I hope you will let me hear 'em often.—What am I reduc'd to?

Stanf. Oh Devil, what's this?

Ninny. How happy shall I be! The Truth is, I did perceive you were troubled at *Woodcock's* senseless Song; how we wou'd enjoy our selves, if he were gone!

Stanf. Is it possible I shou'd be deceiv'd so much?

Wood. I'll tell thee, dear Heart, if thou bee'st troubled at *Ninny's* Rhymes, upon my Honour I'll beat the Rogue.

Enter Father and Country-Gentleman.

Fath. This is she, Sir.

Coun. Gent. Your Servant, Madam.

Stanf. 'Death, she is a very Gossip, and converses with all sort of Fools, not only with Patience, but with Pleasure too; how civilly she entertains them! That I shou'd be such an Owl, to think there could be a Woman not Impertinent! I have not Patience to look upon her longer.

[*Ex.*

Wood. It won't do, *Ninny*; her Father little thinks she's engag'd, dear Heart.

Ninny. No, no; her Father little thinks she's engag'd,
——nor

—nor you neither to whom [*Aside.*]—Ha, ha, ha, it makes me laugh to think, how this Country-Gentleman will be bobb'd, *Woodcock.*

Wood. He may go down, *Ninny*, like an Ass as he came; she'll send him down with a Flea in's Ear, take that from me.

Ninny. What a poise! he does not know she loves me, does he? [*Aside.*]

Wood. Poor Fool! I pity him; ha, ha, ha.

Ninny. So do I, alack, alack.

Coun. Gent. Madam, I am but just now come to Town, you see my Boots are dirty still; but I make bold, as the saying is.

Emil. More bold than welcome, I assure you, Sir.

Coun. Gent. Thank you, good sweet Madam; this is the most obliging Gentlewoman that ever was —

Fath. By this he shews the Impatience of his Love, Daughter.

Wood. Madam, I am a Son of a Whore, if I have not the best Song upon that Subject, that ever you heard in your Life.

Ninny. Before *George*, Madam, I'll repeat you a Copy of Verses of my own, ten times better than his Song.

Wood. You are an impudent Coxcomb to say so, dear Heart; and ye lye, and I am satisfy'd.

Ninny. Do I so? Madam, do but you judge.

Fath. What can this mean? they are both mad.

[*Ninny and Wood. sing and repeat together.*]

Ninny repeats.

I am so impatient for to go to my
Dear,
That I run headlong without Wit
or Fear.

Ninny. What an impertinent Fellow are you!

Wood. Peace, Coxcomb peace; cannot you let one alone?

Wood. sings.

My Love is cruel grown,
For to leave me all alone;
Thus for to sing and moan.

Alas who is me!

Ninny repeats.

So great the Power of our Love
is now,

We can't persuade it Reason for
t' allow.

Strange Miracle of Cytherea's Force,
For to transform a Man into a Horse

Wood. sings.

But I'll strive to find
My Love, tho' she's unkind,

So far to ease my Mind.

Oh wo is me!

Hay ho, hay ho, my Love,

Who so cruel as Jenny to me.

[They offer to sing and repeat again.]

Fath. Hold, ho'd; are you both mad, is the Devil in you? if he be, I shall have them will conjure him out of you; come out, you Coxcombs, or I'll drive you out. —

[Ex. Father, Ninny and Woodcock.]

Coun. Gent. These Gentlemen are as mad as March-Hares, Madam, as the Saying is; but to our Business: I had not the Power, as I was a saying, to keep from you longer, Lady; not so much as a pissing while, d'ye see! for Cat will to Kind, as the Saying is.

Luce. Oh Sir, you Complement, you are an absolute Country Courtier.

Coun. Gent. Who I? alas, not I, in sober Sadness; we, that live in the Country, are right down, d'ye see; we call a Spade a Spade, as the Saying is, for our Part.

Luce. You do well, Sir; for Hypocrisy is an abominable Vice.

Coun. Gent. 'Tis indeed, to be a Pharisee, and carry two Faces in a Hood, as the Saying is.

Emil. Now I wish my t'other two Fools would come back, and drive away this.

Luce. I perceive you are very good at Proverbs, Sir; don't you use to play at that Sport with the Country-Gentlewomen?

Coun. Gent. O yes, I am old Dog at that; I am too hard for 'em all at it, d'ye see. [To Emilia.] But, Madam, now we talk of the Country, how do you think you can like a Country Life?

Emil. O rarely! I can't chuse; to fill ones Belly with Curds and Cream, and stew'd Prunes, to eat Honey-comb, and Rashers of Bacon at poor Neighbour's Houses, and rise by five a Clock in the Morning, to look to my Dairy.

Coun.

Or, the IMPERTINENTS. 81

Coun. Gent. O rare! how we shall cotten together, as the Saying is! I love a good Housewife with all my Heart; but, Madam, I have a cast of Hawks, and five Couples of Spaniels too: oh Madam, if you saw my beloved Bitch *Venus*, you would be in Love with her; she's the best at a Retrieve of any Bitch in *England*, d'ye see.

Emil. Is he here? this is Heaven to me, to see him after my late Afflictions. [Aside.

Enter Stanford and Roger.

[To the *Coun. Gent.*] Sir, I have some Business will engage me half an Hour, pray will you avoid my Sight in the mean time.

Coun. Gent. I will, Forsooth; I'll go see my Horses feed the while.

Emil. This a modefter Fool, than the others I am troubled with; but, if my Father had been here, I shoud not so easily have got rid of him——What, are you come again? [To Stanford.

Stanf. Ay, ay, too soon, I am sure.

Emil. Are you not very Foppish, that you did not stay longer then?

Stanf. This Accusation becomes you well indeed.

Emil. Why not, Sir?

Stanf. Alas, you are not impertinent; no, no, not you!

Emil. I am sure you are: What can this mean?

Stanf. You were never pleas'd with *Woodcock's* dam'd Voice yet, nor *Nanny's* ridiculous Poetry, nor you?

Emil. Not more than your self.

Stanf. No, no, you were not pleas'd with them, you did not praise 'em, nor entertain the other two Fools with Kindness; no, not you?

Emil. What a ridiculous thing 'twas of you, not to tell me this in one Word? Oh Heaven! are they here!

Stanf. How soon you can counterfeit the Humour!

Enter Sir Positive and Lady Vaine.

Sir Posit. You see, I am as good as my Word, *Stanford*.

L. Vaine. You see, Madam, how ready I am to wait on your Ladyship.

Emil. Ay, to my Cost, I thank you.

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Stanf. She thinks I am so easily bit, as to take this for a Satisfaction; but I am too old to be deceiv'd again.

[*Aside.*

Enter Lovel and Carolina.

Lov. Now, Madam, to our Business; if we don't put 'em out of this Humour, 'tis strange.

Car. However let's use our lawful Endeavours towards it.

Enter Woodcock and Ninny.

[*Wood. and Ninny sing and repeat both together.*

Wood. 'Slife, I'll teach you to trouble this Lady with your pitiful Rhymes.

Ninny. You teach me? nay, if you provoke me before Company, you shall find me a Lion—— [They draw.

Wood. Have at you, dear Heart.

Sir Posit. Hold, *Woodcock!* why shou'd you disparage Poet *Ninny?* he's a Man of admirable Parts, and as cunning a Fellow, between you and I—*Stanford*, I believe he's a Jesuit, but I am sure he is a *Fansenist*.

Wood. He a Jesuit, that understands neither Greek nor Latin?

Sir Posit. Now he talks of that, *Stanford*, I'll thee what a Master I am of those Languages; I have found out, in the Progress of my Study, I must confess with some Diligence, four and twenty Greek and Latin Words for Black-puddings and Sauages.

Wood. Think to huff me? I cou'd shew you a matter of 200 Wounds I got, when I was a Volunteer aboard the *Cambridge*, dear Heart, wou'd make you swoon to look upon 'em.

Sir Posit. *Cambridge*, well, that *Cambridge* is a good Ship; and do you know, *Stanford*, that I understand a Ship, better than any thing in the World?

Stanf. Do you speak, Madam; you are pleas'd with this—— [To Emilia.

Emil. Methinks you are as troublesome as he.

Sir Posit. You may talk of your *Petts* and your *Denns*, I'll build a Ship with any of them for 10000 Pound.

Emil. What will become of me? for if I should go, they would follow me.

Lov.

Lov. This is extremely well painted —

[Shows a Picture to Carolina.]

Sir Posit. Painted? Why, Do you understand Painting?

Lov. Not I, Sir.

Sir Posit. I do; if you please, leave that to me: 'Tis true, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, Tintoret, Julio Romano, and Paulo Veronese, were very pretty hopeful Men; but I wou'd you saw a Piece of mine—I shew'd you my Magdalen, Emilia, and I protest I drew that in half an Hour.

Emil. O! What shall I do, to get rid of all these Tormentors?

Stanf. I cannot but like this Woman yet, what e'er's the Matter: And yet I am sure she is impertinent.

[Aside.]

Sir Posit. Let me see, H. H — O dear! Hans Holben; here are Stroaks, here's Mastery; well, no Man in England shall deceive me in Hans Holben's Hand, take that from me.

L. Vaine. [to Emilia.] O' my Conscience, Madam, this Gentleman understands every thing in the World.

Car. In good Earnest, Lovel, that's very Pleasant. Hans Holben! why, 'tis a new Sign for my Landlord, finish'd but Yesterday, that cost him a Noble; the Painting done by a Fellow, that paints Posts and Rails, one Humphrey Hobson, and he calls him Hans Holben.

Rog. Indeed, Mr. Woodstock, fifty miles in a Day was well run.

Wood. 'Faith was't, dear Heart.

Sir Posit. Run? why, why will you pretend to running, in my Company? you run! why I have run sixty Miles in a Day, by a Lady's Coach, that I fell in Love withal in the Streets, just as she was going out of Town, Stanford; and yet I vow to thee, I was not breath'd at all that time.

Lov. [to Car.] There's Knight-Errantry for you, Madam; let any of your Romances match me that now.

Wood. [to L. Vaine.] 'Tis True, Madam, Sir Posit and Poet Nimmy are excellent Men, and brave Bully Rocks; but

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but they must grant, that neither of 'em understand Mathematics but my self.

Sir Posit. Mathematics? why, who's that talks of Mathematics? Let 'em alone, let 'em alone: Now you shall see, *Stanford*.

Wood. Why, 'twas I, dear Heart.

Sir Posit. I, dear Heart, quotha? I don't think you understand the Principles on't; o' my Conscience you are scarce come so far yet, as the squaring of the Circle, or finding out the Longitude. Mathematics! Why this is the only thing I value my self upon in the World, Cousin *Emilia*.

Emil. Heaven deliver me!

Stanf. Curse on 'em all——Well, there must be something more in this Woman than I imagine.

Ninny. [to *Emil.*] No Man in *England* plays better upon the Cittern than I do, ask *George* my Barber else; Madam, he's a great Judge.

Sir Posit. Cittern, Cittern! Who nam'd a Cittern there? Who was't? Who was't?

Ninny. Now am I afraid to speak to him, he does so snub one: 'Twas I, and please you, *Sir Positive*.

Sir Posit. You talk of a Cittern before me? when I invented the Instrument.

Low. Woodcock——Stand up to him in Mathematics; to him.

Wood. Say you so? well then, by the Lord *Harry*, *Sir Positive*, I do understand Mathematics better than you; and I lie over against the *Rose Tavern* in *Covent-Garden*, dear Heart.

Sir Posit. I will justify with my Sword, that you understand nothing at all on't——draw.

Wood. Nay, hold, hold; I have done, Bully-Rock, if you be so angry; but it's a hard Case you won't give a Man I leave to understand a little Mathematics in your Company, dear Heart.

Sir Posit. Pox on't, I have told thee often enough of this, thou wilt still be putting thy self forward to things thou dost not understand.

Emil.

Emil. This Impudence is beyond all Example, and there is no Possibility of getting from them.

Car. I'll tell you one thing, Cousin, you cannot understand.

Sir Posit. I'll be hang'd then.

Car. You cannot cheat at Dice.

Sir Posit. Ha, ha; why you don't know me sure, you never heard of me.

Lov. Metaphysicks.

Sir Posit. Faith, well thought on, *Lovel*, pr'ythee put me in Mind of that presently; if I don't give you that Account of Metaphysicks shall make you stare again, cut my Throat. But as I hope to live, *Stanford*, 'tis a strange thing *Carolina* shoud be so near a-Kin to me, and not know me! False Dice! I have spent my Time very well indeed, if any Man out-does me in that; for your Goads, your high Fullams, and low Fullams, your Cater-Deuce-Ace, and your Sife-Cater-Deuce, your Cinque-Trey-Ace, your Barr-Cater-Trey, your Barr-Cinque-Deuce, your Barr-Sife-Ace, and all that, when I have study'd 'em these sixteen Years——Cousin *Emilia*, you know this, don't you?

Emil. Oh horrid! What will become of me?

Stanf. Sure I was mistaken, for this must be a Woman of Sense; I love her extreamly: I wou'd I did not.

Sir Posit. But what was that, *Lovel*, I desir'd you to put me in Mind of?

Lov. Leger-de-main.

Sir Posit. Good, there 'tis now; I had thought I had kept that Quality to my self of all things in the World. Sure the Devil must help thee, *Lovel*; how cou'dst thou come to know, that I understood Leger-de-main else? Why, I'll perform all Tricks of Leger-de-main with any Man in *England*, let him be what he will; for the Cups and Balls, *Jack-in-a-Pulpit*, *S. Andrew's-Cross*.

Car. Undoubtedly, *Lovel*, Cardinal *Maxarime* was a great States-man.

Sir Posit. States-man, do you say? Cardinal *Maxarime* a Sates-man? well, I will say nothing of my self for that; no, I am no States-man: But you may please to remember

member, who was bobb'd at *Ostend*, ha, ha; what say you, *Stanford*?

Emil. O Heavens! can you contrive no Way of e-scaping?

Stanf. Let's e'en try what we can do; for we had better be with one another, than with these Fools.

Sir Posit. Betwixt you and I, I was the Man that manag'd all this Business against him.

L.Vaine. Good-lack-a-day, Madam, this Gentleman has a bottomless Understanding.

Nimmy. He's a very rare Man, and has great Power and Imagination.

Wood. As any Man in *Europe*, dear Heart.

Sir Posit. This very thing has made me so famous all over *Europe*, that I may be at this Instant chief Minister of State in *Russia*; but the Truth on't is, *Stanford*, I expect that nearer Home.

Rog. *Jacob Hall's*, a most admirable Rope-Dancer, Mr. *Woodcock*.

Sir Posit. Honest *Roger*! How the Devil cou'dst thou find me out in that? *Jacob Hall* has told thee, has he not? I thought he would have kept that to himself; but I taught him, nay, I taught the *Turk* himself.

Lov. Hey, from a States-man to a Rope-dancer! what a Leap was there?

Car. My Maid is excellent at Pastry.

Sir Posit. Ha, why there 'tis; now, upon my Honour, I understand this ten times better than any thing I have spoke of yet! Pastry! why, the Devil take me, if I would not be content never to eat Pye, but of my own making, as long as I live. I'll tell you, when I was but four Years old, I had so rich a Fancy, and made such extraordinary Dirt Pyes, that the most eminent Cooks in all *London* wou'd come and observe me, to steal from me.

L.Vaine. I beseech you, Madam *Emilia*, take Notice of *Sir Positive*; he is a Prodigy of Understanding.

Sir Posit. Ah Madam, 'tis your Pleasure to say so; but 'twas this made me skilful in the Art of Building, which

is

is the only Art I am proud of in the World. I'll tell you, *Stanford*, I have seventeen Models of the City of *London* of my own making, and the worst of 'em makes *London* an other-guess *London*, than 'tis like to be; but no Man in *England* has those Models of Houses, that I have.

Stanf. This Affliction is beyond all Example; why the Devil dost thou provoke him to this?

Lov. Were it not a ridiculous thing of me not to please my self?

Stanf. That's True; but what will become of us in the mean time?

Emil. Heaven knows! this Door's lock'd, and there's no escaping at the other.

Sir Posit. I'll tell you, Madam, the other Day a damn'd old Rat eat me up a Dining-Room and Withdrawing-Chamber, worth fifty Pound

Car. A Rat eat up a Dining-Room and Withdrawing-Room! how cou'd that be?

Emil. O fy, Sister, it's no matter how; why will you ask him?

Sir Posit. Why, I make all my Models of Houses in Paste; I vow to Gad I am asham'd to tell you how much it costs me a Year in Milk, Meal, Eggs and Butter.

L. Vaine. Dear *Sir Positive*, I think you understand more than ever *Solomon* did.

Sir Posit. No, no, Madam, alas not I, I understand little; but I'll tell you, Madam, what was said of me the other Day by some great Persons, that shall be nameless.

L Vaine. What was that, Sir?

Sir Posit. That I was a Man of the most universal Knowledge of any Man in *England*; but, without Comparison, the best Poet in *Europe*.

Car. ——— Now, *Lovel*, to your Post.

Lov. Navigation.

Sir Posit. Navigation d'ye talk of?

Car. Geography.

Sir Posit. Geography d'ye talk of?

Lov. Physick.

Car. Divinity.

Lov. Surgery.

Car. Arithmetick.

Lov.

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Low. Astronomy.

Sir Poss. Astronomy d'ye talk of?

Car. Palmestry.

Low. Logick.

Car. Cookery.

Low. Magick.

[Love and Carolina speak so fast one after another, that Sir Positive turns himself first to one, then to another, and has not time to speak to them.]

Sir Poss. Hold, hold, hold, hold! Navigation, Geography, Astronomy, Palmestry, Physick, Divinity, Surgery, Arithmetick, Logick, Cookery and Magick: I'll speak to every one of these in their Order; if I don't understand 'em every one in Perfection, nay, if I don't Fence, Dance, Ride, Sing, fight a Duel, speak French, command an Army, play on the Violin, Bag-pipe, Organ, Harp, Hautboy, Sackbut, and double Curtal, speak Spanish, Italian, Greek, Hebrew, Dutch, Welsh and Irish, Dance a Jig, throw the Bar, Swear, Drink, Swagger, Whore, Quarrel, Cuff, break Windows, manage Affairs of State, Hunt, Hawk, Shoot, Angle, play at Cat, Stool-ball, Scotch-hop and Trap-ball, Preach, Dispute, make Speeches——[Coughs.] Prythee get me a Glass of Small-beer, Roger.

Stanf. Hell and Furies!

Emil. Oh, oh,——

[They run.]

Sir Poss. Nay, hold, I have not told you half; if I don't do all these, and fifty times more, I am the greatest Owl, Pimp, Monkey, Jack-a-napes, Baboon, Rascal, Oaf, Ignoramus, Logger-head, Carr-dog, Blockhead, Buffoon, Jack-pudding, Tony, or what you will; spit upon me, kick me, cuff me, lugg me by the Ears, pull me by the Nose, tread upon me, and despise me more, than the World now values me.

[Ex. omnes, and he goes out talking as fast as he can.]



ACT

ACT V.

Enter Emilia, Stanford and Lovel.

Stanf. IF you be my Friend, as you profess to be, you will not deny me this.

Lov. I am your Friend, and would not have you perplex your self, with what you see there's no end of; Can this Frowardness relieve you?

Stanf. Good Sir, none of your grave Advice; I am resolv'd to relieve my self, by abandoning all Conversation.

Lov. How can you brook *Emilia's* Company?

Stanf. Pish! she's not all altogether so troublesome: Ask me no more Questions.

Lov. Hah! Does he like her? Thus far my Design thrives. Well! I'll keep 'em from you a while: But the Hounds are so eager, they'll never endure Pole-hunting long. [Exit.]

Stanf. You hear, Madam, we are not like to be long free from these inhuman Persecutors.

Emil. Why will you call 'em so? you know I am pleas'd with 'em: They are my Recreation, as you were pleas'd to say.

Stanf. No, no; you have convinc'd me of the Contrary: But how can you blame me for so easie a Mistake?

Emil. You are a very fit Man to despise impertinent People, you are!

Stanf. 'Twill be very wisely done to stand muttering here, till the Fools in the next Room break in upon you.

Emil. Perhaps as wisely done, as to trust my self with you; as you have behav'd your self.

Stanf. If you have no more Sense than to stay longer, I shall be assur'd of what I was but jealous of before.

Emil. What would your Wisdom have me do now?

Stanf. The worst of them would not have ask'd such

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a Question: Who but you would be in doubt, or would not flie as a Thief does from a Hue and Cry?

Emil. There's no hope of escaping.

Stanf. Now will you, in despair of avoiding them, stay here and keep 'em Company.

Emil. 'Twere vain Presumption to hope for Liberty by Miracle; they will no more lose us, than an Attorney will a young Squire, that's newly waded into Law; he will be sure never to leave him, till he has brought him out of his Depth.

Stanf. By this Rule you shou'd not resist a Man that comes to Ravish you, because he's like to be too strong for you; but, if you did not use the Means, your Honesty would be no more admir'd in that, than your Wisdom in this.

Emil. [*Aside.*] This is a most admirable Person. ———
Where should I go? [*To him.*]

Stanf. I would run into a Fire, to be quit of 'em.

Emil. Well! I am content to go along with you; not for your sake, but my own.

Stanf. Perhaps my Inclinations are not much unlike yours.

Enter Lovel, Carol. Sir Posit. Nin. Wood. D. Vaine.

Lov. Oh, *Stanford*, I can no longer keep them from you; 'tis as easie to stop a Spring-Tide.

Stanf. Now, whose Fault was this? a Curse upon your delaying; now 'tis too late to flie.

Sir. Posit. Dost talk of flying, *Jack*? I'll teach thee to do that with the greatest ease in the World: 'tis true, I heard of a Coxcomb that broke his Neck with the Experiment; but if I had been by him, I would have taught him to have flown with the best Goss-Hawk in the World.

Stanf. O Impudence!

Sir Posit. And for my own Part, for one Sight or so, for I will not strain my self for any Man's Pleasure; I do't but for my Recreation: I am no Mercenary. I will flie at a Heron with the best Jer-Falcon that ever flew; that's fair.

L. Vaine.

L. Vaine. O! very fair, as can be: by all means, Sir, learn of him; he'll do it.

Sir Poss. Do't, Madam? I think so: I tell you, all Elements are alike to me; I could live in any one of 'em, as well as the Earth: 'Tis nothing but a sordid earthly Nature in us makes us love the Earth better than any other Element.

Enter Roger.

Emil. I see, it is in vain to torment our selves, without endeavouring our Liberty.

Stanf. That's cunningly found out.

Rog. Sir, if you can find a way to be rid of *Sir Positive* and my Lady *Vaine*, I'll tell you how to quit your selves of the other.

Emil. We may set 'em one upon another, and by that we may either get rid, or (at least) be a little reveng'd of 'em.

Stanf. That may make some amends for your last Neglect.

Car. Now they are settled in their Business, I'll leave 'em, and go to my Tire-woman in *Covent Garden*, who has some Excellent new Patterns of Lace for me; will you please to 'Squire me along?

Lov. I hope you have no Design upon me: are your Intentions honourable? [*Emilia whispers to Woodcock.*]

Car. Yes indeed are they, I intend no Rape upon you.

Lov. Nor any other unlawful way of Love.

Car. Leave fooling, and let's away——[*Ex. Lov. Car.*]

Sir Poss. [to *L. Vaine.*] P'shaw! I could live in the Water so well, that o' my Conscience I am Amphibious; I could catch Fish, as well as any Cormorant or Otter: nay, I can live so long under Water, that (but that I have greater Designs on foot here) I would go into the *West-Indies* to dive for Spunges and Corals, and if in one Year I were not the richest Man that ever went thither, I would be hanged, *Jack Stanford*, when I swam over again.

Stanf. 'Sdeath, I would you were under Water one half Hour in the mean time.

Sir Poss. Faith, I would I were, *Jack*; thou would'st admire

mire to see, what Pleasure I take in lying under Water an Hour or two; especially if the Water be warm!

Stanf. Yes, yes, and you can eat Fire too, can't ye?

Sir Posit. P'shaw! you admire a Man that eats Fire among you, one that has a deprav'd Palate, and is not able to taste an Ash from an Oak-Coal; which I can distinguish, as well as I can a Pickl'd Herring from a Muscle.

Ninny. Eat Fire? it is impossible.

Sir Posit. You are a Fop, I pity your Ignorance: Eat Fire! Why, I'll Eat Fire and Brimstone with the Devil himself, Man; what dost talk of that?

Wood. [to *Emilia.*] I warrant you, dear Heart, I'll do't; and yet I am plaguily afraid of *Sir Positive*.

Emil. What am I forc'd to! Master *Ninny*, you have often profess'd some Kindness to me.

Ninny. And, Madam, may I never make Couplet again, if I don't love you better than I do Musick or Poetry.

Emil. And understand me as little [*Aside.*]—— I shall soon make Tryal of you. [To him.

Ninny. And before *George* if I do not serve you!——

Emil. Then be sure the next thing *Sir Positive* pretends to, contradict him in, and be as Positive as he is; and by this perhaps you may deserve my Kindness.

Ninny. But suppose, Madam, he should draw upon me, and do me a Mischief.

Emil. Master *Stanford* and his Man will bail you from that.

Ninny. In confidence of this, I shall be glad to serve you.

L. Vaine. I wonder, dear Sir, a Man of your incomparable Abilities shou'd want Preferment.

Sir Posit. Modesty! Modesty! we, that are modest Men, get nothing in this Age.

L. Vaine. Perhaps the World does not know of these things.

Sir Posit. Not know! why, I was never in Company with any Man in my Life, but I told him all.

Wood. And no Man ever believ'd you, dear Heart.

Sir Posit. As I hope to Breathe, *Jack*, this Fellow's mad.

Wood.

Or, the IMPERTINENTS. 21

Wood. Ne'er tell me, dear Heart; I know, you understand nothing of all you have pretended to, in comparison of me, dear Heart.

Sir Posit. Is not this very pleasant, Madam? ha, ha.

Ninny. Nay, nay, never laugh for the Matter, and think to bear up against all the World: Do you think I don't think my self a better Poet than you?

Wood. And I a better Musician?

Sir Posit. You impudent Baboons!

Ninny. Let him alone, let him alone, *Woodcock.*

Wood. Ay, ay, alas I laugh at him: Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. Madam, the Party has staid for you a good while at the *Setting-Dog* and *Partridge*.

L. Vaine. Come, while they dispute, let's go —

[*Exit L. Vaine, and Bridg. Emil. offers to go out.*]

Ninny. Nay, Madam, if you don't stay to prevent *Mischief*, I have done: For I find I begin to grow *Furious*, and dare not trust my own Temper.

Sir Posit. Have you the Impudence to say you are a better Poet, and you a better Musician than I am?

Ninny. Ay, ay; and not only so, but a better *Divine*, *Astrologer*, *Mathematician*, *Geographer*, *Seaman* —

Wood. A better *Physician*, *Lawyer*, *States-man*, *Almanack-maker*.

Ninny. Ay, and what shall break your Heart, a better *Trap-ball-player* too, take notice of that —

Wood. In one word, I understand every thing that is, or is not to be understood, better than you do: Take that from me.

Ninny. And let me tell you, *Sir Positive*, 'tis a very confident thing in you to pretend to understand any thing, as well as I do.

Sir Posit. O Impudence!

Wood. You understand! How should you come by Understanding? Where had you your Knowledge, dear Heart? Pshaw.

Sir Posit. What will this Age come to!

Ninny. Your Insolence makes me blush, as I hope to breathe,

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breath, for such an empty Fellow to talk of Wit or Sense; p'shaw, pr'ythee hold thy Tongue.

Sir Posit. I am amaz'd!

Wood. I tell thee, dear Soul, I love thee so well, I would not have thee pretend to these things thou dost not understand.

Nimny. Especially before such Men as we, that do understand.

Sir Posit. I can hold no longer. Ye eternal Dogs, ye Curs, ye ignorant Whelps, I'll sacrifice ye: let me go; if there be no more Sons of Whores in *England*, I'll murder 'em.

Stanf. Bear up to him, I'll prevent all Injuries.

Nimny. Nay then, Sir, never fret and fume for the Matter: Look you, Sir, pray what can you do better than I?

Wood. Or I either? Let's hear't, dear Heart.

Sir Posit. Hear it, you Rascals? I'll rout an Army with my single Valour; I'll burn a whole Fleet at three Leagues distance; I'll make Ships go all over the World without Sails; I'll plow up Rocks, steep as the *Alps* in Duff, and lave the *Tyrrhene* Waters into Clouds, (as my Friend *Cataline* says.)

Nimny. P'shaw! you! I'll pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon, (as my Friend *Hot-spur* says) what do you talk of that?

Emil. Certainly, he's distracted! this is some revenge.

Sir Posit. This single Head of mine shall be the Balance of Christendom: And by the Strength of this I'll undermine all Commonwealths, destroy all Monarchies, and write Heroick Plays: Ye Dogs, let me see either of you do that.

Stanf. This is raving Madness.

Nimny. 'Would I were well rid of him; I tremble every Joint of me.

Sir Posit. With this right Hand I'll pluck up Kingdoms by the Roots, depopulate whole Nations, burn Cities, murder Matrons, and ravish sucking Infants; you Curs, can you do this?

Rog.

Rog. But, Sir, in the midst of your Fury, my Lady *Vaine* is gone away with a Gentleman.

Sir Poss. Ah dear *Roger*, which way did she go? shew me quickly, I'll bring her back; and she shall see me take Satisfaction of these Rascals — [*Ex. Sir Poss. and Roger.*]

Wood. I'm glad you are gone, Sir; my Heart was at my Mouth. Did I not do the Business rarely, my pretty Rogue? How canst thou reward me for this? hah?

Emil. Unfortunate Woman! What am I reduc'd to? If you will go immediately to *Oxford-Kate's*, and stay for me in the great Room there, I will not fail to come to you in a little Time, and let you know how sensible I am of this Favour; go, go instantly, and make no words on't.

Wood. I fly, Madam. O dear *Roger*! I have catch'd her, O Rogue! I'll provide a Parson immediately: Dear Son of a Whore, let me kiss thee.

Stanf. I shall have a better Opinion of her Wit, than ever I had, if she gets rid of this brace of *Jack Puddings*. [*Ex.*]

Ninny. Ay, Madam, you see what Danger I have undergone: I am only unhappy, I have lost no Blood in the Service: For as a Noble Author says,

— It would have been to me both loss and gain.

But shall, I hope for any Favour from you?

Emil. Let not *Stanford* perceive any thing; go and stay for me at *Oxford-Kate's*, in the great Room, and there we may freely speak our Minds.

Ninny. And will you not fail to come?

Emil. No, no; but, whatever happens, remove not till I come to you: Away, away, we are observ'd.

Ninny. O admirable Fortune! Sure I was born with a Caul on my Head, and wrapt in my Mother's Smock; the Ladies do so love me.

Emil. I would these two Fools were oblig'd to stay there, till I came to 'em. [*Exit.*]

Stanf. Now, I hope you will take warning, and stay here no longer, where they may find you out; unless you take pleasure in 'em.

Emil. Where can I find a Place of safe Retreat?

Rog.

Rog. I have a Sister lives in *Covent Garden*, a Tire-woman, where at this time of Night you may be private: If you please, command the House.

Enter Sir Positive.

Emil. Make haste then; O Heaven, is he returned?

Sir Posit. Pox on't, I can't find my Mistress; where are these Rogues?

Stanf. My Lady *Vaine* is return'd, and *Ninny* and *Woodcock* are with her in the next Room.

Sir Posit. Say you so? I'll in, and first make the Pup-pies recant their Errors, and then murder 'em in Presence of my Mistress. [*Ex.*

Stanf. So! you are fast.

[*Locks the Door.*

Emil. Come away, away!

[*Ex. Stanf. Emil. Rog.*

Sir Posit. within. *Stanford*, open the Door, are you mad? hey *Stanford*! Cousin *Emilia*! open the Door.

Enter Lady Vaine and Bridget.

L. Vaine. What, is the House empty? — 'twas an un-luck, thing, that the Gentlemen should go before we came.

Bridg. You may thank *Sir Positive*; would he were far enough for me, for keeping your Ladyship so long.

Sir Posit. *Stanford*! *Emilia*! open the Door there! help, help, help!

L. Vaine. That's his Voice! what can be the Matter? the Key is in the Door. I'll in and see——

[*She unlocks the Door.*

Enter Sir Positive.

Sir Posit. O Madam! your humble Servant! If I don't murder *Stanford*, may I never have any share in your Ladyship's Favour.

L. Vaine. Did he lock you in?

Sir Posit. Yes, Madam; for which with this Blade, that is inur'd to Slaughter, will I slice him into Atoms.

L. Vaine. No, sweet *Sir Positive*, restrain your Passion; such a Fellow as he *deserves to be iost'd in a Blanket*.

Sir Posit. No, no, never talk of that, Madam! Such a Revenge is below me; but I have a Pen that will bite, and I'll do it vigorously. And yet the Rogue has done me

me a Kindness: For if he had not lock'd me up, I had miss'd of your Ladyship.

L. Vaine. Sir, upon my Honour, I intended not to have stay'd from you.

Sir Posit. But, Madam, the Loss of you has put me in to that fright, that I desire to make sure of you.

L. Vaine. As how, good Sir?

Sir Posit. To Marry you this Night.

L. Vaine. That's short Warning.

Sir Posit. But, Madam, I have had your Promise these three Days, and that's long enough to expect Performance.

Bridg. Madam, e'en take him at his Word.

L. Vaine. But how shall I answer that to my Friend in the Country?

Bridg. Ne'er trouble your self for that, Madam; 'tis fashionable to have a Servant as well as a Husband: And besides the Pleasure of a Gallant, there will be another, which is no small one to some Women, of deceiving your Husband.

L. Vaine. Thou art in the right, Wench. Besides, the failing of this Assignment has set me so agog, I would very unwillingly lye alone to Night.

Sir Posit. Come, Madam, I see you are consulting: I'll send for a Parson shall soon finish the Debate.

L. Vaine. Well, Sir! your Intentions are so honourable, I submit to you.

Sir Posit. O intolerable Happiness! Let's dispatch it immediately in this House.

L. Vaine. No, Sir! I'll carry you to a more private Place.

Sir Posit. Come, Madam, I'll wait on you — [Exeunt.]

Enter Lovel and Carolina.

Car. Now I have dispatch'd this important Business of Womankind, which is making themselves fine, we may return. —

Lov. To the Place from whence we came, and from thence to the Place of Execution, if you please: I'll have a Levite ready.

Car. No, Sir, I know you are too true a Son of the Church to venture that after the Canonical Hour.

Lov. I am not so formal to observe a Method in any thing; besides, Marriage, being at best unseasonable, can never be less than now.

Car. To speak gravely; let us first take the Advice of our Pillows: since Sleep, being a great Setler of the Brain, may be an Enemy to Marriage: For one would think that few in their right Wits would undertake so unseasonable an Action, as you call it.

Lov. Must People then be tam'd into Marriage, as they man Hawks with watching?

Enter Stanford, Emilia and Roger.

Car. What's here? my Sister with *Stanford*?

Emil. How unlucky is this! my Sister, and an idle Fellow with her?

Stanf. Ne'er trouble your self; if your Sister be not a Pop, he's none, I'll assure you.

Emil. You are a very competent Judge indeed!

Car. How now, Sister? can you with all your Gravity steal away by Night with a Gentleman?

Lov. Come, *Stanford*, there's Love betwixt you; for nothing else can make Men and Women so shame-fac'd, as to seek out private Places.

Car. Come, Sister, if it be so, ne'er mince the Matter; 'tis the Way of all Flesh.

Lov. And we are so far onward on that way, that, if you don't make haste, you will scarce overtake us.

Car. Come, confess, *Emilia*, what brought you hither?

Emil. I came to fly from Impertinence, and I have found it here.

Car. That will not bring you off, Sister: For, if you did not like this Gentleman very well, you would fly from him as soon as any Man.

Stanf. For my Part, I only came to defend her from Assaults at this time o' Night.

Lov. If you had not an extraordinary Value for her, you would not play the Knight-Errant, to my Knowledge.

ledge; Is not this Dissimulation of yours very ridiculous?

Stanf. I must needs confess, I never saw any Woman I dislike'd less.

Car. And what say you, Sister, of this Gentleman?

Emil. To give the Devil his due, I have met with less Affliction from him, than from other Men.

Car. Nay, then in good Earnest it must be a Match.

Emil. That's wisely propos'd of you to me, that am immediately leaving the World.

Stanf. Pox on her! how she pleases me! [Aside]

Why, who intends to stay behind? [To Emil]

Car. If you neglect this Opportunity, Sister, you'll ne'er be so well match'd again.

Stanf. 'Twill not be so pleasant to go alone, as you imagine.

Car. No, no, take Hands, and march along, I say.

Emil. That would be much to the Advantage of my Honour.

Lov. I'll send for one shall satisfy that Scruple, Madam.

Emil. The Remedy is almost as bad as the Disease.

Stanf. Perhaps, if you consider it, 'twill be your wisest Course.

Emil. No doubt I should have an admirable Companion of you, as you think.

Car. I find you have so great a Passion for the Country-Gentleman my Father has provided for you, you will never be persuaded to be false to him.

Emil. He will be the greatest Plague of all: What shall I do to be rid of him?

Car. There is but one way, Sister; Even dispose of your self to that honest Gentleman, to have and to hold.

Stanf. 'Twill be very discreetly done not to quit your self of this Country Fellow, and the rest of your Fools now it is in your Power.

Lov. Faith, Madam, be persuaded, and join Hands.

Stanf. The truth is. I think we cannot do better, than to leave the World together: 'twill be very uncomfortable wandering in Desarts for you alone.

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Emil. If I should be so mad as to join Hands with you, 'twould not be so much an Argument of Kindness to you, as Love to my self; since at best I am forc'd to chuse the least of two great Evils, either to be quite alone, or to have ill Company.

Lov. This will end in Marriage, I see.

Emil. O no! I dare not think of that; if he should grow troublesome then, 'twould be out of my Power to cast him off.

Stanf. Why, there's no Necessity we should be such Puppies as the rest of Men and Wives are, if we fall out, to live together and quarrel on.

Emil. The Conditions of Wedlock are the same to all.

Stanf. Whatsoever the publick Conditions are, our private ones shall be, *if either grows a Top, the other shall have Liberty to part.*

Emil. I must confess, that's reasonable.

Lov. Away, Roger, and fetch a Canonical Gentleman.

Rog. I will, Sir.

Lov. Faith, Madam, you have taken great Pains; was't for your self, or me, you did it?

Car. You have a very civil Opinion of your self, I see.

Enter Roger.

Rog. O Sir! yonder's *Sir Positive* and my Lady Vaine just alighted at the Door, with the Man you sent for.

Emil. O undone! ruin'd forever!

Stanf. 'Slife! you Rascal, did not you tell me I might be private here?

Rog. Pray, Sir, do not fret, but make your Escape out at the Back-door.

Stanf. Away, away! quickly, for Heaven's sake!

Lov. Come, Madam! let's follow 'em — [*Ex. omnes.*]

Enter Ninny and Woodcock,

Nimmy. Will you never leave one's Room a little? I tell you, I am busie.

Wood. So am I; and 'tis my Room, dear Heart, let me tell you that.

Nimmy.

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Or, the IMPERTINENTS. 101

Ninny. Before *George, Woodcock*, 'tis very Impertinent to trouble one thus.

Wood. So 'tis, *Ninny*; I wonder you'll do it: for my Part, a Man, that had the least Soul of Poetry in him, would scorn to do this.

Ninny. What! do you say I have not a Soul of Poetry in me? I don't love to commend my self, *Woodcock*; but, now I am forc'd to't, I must tell you, I have six Times as much Power in me, as you have.

Wood. You lie, dear Heart.

Ninny. Why, you lie then, to tell me that I lie; so you do.

Wood. You are a Son of a Whore, dear Heart, to tell me I lie.

Ninny. You are a Son of a Whore as well as my self, to tell me so, an you go to that.

Wood. Ay, ay, you may say your Pleasure, but have a care, Bully-Rock; for if you give me the least Affront, I'll break your Pate, take that from me.

Ninny. I'll take it from no Man: If you do, I'll break yours again, Man, for all you are so brief: 'Slife, one shan't speak to you one of these Days, you are grown so purdy.

Wood. Well! well! dear Heart!

Ninny. Well! well too! an you go to that, if you be so fierce. But I'd fain know what Occasion there is for you and I to quarrel now.

Wood. Ay, what indeed, dear Heart? therefore, pr'ythee, dear Soul, kiss me; dear Rogue, if thou lov'st me, go out of my Room.

Ninny. No, good sweet *Woodcock* now, go thee; I'll do as much for thee another Time, as I hope to Live.

Wood. Dear Cur, I love thee; but pr'ythee excuse me; I have a Mistress to meet in this very Room, therefore, dear pretty *Ninny*, leave me.

Ninny. Cods my Life-kins, to see the Luck on't! May I never versifie again, if I am not here upon the same Occasion: I'll give thee five Guineas, if thou'lt leave me. I shall spare 'em well enough, when I have got her. [*Aside.*

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Wood. I'd have you know, *Ninny*, I scorn your Guineas. Alas, poor Fool, he little thinks I shall be in a better Condition to spare fifty, than he can give. Why then, in short, let me tell you, I am to be marry'd within this half Hour, in this very Room, dear Heart.

Ninny. This is prodigious! may I never have Play take again, if I am not to be marry'd here within this half Hour, and to a very great Fortune too.

Wood. So is mine, Bully Rock!

Ninny. Dear *Woodcock*, let's reconcile this Business here; I have two Dice; he, that throws most, stays: Then am I sure to be too hard for him that way, for I can nap a Six a Yard.

[*Aside.*

Wood. No, not I. By the Lord *Harry*, I'll not trust a Business of that Concernment to Fortune.

Ninny. Nay, then Sir, I will keep my Room; I was first in't.

Wood. By that Rule you should go first out.

Ninny. 'Tis not you can turn me out.

Wood. Say you so? I'll try that.

[*Draw, and fights at distance.*

Ninny. At your own Perill!

Wood. Can't you stand a little? why do you go back so, dear Heart?

Ninny. Let me alone, I know what I do in going back: I have the Law on my Side; and, if I kill you, it will be found *se defendendo*.

Wood. Ay, ay, have you murd'rous Intentions, dear Heart? If you do kill me, I will declare upon my Death-bed, that you had Malice in your Heart, dear Heart.

Ninny. Who, I? as I hope to be sav'd, I scorn your Words: I Malice? do your worst: I am better known than so: I am not so outrageous: Pray hear me a Word; You know, we Authors and ingenious Men have a great many Enemies.

Wood. We have so.

Ninny. At this rate we may kill one another: And, a Pox on them! they'd be glad on it; and, for my Part, I would not die to please any of 'em.

Wood.

Wood. Nor I neither; therefore prythee leave me my Room, to prevent Danger.

Ninny. I am not so base. But, if you will, let us lay down these dangerous Engines of Blood, and contend a safer way, by the way of Cuffe and Kick.

Wood. Ay, ay, with all my Heart; what a Pox care I? Come, come, you shall see I dare do any thing, since you are resolv'd to try me.

[Enter two Servants, and part 'em, and Exit.]

Enter Stanford, Lovel, Carolina, Emilia and Roger.

Stanf. Here we are in as much danger as ever: Could any thing be so soppyish, as returning to the Place from whence we fled?

Emil. 'Tis a sweet Time of Night to go on upon the Ramble.

Car. We are safe enough from any Body but my Father; and we cannot be troubled with him long: 'Tis his Hour of going to Bed.

Emil. How shall we dispose of the Country Fellow, if he should return?

Rog. Let me alone; I'll find a Trick for him; I liv'd in the same Town with him, and know him to be a down-right credulous Man, that will swallow any thing.

Enter Father and Countryman.

Stanf. Now see! what you have brought your self to.

Fath. Come, Daughter, what think you of my Choice of a Husband? he's extream Rich; and is he not a very accomplish'd Gentleman, ha?

Emil. There's a Fellow, indeed! why, he has not Soul enough for a Cock-Chicken.

Fath. You are a foolish froward Girl, thus to despise your Happiness; I'll tell you, either resolve to Marry him to-morrow Morning—

Lov. Heark you, Sir! if you will take my Advice, be not so hasty: You know young Ladies are always Coy, and, out of their little Knowledge of the World, are apt to refuse that, which may prove their greatest Happiness.

Fath. What would you have me do with one, that is so obstinate?

Car. If you please, take some milder Way; Let us withdraw, and we'll all help to persuade her: You know it is not proper to be done before him.

Fath. I'll be ruled in this: But, if Persuasion will not do, Force shall.

Car. to Emil. Be sure you seem pliant to his Commands; it may advance our Design.

Fath. Sir, we'll wait on you again presently.

[*Ex. all but Country Gent. and Roger.*]

Coun. Gent. Your Sergeant, Sir. — Honest Roger, in sober Sadness I am glad to see you well; I had almost forgot you.

Rog. And how does your sweet Sister, Madam Dorothy?

Coun. Gent. O, braye and lusty; as sound as a Roach, as they say.

Rog. I heard your Worship was Knighted.

Coun. Gent. No, not I, *Roger*; I am not ambitious of that: As the excellent Proverbs says, Honour will buy no Beef.

Rog. Now we are alone, Sir, I am oblig'd to tell you; I am sorry to see one, whom I so much honour'd, so ill us'd.

Coun. Gent. Pish! it's no matter, Man; I care not for Knight-hood one Pin of my Sleeve, as the Saying is.

Rog. Sir, I mean something concerns your Worship nearer.

Coun. Gent. Nearer! What can that be?

Rog. I must beg your Pardon for that; I may be ruin'd, for my Endeavours to serve you.

Coun. Gent. What! would any of your Town-Gallants bob me of my Mistress?

Rog. That were too good News for you to be True.

Coun. Gent. Thank you for nothing: Is this the Honour you have for me, to wish me the Loss of a Mistress worth 10000*l.* d'ye see? udds nigs! that's a good one indeed.

Rog.

Rog. Ten thousand Pound! Ha, ha, ha; 'would she had it, for her own Sake, and yours too!

Coun. Gent. Faith! are you there with your Bears? nay then, I have brought my Hogs to a fair Market.

Rog. If she had had one of those Thousands, my Master would have marry'd her long e'er this. Sir, I have always honour'd you, and could not in Conscience but tell you this; and now it is in your power to ruin me.

Coun. Gent. Nay, I'll be as silent as a Dormouse; but is it possible? —

Rog. Nay, do not believe me, if you please; but I have discharg'd my Duty: and, if you marry her, the Inconvenience will be yours, not mine. Besides, if she had that Fortune you speak of, (which she has, as much as I have) what good would it do you in the end? She'll never be persuaded to live in the Country: You must keep her in Town, with her Coach and six Horses, Pages and Lacquies; and she must visit the Plays, the Park, and the Mulberry-Garden.

Coun. Gent. O Lamentable! this were the way to get a pair of Horns, bigger than the Stag's Head in my Hall has. But, if I were marry'd to her, I'd get her into the Country, as sure as a Gun.

Rog. If you shou'd, you'd have every Week this Earl, that Lord, this Knight, and that Gentleman of her Kindred come to take the fresh Air; and to hunt, and hawk with you, in the time of Year.

Coun. Gent. Why, they wou'd eat me out of House and Home, as the Saying is.

Rog. They would despise your Beef and Mutton: You must keep a couple of *French* Cooks; and eat nothing but Potrages, Fricases, and Ragouts; your Champignons, Coxcombs, and Pallats; your Andouilles, your *Langue de porcean*; your Bisks. and your Olio's.

Coun. Gent. What are all these, several sorts of Sweetmeats?

Rog. O, no Sir! these must be your constant Food, and every Dish will cost you a Piece; and will this be done with a small Portion of a thousand Pound?

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Coun. Gent. I shou'd soon bring a Noble to Nine pence then, as they say.

Rog. Then, you must have your Quails, Ruffs, Gnats, Godwits, Plover, Dotrills, Wheat-Ear, Cock of the Wood, and a hundred sorts of Fowls: Besides, they would scorn your Ale, and Cyder, and March-Beer; you must have your Cellar full of *Champaign, Chablee, Burgundy,* and Remedy Wines. But Mum, Sir! if you love me.

Enter Father, Stamf. Emil. Carol. and Lov.

Fath. Come, Sir, I have brought my Daughter to be obedient to my Commands; and I would have you prepare, to be marry'd to-morrow Morning.

Coun. Gent. I shall fail you, d'ye see.

Fath. What is't you say?

Coun. Gent. I shan't be so civil, as the Saying is.

Fath. This is Madness.

Coun. Gent. No, Sir, no; there's no catching old Birds with Chaff Fare-you-well.

Fath. D'ye hear, Sir!

Coun. Gent. No, Sir; fare-ye-well—I am no Bubble, as they say. [Exit.

Fath. I am amaz'd! I'll after him, and enquire into the Business; I must not lose this Son-in-Law. [Exit.

Lov. The Rogue has done dexterously.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Come, Sir, here's a Parson in the next Room; dispatch, while the old Gentleman's out of the House.

[They are going out.

Enter Woodcock.

Stamf. Slife, Woodcock's here! I'll cut his Throat.

Emil. Pray none of your Hectoring here, to alarm the House.

Wood. How now, dear Heart! Why did not you come to me, as you promis'd?

Emil. For Heaven's sake, go up into the Room two pair of Stairs; and I'll steal from hence, and give you an Account: Make haste.

Lov. Come, let's in, before we be interrupted again.

[Exit Wood.

[Enter

Enter Nimmy.
Nimmy. Hift, Mydam, before George, 'twas unkindly done not to remember your Affignation juft now.

Emil. You'll fpoil all; I could not get loofe; run into the Garden, there's a back Door: I'll come to you immediately; make hafte, we are observ'd.

Nimmy. O, ho! this is fomething.

Stanf. This Woman has a Soul. *[Exeunt Omnes.]*

Enter Huffe drunk.

Huffe. I have purfu'd him into this Houfe, that has abus'd me fo basely behind my Back; and by this Whinard, and by the Spirit of Gun-powder, I'll facrifice him to my Fury: Come out, you Son of a Whore.

Enter Stanford, and the reft after him; Stanford preffes upon Huffe, and he falls.

Stanf. That this Puppy fhould provoke me to draw upon him, that is fo drunk he cannot ftand.

Huffe. That's a Miftake; not fo drunk yet, but, if I had flood soberly to'r, I fhould have been run through the Lungs, before this. *[To himfelf.]*

Enter Sir Positive and Lady Vaine.

Emil. Is there no End of our Am'ction!

Sir Pofit. Dear Coufin, and Jack Stanford, give me Joy; I am marry'd to a Lady, that is the greateft Pattern of Wit, and the greateft Example of Virtue, that this Age hath produc'd; and for her Face, look upon't, look upon it, I fay; ſhe's a Beauty, take that from me: what fay you, Stanford?

Stanf. Yes, yes, ſhe's curfedly handfome. *[Elbow'd within.]*

L. Vaine. If my Glafs does not flatter me, you are not deceiv'd in your Judgment, dear Sir.

Sir Pofit. Here I have brought Fiddles to rejoyce with you, Jack, and Coufin, ſince I know you love Mirth, as well as I do.

Enter Woodcock.

Wood. I had waited for thee, my dear Miſs, if this unexpected Muſick had not brought me hither.

Enter Nimmy.
Nimmy. How now? what Fiddles are theſe?

Sir

Sir Posit. You Dogs, are you here? Now, Madam, you shall see how I'll chastise these Fellows, that would be Wits.

Wood. Hold, dear Rogue! why should'st thou be angry? upon my Honour, I did but droll with thee; for, by the Lord *Harry*, I take thee to be one of the Pillars of the Nation, dear Heart!

Sir Posit. O, Do you so?

Nimby. Dear *Sir Positive*, I beg your Pardon a thousand times; for my part, I believe there never was a Man of that prodigious Understanding, that you have.

Sir Posit. Do you so? I knew it was impossible they shou'd be in Earnest. But, do you hear? Have a care of being *Positive* another Time; a Man would think you might learn more Modesty of me.

Wood. Come, dear Heart, art thou here? Pr'ythee kiss me, and let's be Friends for all our late Cussing: What need we care for a douce or two of the Chops, Bully-Rock?

Nimby. Nay, for my part, I value it as little as you do, an you go to that.

Enter Father and Country-Gentleman.

Fath. What Riot's this in my House, at this time o' Night?

Sir Posit. Riot! do you understand what a Riot is in Law? I'll tell you: For no Man in this Nation has committed more, than I have.

Fath. Tell me not of Law, Sir; what mean these Fiddles. I say, at this time o' Night?

Sir Posit. Uncle, they are mine: I am marry'd to this Lady, and resolve to be merry in your House, before we go to Bed.

Fath. Is that it? I give you Joy; your Cousin *Emilia* and this Gentleman, will not be long after ye.

Stamf. Sir, you are mistaken; your Daughter has dispos'd of her self in another Place.

Wood. How the Devil did he know that, *Nimby*?

Nimby. He little thinks, where she has bestow'd her self; ha, ha, ha.

Wood.

Or, the IMPERTINENTS. 109

Wood. No, no; nor thee neither, dear Rogue, ha, ha, ha.

Ninny. Well, honest *Woodcock*, I think I may trust thee, thou art my Friend: I am the Man she has made Choice of, and thou shalt be my Bride-man.

Wood. Ha, ha, ha, poor Whelp! how he will find himself bobb'd immediately! that this Coxcomb should not find all this while, that I am the Man!

Fath. It cannot be; what, without my Knowledge or Consent? [Aside.

Wood. Ay, ay, she's dispos'd on; dear Heart.

Ninny. Ay, ay, she's dispos'd on.

Fath. To whom?

Stanf. To me.

Wood. To me.

Ninny. To me.

Fath. How now! to all three?

Car. Sir, she has taken Master *Stanford*, and I Master *Lovel*, as sure as a Parson can make us.

Fath. What do I hear?

Car. Sir, I beseech you, be not offended; their Births and Fortunes are not unequal to ours; and, if they were, 'twere too late for it to be redrest.

Fath. Is this true?

Emil. Yes, Sir; Perhaps too true.

Wood. Am I fool'd after all this? Well, I say no more, dear Hearts. [To Stanford.

Ninny. Well, let the Nation sink or swim, as it will, for me: Henceforward, instead of Heroick Verse, hereafter I will shew all my Power, and Soul, and Flame, and Mettle in Lampoon, I durst have sworn she had lov'd me.

Fath. Well! Heaven bless you together, since you have don't.

Coun. Gent. So, Sir, I see my Cake's Dough, as they say; but I hope you'll pay the Charges of my Journey, d'ye see.

Sir Possr. Well, Cousins, I am glad of your good Fortunes; tunes;

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tunes; and for my own Part, if I understand any thing in the World, I am happy in this Lady.

L. Vaine. Sir, you are pleas'd to Compliment.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Sir *Positive*; here's a Letter was left for you; it comes out of the Country.

Sir Posit. **SIR** *Positive*, I am inform'd, but know not how reads. **S** to believe it, that you intend to marry one, that calls her self my Lady *Vaine*: The Respect I have for your Family, urges me to tell you, she is a Counterfeit Lady, and is at present my Mistress, by whom I have had one Child, and I believe she's half gone of another; all the Fortune she has is what I allow her — I have seen enough, how am I perplex'd? read *Lovel*.

Barb. Come, Master *Woodcock*, and Master *Nimby*, notwithstanding you are displeas'd, let's have your Company a little longer.

Wood. Nay, for my Part, dear Heart, I do not care what becomes of me.

Nimby. Nor I neither, as little as any Man.

Lov. Don't betray your self to the Company.

[To Sir Positive.]

Sir Posit. Well! this is the first thing in the World that I have met with, which I did not understand. But I am resolv'd, I'll not acknowledge that *[Aside]* Master *Lovel*, I knew well enough what I did, when I marry'd her; he's a wise Man that marries a Harlot, he's on the surest Side; who but an Ass would marry at uncertainty?

Lov. What will not a positive Coxcomb defend?

Car. Since we are all agreed, instead of a grand Dance, according to the laudable Custom of Weddings, I have found out a little Comical Gentleman to entertain you with.

Enter

Or, the IMPERTINENTS. III

Enter a Boy in the habit of Pagenello, and traverses the Stage, takes his Chair, and sits down, then Dances a Jigg.

Emil. No Wedding-day was ever so troublesome, as this has been to me.

Stanf. Make haste, and quit the Trouble.

Now to some distant Desart let's repair,

And there put off all our unhappy Care:

There certainly that Freedom we must find,

Which is deny'd to us among Mankind. [Exeunt omnes.



EPI

EPILOGUE.

Physicians tells us, that in every Age,
Some one particular Disease does rage;
The Scurvy once, and what you call the Gout;
But, Heaven be prais'd, their Reign is almost out.
Yet a worse Malady than both is bred,
For Poetry now reigneth in their stead:
The Itch of writing Plays, the more's the pity,
As once has seiz'd the Town, the Court, and City.
Amongst the Rest, the Poet of this Day,
By meer Infection has produc'd a Play.
Once his hot Fit was strong, when he was bold
To write; but while you judge, he's in the Cold:
Yet pray consider, few of you but may
Be given up so far to write a Play;
If not for his, for your own sakes be kind,
And give that Mercy which you hope to find.



THE
HUMOURISTS.

A
COMEDY,

Ased by His

ROYAL HIGHNESS'S Servants.

*Quis iniqua
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferrens, ut teneat se?*

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

THE
HUMOURIST

COMEDY



AS BY THE

ROYAL HUMANITIES SOCIETY

Printed in the Year MDCCLXX

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To the Most Illustrious PRINCESS,

MARGARET,

Dutchess of Newcastle.

May it please Your GRACE,



THE favourable Reception, my
Impertinents found from Your
Excellent Lord, and my No-
ble Patron, and the great Mer-
cy, Your Grace has for all Of-
fenders of this kind, have made me pre-
sume humbly to lay this *Comedy* at Your
Feet: For none can, better than Your
Grace, protect this mangled, persecuted
Play

Epistle Dedicatory.

Play from the Fury of its Enemies and Detractors; who, by Your admirable Endowments of Nature and Art, have made all Mankind Your Friends and Admirers. You have not been content only to surmount all Your own Sex in the excellent Qualities of a Lady and a Wife; but you must overcome all ours in Wit and Understanding. All our Sex have reason to envy You, and Your own to be proud of You, which by You have obtained an absolute Victory over us. It were a vain Thing in me to Endeavour to commend those excellent Pieces, that have fallen from Your *Grace's* Pen, since all the World does. And this is not intended for a Panegyrick, but a Dedication; which I humbly desire Your *Grace* to pardon.

The Play was intended a Satyr against Vice and Folly; and to whom is it more properly to be presented, than to Your *Grace?* who are, above all Your Sex, so eminent in Wit and Virtue. I have been more obliged by my Lord *Duke* than by any Man; and to whom can I shew my Gratitude better than to Your *Grace*, that are so excellent a Part of him? But, Madam, this Trifle of mine is a very unsuitable Return to be made for his Favours, and the Noble Present of all Your excellent Books:
But,

Epistle Dedicatory.

But, I hope, Your Grace will forgive me, when You consider, that the Interest of all Poets is to fly for Protection to *Welbeck*; which will never fail to be their Sanctuary, so long as there You are pleased so nobly to patronize Poesie, and so happily practise it. That will still be the only Place, where they will find Encouragement, that do well, and Pardon, that do ill: And of the latter of these no Man has more need than,

M A D A M,

Your GRACE'S

Most Humble and

Obedient Servant;

Tho. Shadwell.



P R E F A C E.

THIS Play (besides the Errors in the writing of it) came upon the Stage with all the Disadvantages imaginable. First, I was forced, after I had finish'd it, to blot out the main Design of it; finding that, contrary to my Intention, it had given Offence: The second Disadvantage was, that, notwithstanding I had (to the great prejudice of the Play) given Satisfaction to all the Exceptions made against it, it met with the clamorous Opposition of a numerous Party, bandied against it, and resolved, as much as they could, to damn it, right or wrong, before they they had heard or seen a Word on't: The last, and not the least, was, That the *Actors* (tho' since they have done me some Right) at first were extremely imperfect in the Action of it. The least of these had been enough to have spoil'd a very good Comedy, much more such a one as mine. The last (*viz.* imperfect Action) had like to have destroy'd, *She would, if she could*, which I think (and I have the Authority of some of the best Judges in *England* for't) is the best Comedy, that has been written since the Restauration of the Stage:

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Stage: And even that, for the imperfect Representation of it at first, received such Prejudice, that, had it not been for the Favour of the Court, in all Probability it had never got up again; and it suffers for it, in a great Measure, to this very Day. This of mine, after all these Blows, had fall'n beyond Redemption; had it not been reviv'd, after the second Day, by her Kindness (which I can never enough acknowledge) who, for four Days together, beautified it with the most excellent *Dancings*, that ever had been seen upon the Stage. This drew my Enemies, as well as Friends; till it was something better Acted, Understood, and Liked, than at first: By this means the poor Play's Life was prolong'd, and, I hope, will live in spite of Malice; if not upon the Stage, at least in Print.

Yet do not think I will defend all the Faults of it. Before it was alter'd, I could better have answer'd for it: Yet, as it is, I hope it will not wholly displease you in the Reading. I should not say so much for it, if I did not find so much undeserved Malice against it.

My Design was in it, to reprehend some of the Vices and Follies of the Age; which I take to be the most proper, and most useful, Way of writing Comedy. If I do not perform this well enough, let not my Endeavours be blam'd.

Here I must take leave to dissent from those, who seem to insinuate, that the ultimate End of a Poet, is to delight, without Correction or Instruction. Methinks a Poet should never acknowledge this, for it makes him of as little Use to Mankind as a Fiddler, or Dancing-master, who delights the Fancy only, without improving the Judgment.

Horace,

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Horace, the best Judge of Poetry, found other Business for a Poet.

*Pectus præceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis & invidia corrector, & Ira,
Recte facta refert, orientia tempora notis
Instruit Exemplis:*

I confess, a Poet ought to do all that he can, decently to please, that so he may instruct. To adorn his Images of Virtue so delightfully, to affect People with a secret Veneration of it in others, and an Emulation to Practise it in themselves: And to render their Figures of *Vice* and *Folly* so ugly and detestable, to make People hate, and despise them, not only in others, but (if it be possible) in their dear selves. And in this Latter I think Comedy more useful than Tragedy; because the Vices and Follies in *Courts*, (as they are too tender to be touch'd) so they concern but a few; whereas the Cheats, Villanies, and troublesome Follies, in the common Conversation of the World, are of Concernment to all the Body of Mankind.

And a Poet can no more justly be censur'd for ill Nature, in detesting such *Knaveries*, and troublesome Impertinencies, as are an Imposition on all good Men, and a Disturbance of Societies in general, than the most vigilant of our Judges can be thought so, for detesting Robbers and Highway-men, who are hanged, not for the sake of the Money they take (for of what value can that be to the Life of a Man?) but for interrupting common Communication, and disturbing Society in general. For the sake of good Men, Ill should be punish'd; and 'tis ill Nature to the first, not to punish the last. A Man cannot truly love a good Man, that does not.

PREFACE.

not hate a bad one; nor a Wise Man, that does not hate a Fool: this Love and Hatred are Correlatives; and the one necessarily implies the other. I must confess it were ill Nature, and below a Man, to fall upon the natural Imperfections of Men; as of Lunaticks, Ideots, or Men born Monstrous. But these can never be made the proper Subject of a Satyr; but the affected Vanities, and the artificial Fopperies of Men, which (sometimes even contrary to their Natures) they take Pains to acquire, are the proper Subject of a Satyr.

And, for the Reformation of Fops and Knaves, I think Comedy most useful; because to render Vices and Fopperies very ridiculous is much a greater Punishment, than Tragedy can inflict upon 'em. There we do but subject 'em to Hatred, or at worst to Death; here we make them live to be despised and laugh'd at, which certainly makes more Impression upon Men, than even Death can do.

Again, I confess a Poet ought to endeavour to please, and by this way of Writing may please, as well as by any Way whatsoever, (if he writes it well) when he does.

Simul & jascunda & idonea dicere vitæ.

Men of Wit and Honour, and the best Judges (and such as cannot be touch'd by Satyr) are extremely delighted with it; and for the rest

Odi profanum vulgus, & Arceo.

The Rabble of little People are more pleas'd with Jack-Pudding's being soundly kick'd, or having

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a Unstaid handsomely thrown in his Face, than with all the Wit in Plays: and the higher sort of Rabble (as there may be a Rabble of very fine People in this illiterate Age) are more pleas'd with the extravagant and unnatural Actions, the Trifles and Flipperies of a Play, or the Trappings and Ornaments of Nonsense, than with all the Wit in the World.

This is one Reason why we put our Fops into extravagant and unnatural Habits, it being a cheap way of conforming to the Understanding of those brisk, gay Sparks, that judge of Wit or Folly by the Habit; that being indeed the only Measure they can take in judging of Mankind, who are Criticks in nothing but a Dress.

Extraordinary Pleasure was taken of Old in the Habits of the Actors, without reference to Sense; which *Horace* observes, and reprehends in his Epistle to *Augustus*:

*Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut Mare Tuscum
Tanto cum strepitu ludis spectantur, Et Antea,
Diciturque peregrina, quibus obliuiscitur actus,
Cum stetit in scena; concurrunt Dexteræ Levæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid! nil sanè, quid placeat erga?*

But for a Poet to think (without Wit or good Humour, under such a Habit) to please Men of Sense, is a Presumption inexcusable. If I be guilty of this, it is an Error of my Understanding, not of my Will. But I challenge the most clamorous and violent of my Enemies (who would have the Town believe, that every thing I write is too nearly reflecting upon Persons) to accuse me, with Truth, of representing the real Actions, or using the peculiar, affected Phrases, or manner

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of Speech of any one particular Man or Woman living.

I cannot indeed create a new Language; but the Phantastick Phrases, used in any Play of mine, are not appropriate to any one *Fop*, but applicable to many.

Good Men, and Men of Sense, can never be represented, but to their Advantage; nor can the Characters of Fools, Knaves, Whores, or Cowards (who are the People I deal most with in Comedies) concern any, that are not eminently so: Nor will any apply to themselves, what I write in this Kind, that have but the Wit, or Honesty, to think tolerably well of themselves.

But it has been objected, that good Men, and Men of Sense enough, may have Blind-sides, that are liable to Reprehension; and that such Men should be represented upon a Stage is intolerable.

'Tis true, excellent Men may have Errors; but they are not known by them, but by their Excellencies: Their Prudence overcomes all gross Follies, or conceals the less Vanities, that are unavoidable Concomitants of human Nature; or if some little Errors do escape 'em, and are known, they are the least part of those Men, and they are not distinguished in the World by them, but by their Perfections; so that (if such Blind-sides or Errors be represented) they do not reflect upon them, but upon such on whom these are predominant, and that receive such a Bias from 'em, that it turns 'em wholly from the ways of Wisdom or Morality.

And even this Representation does not reflect upon any particular Man, but upon very many of the same Kind: For if a Man should bring such a Humour

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Humour upon the Stage (if there be such a Humour in the World) as only belongs to one or two Persons, it would not be understood by the Audience, but would be thought (for the Singularity of it) wholly unnatural, and would be no Jest to them neither.

But I have had the Fortune, to have had a general Humour (in a Play of mine) applied to three or four Men, (whose Persons I never saw, or Humours ever heard of) till the Play was acted.

As long as Men wrest the Writings of Poets to their own corrupted Sense, and with their Clamours prevail too, you must never look for a good Comedy of Humour; for a Humour (being the Representation of some Extravagance of Mankind) cannot but in some thing resemble some Man or other, or it is monstrous and unnatural.

After this Restraint upon Poets, there is little scope left, unless we retrieve the exploded Barbarisms of Fool, Devil, Giant or Monster; or translate *French Farces*, which, with all the Wit of the *English* added to them, can scarce be made tolerable.

Mr. *Johnson*, I believe, was very unjustly taxed for personating particular Men: but it will ever be the Fate of them, that write the Humours of the *Town*, especially in a foolish and vicious Age. Pardon me (*Reader*) that I name him in the same Page with my self; who pretend to nothing more, than to join with all Men of Sense and Learning in Admiration of him; which, I think, I do not out of a true Understanding of him; and for this I would not value my self. Yet by extolling his way of Writing I cannot but insinuate to you, that

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that I can Practise it; though I would, if I could, a thousand times sooner than any Man's.

And here I must make a little Digression, and take Liberty to dissent from my particular Friend, for whom I have a very great Respect, and whose Writings I extremely admire; and though I will not say, his is the best way of Writing, yet, I am sure, his Manner of Writing is much the best that ever was. And I may say of him, as was said of a celebrated Poet, *Cui unquam Poetarum magis proprium fuit subito astroincallescere? Quis, ubi incaluit, fortius, & felicius debacchatur?* His Verse is smother and deeper, his Thoughts more quick and surprizing, his Raptures more mettled and higher; and he has more of that in his Writing, which Plato calls *σώφρονα μανία*, than any other Heroick Poet. And those, who shall go about to imitate him, will be found to flutter and make a Noise, but never rise. Yet (after all this) I cannot think it Impudence in him, or any Man, to endeavour to imitate Mr. Johnson, whom he confesses to have fewer Failings, than all the *English* Poets; which implies he was the most perfect, and best Poet: And why should not we endeavour to imitate him? because we cannot arrive to his Excellence? 'Tis true, we cannot; but this is no more an Argument, than for a Soldier (who considers with himself, he cannot be so great a one as *Julius Caesar*) to run from his Colours, and be none; or to speak of a less thing, why should any Man study *Mathematicks* after *Archimedes*? &c. This Principle would be an Obstruction to the progress of all Learning and Knowledge in the World. Men of all Professions ought certainly to follow the best in theirs; and let not Endeavours be blamed, if they go as far as they can in
the

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the right Way, though they be unsuccessful, and attain not their ends. If Mr. *Johnson* be the most faultless Poet, I am so far from thinking it Impudence to endeavour to imitate him, that it would rather (in my Opinion) seem Impudence in me not to do it.

I cannot be of their Opinion, who think he wanted Wit: I am sure, if he did, he was so far from being the most faultless, that he was the most faulty Poet of his Time. But it may be answered, that his Writings were correct, though he wanted Fire; but I think flat and dull Things are as incorrect, and shew as little Judgment in the Author, nay less, than sprightly and mettled Nonsense does. But I think he had more true Wit than any of his Contemporaries: that other Men had sometimes Things, that seem'd more Fiery than his, was because they were placed with so many sordid and mean Things about them; that they made a greater Show.

*Inter quæ verbum emicuit si fortè decorum,
Si versus paulo concinnior unus & alter,
Injustè totum ducit venditque Poema.*

Nor can I think, to the writing of his Humours (which were not only the Follies, but the Vices and Subtilties of Men) that Wit was not required, but Judgment; where, by the way, they speak as if Judgment were a less thing than Wit. But certainly it was meant otherwise by Nature, who subjected Wit to the Government of Judgment, which is the noblest Faculty of the Mind. Fancy rough-draws, but Judgment smooths and finishes: nay, Judgment does indeed comprehend Wit; for no Man can have that, who has not Wit. In
Fancy

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Fancy Mad-men equal, if not excell, all others; and one may as well say, that one of those Mad-men is as good a Man, as a temperate Wise-man, as that one of the very fanciful Plays (admit'd most by Women) can be so good a Play, as one of *Johnson's* Correct and Well-govern'd Comedies.

The Reason given by some, why *Johnson* need- ed not Wit in writing Humour, is, because Hu- mour is the effect of Observation, and Observa- tion the effect of Judgment; but Observation is as much Necessary in all other Plays, as in Come- dies of Humour: For first, even in the highest Tragedies, where the Scene lies in Courts, the Poet must have observed the Customs of Courts, and the Manner of Conversing there, or he will commit many Indecencies, and make his Persons too rough and ill-bred for a Court.

Besides, Characters in Plays being Representa- tions of the Virtues or Vices, Passions or Affec- tions of Mankind, since there are no more new Virtues or Vices, Passions or Affections, the I- dea's of these can no other way be receiv'd into the Imagination of a Poet, but either from the Conversation or Writings of Men. After a Poet has formed a Character, (as suppose of an Ambiti- ous Man) his Design is certainly to write it natu- rally; and he has no other Rule to guide him in this, but to compare him with other Men of that Kind, that either he has heard of, or conversed with in the World, or read of in Books, (and even this reading of Books is conversing with Men:) nay more; (besides judging of his Character) the Poet can fancy nothing of it, but what must spring from the Observation he has made of Men or Books.

If this Argument (that the Enemies of Humour use) be meant in this Sense, that a Poet, in the

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Writing of a Fool's Character, needs but have a Man fit to him, and have his Words and Actions taken; in this Case there is no need of Wit. But 'tis most certain, that, if we should do so, no one Fool (though the best about the Town), could appear pleasantly upon the Stage; he would be there too dull a Fool, and must be helped out with a great deal of Wit in the Author. I scruple not to call it so; first, because 'tis not your down-right Fool, that is a fit Character for a Play, but, like *Sir John Dawe* and *Sir Amorous la Foole*, your witty, brisk, airy *Fops*, that are *Entreprenants*. Besides, Wit in the Writer (I think, without any Authority for it) may be said to be the Invention of remote and pleasant Thoughts, of what Kind soever; and there is as much Occasion for such Imaginations in the Writing of a curious Coxcomb's Part, as in Writing the greatest Hero's; and that, which may be Folly in the Speaker, may be so Remote and Pleasant, to require a great deal of Wit in the Writer. The most Excellent *Johnson* put Wit into the Mouths of the meanest of his People, and, which is infinitely Difficult, made it proper for 'em. And I once heard a Person of the greatest Wit and Judgment of the Age say, That *Bartholomew-Fair*, (which consists most of low Persons) is one of the wittiest Plays in the World. If there be no Wit required, in the rendering Folly ridiculous, or Vice odious, we must accuse *Juvenal*, the best Satyrist and wittiest Man of all the *Latin* Writers, for want of it.

I should not say so much of Mr. *Johnson*, (whose Merit sufficiently justifies him to all Men of Sense) but that I think my self a little obliged to vindicate the Opinion I publickly declared in my *Epilogue* to this *Play*; which I did upon mature Consideration,

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sideration, and with a full Satisfaction in my Judgment, and not out of a bare affected vanity of being thought his Admirer.

I have only one Word more to trouble you with, concerning this Trifle of my own, which is, that as it is at present, it is wholly my own, without borrowing a tittle from any Man; which, I confess, is too bold an Attempt for so young a Writer; for (let it seem what it will) a Comedy of Humour (that is not borrowed) is the hardest thing to write well; and a way of Writing, of which a Man can never be certain.

*Creditur, ex medio quia res accessit, habere
Sudoris minimum; sed habet comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus.*

That which (besides judging truly of Mankind) makes Comedy more difficult, is, that the Faults are naked and bare to most People, but the Wit of it understood, or valued, but by few. Wonder not then, if a Man of ten times my Parts miscarries in the Attempt.

I shall say no more of this of mine, but that the Humours are new, (how well chosen, I leave to you to judge) and all the Words and Actions of the Persons in the Play are always suitable to the Characters I have given of them; and, in all the Play, I have gone according to that definition of Humour, which I have given you in my *Epilogue*, in these Words:

*A Humour is the Bias of the Mind,
By which with Violence 'tis one Way inclin'd:
It makes our Actions lean on one side still;
And in all Changes that way bends the Will.*

Vale.



PROLOGUE.

Written by a Gentleman of Quality.

Since you are all resolv'd to be severe,
To laugh and rail at every Thing your hear;
I know not why a Prologue should forbear.

First, we declare against the wary Wit,
Who, having had the luck of one good Hit,
Dares not appear again before the Pit.

Some have done well; yet, to remove all doubt,
Men must fight more than once, to be thought Stout.

Others are too much in a scribbling Vein,
As if they had a Looseness in the Brain:

These catch at every little slight Occasion,
As our gay empty Sparks at each new Fashion:

Perpetually they fumble for the Bayes,
With Poems, Songs, Lampoons, and long dull Plays.

A Man would wonder what the Devil they meant,
(Like ill-nos'd Curs, that only foil the Scent.)

To mangle Plots; and they'll as boldly do't,
As our Sir Martin undertakes the Lute.

Now for the Women——

The little Fools into Extreame are got,
Either they are stone Cold, or scalding Hot:

Some, Peevish and ill-bred, are Kind to none;
Others stark Mad in Love with all the Town.

The famous Eater had his Worm to feed;

These Rampants have a hungry Worm indeed;

And

PROLOGUE

And as his ravenous Stomach made him get
Tripes, Livers, and the coarsest Sort of Meat;
Our craving Damsels, rather than stand out,
With any Raw-bone Coxcombs run about,
Making no Difference of Size or Age,
From the grim Hector to the beardless Page.
Learn, little ones, for Shame learn to be Wise;
Be not so very Rank, nor yet so Nice.
Who buries all his Wealth, and never lends,
Is more a Wretch than he that wildly spends.
And She, who is so coy to fancy no Man,
Is yet a viler Thing than she that's Common.
If you will own your selves concern'd, you may;
And for a Saucy Prologue damn the Play.



Dra-
SCENE TOWNDOWN, in the Year 1670.
Duration of the Scene 4 Hours.

Dramatis Personæ.

Crazy, One, that is in Pox, in Debt, and all the Misfortunes that can be, and in the midst of all, in Love with most Women, and thinks most Women in Love with him.

Drybob, A fantastick Coxcomb, that makes it his Business to speak fine Things and Wit, as he thinks; and always takes Notice, or makes others take Notice, of any thing he thinks well said.

Brisk, A Brisk, Airy, Fantastick, Singing, Dancing Coxcomb, that sets up for a well-bred Man, and a Man of Honour; but mistakes in every thing, and values himself only upon the Vanity and Foppery of Gentlemen.

Raymond, A Gentleman of Wit and Honour, in Love with *Theodosia*.

Sir Richard Loveyouth, Husband to the Lady *Loveyouth*, supposed dead.

Sneak, A young Parson, Fellow of a College, Chaplain to the Lady *Loveyouth*; one, that speaks nothing but Fustian, with Greek and Latin, in Love with *Bridget*.

Pullin, A French Surgeon, originally a Barber.

Lady Loveyouth, A vain, amorous Lady, mad for a Husband, jealous of *Theodosia*, in Love with *Raymond*.

Theodosia, A Witty, Airy, young Lady, of a great Fortune; committed to the Government of Lady *Loveyouth*, her Aunt, persecuted with the Love of *Crazy*, *Brisk* and *Drybob*, whom she mimicks and abuses; in Love with *Raymond*.

Bridget, Woman to the Lady *Loveyouth*.

Mrs. Errant, One, that sells old Gowns, Petticoats, Laces, French Fans, and Toys, Jessamine-Gloves; and a running Bawd.

Striker, A Habberdasher's Wife; a vain fantastick Strumpet, very fond and jealous of *Crazy*.

Eriske, A vain Wench of the Town, debauch'd, and kept by *Briske*.

Servants, Attendants, Fiddlers, Bayliffs.

SCENE LONDON, in the Year 1670.

Duration of the Scene 24 Hours.



THE HUMOURISTS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Crazy in a Night-Gown and Cap.

CRAZY.

OH this Surgeon! this damn'd Surgeon! will this villanous Quack never come to me? Oh this Plaister on my Neck! It gnaws more than *Aqua-Fortis*: This abominable Rascal has mistaken sure, and given me the same Caustick he apply'd to my Shins, when they were open'd last.

Enter Mrs. Errant.

Errant. Good-morrow, sweet Mr. Crazy.

Craz. Good-morrow, Mrs. Errant.

Errant. How does the Pain in your Head?

Craz. Oh, I am on the Rack! No primitive Christian under *Dioclesian* ever suffer'd so much, as I do under this Rascal;

Rascal, this Villain; that like a Hangman destroys Man-kind, and has the Law for't. Oh, abominable Quacks! that devour more, than all the Diseases would do, were they let alone, which they pretend to cure.

Errant. Ay, but, Sir, yours is a *French Surgeon*; and who so fit to cure the *French Disease*, as a *French Surgeon*?

Craz. Yes, as one Poison expels another; but if this Rogue should cure me, he can cure me of nothing, but what he has given me himself; 'twas nothing, when I put my self into his Hands; he has brought it to what it is: and I think I must deal with him, as they do, that are bitten with a Viper, crush the Rogue's Head, and apply it to the Part; for if I do not kill him, he'll be the Death of me.

Errant. It may be, Sir, he favours the Disease for Country's sake.

Craz. A Curse on these *French Cheats*! they begin to be as rife amongst us, as their Country Disease; and do almost as much mischief too: No Corner without *French Taylors, Weavers, Milliners, Strong-watermen, Perfumers and Surgeons*: But must I be such a fantastick Sot as to be cheated by them? Could not I make use of my own Country-men, that are famous all over the World for cheating one another?

Errant. I am heartily sorry, Sir; for you could not have been ill in so unseasonable a Time.

Craz. Oh! why, Mrs. *Errant*, what's the Matter?

Errant. Do you think he could not mend you, and patch you up, to hold together a little for the present?

Craz. Why, Mrs. *Errant*? Oh Death! what's this I feel?

Errant. I was with Mrs. *Striker*, the Habberdasher's Wife, this Morning, to sell some of my little *French Toys*, as Fans, Points, that had been worn a little, and *Jessamine Gloves*; but chiefly a *Maid of Honour's old Gown*, that fitted her to a Hair; and a delicate white *Manteau*: And a Pair of the neatest little *Shoes*, that had been worn

worn two or three Days by a Countess, that bewitched the very Heart of her.

Craz. Well! and how does my dear *Striker*? Does she not desire to see me, poor Heart?—Oh! what a Twinge was that!

Errant. She does most impatiently wait the good Hour, that she may steal from her Husband, and give you a Meeting at the *White-Hart* at *Hammer-smith*.

Craz. Alas! dear Soul! I know she loves me entirely.—Oh! my Shin! 'tis there now! Sweet *Mrs. Errant*, sit down, and do me the Favour to chafe it a little.

[*She sits and rubs his Shin, he makes plover Faces.*]

Enter Raymond.

Raym. Ha, ha, ha! this is pleasant, 'faith; this Itinerant Habberdasher of small Wares is a Ranger of the Game, a very Bawd-Errant—chasing of his Shins too! Ha, ha, ha—but how could I think any of that Profession could be otherwise? Procuring lyes so in their way, they cannot avoid it.

Craz. She is a most delicate Person, I love her infinitely; and I believe she has no Unkindness for me.

Raym. Ah, brave *Crazy*! dost thou hold up thy Humour still? Art thou still in love with all Women?

Craz. 'Faith, *Raymond*, I cannot but have an Affection, nay, a Veneration for the whole Sex yet.

Raym. I'll swear, all Women ought to believe thou lov'st 'em; for thou hast suffer'd more for them, than all Knight-Errants in Romances ever did. I'll say that for thee; and thou hast as much Passive-Valour, as to Pill and Bolus, as any Man in Christendom.

Errant. It shews him to be a Person of much Generosity and Honour.

Craz. Perhaps there is not a truer Lover of the Sex, than my self, among Mankind.—Oh, my Shoulders!

Raym. Thou hast Reason; witness that Twinge else! Well, certainly so much Love and Pox never met together in one Man since the Creation. Now 'faith do I know, which is the more tolerable Disease of the two.

Craz. Pr'ythee, *Raymond*, no more of this Rallery.

Errant.

Errant. Do not scandalize Mr. *Crazy* so: the Venom of his Disease is all gone; this is but a Rheum, a meer Rheum.

Raym. Why, thou Villain, *Crazy*, wilt thou never leave wheedling Women thus?

Craz. Pr'ythee leave off; I tell thee, 'tis no more.

Raym. Why, what Impudence is this? If thou goest on in this, thou art not fit to go loose. I will have a red Cross set upon thy Door: Why, don't I know, thou hast taken Bushels of Pills and Bolus's, enough to purge all the Corporations in the King's Dominions.

Craz. You make good Use of your Time, to get Drunk so soon in a Morning.

Raym. Hast thou not rais'd the Price of *Sarsaparilla*, and *Guaiacum* all over the Town? The Drugsters are very ungrateful Fellows, if they do not give thee a Pension, for the good thou hast done to their Trade.

Craz. Mind him not, Mrs. *Errant*; he's lewdly Drunk.

Errant. I protest, Sir, he's the least in my Thoughts.

Raym. Why, thou Sot thou, dost thou talk of Love, and say, thou hast no Pox? why, I will not give six Month's Purchase for an Estate, during the Term of thy natural Nose! I shall live to see thee snuffle worse than a *Scotch Bagpipe*, that has got a flaw in the Bellows.

Craz. Let him alone, let him alone! This is a way he has with him.

Errant. He's a very uncivil Man; let me tell you that.

Raym. Why, hast thou not for these seven Years observ'd thy Seasons, like the Swallow or the Cuckoe? with them thou stir'st abroad in the Summer, and with them retir'st in the Winter; why, thou art a kind of Vegetable, that peep'st out thy Head at the coming of the Spring, and shrink'st it in again at the approach of the Winter; while we, that drink *Burgundy*, like Bay-trees, are green, and flourish all the Year.

Craz. Why, hast thou the Confidence to compare Wine to Beauty?

Errant. Ay, I thought what a proper Man you were.

Craz. Wine, that makes you swell'd, like Trumpeters, with

with pimpled Faces, and Eyes staring, like Pigs half roasted, prominent Bellies, perish'd Lungs, tainted Breaths, parch'd Livers, decay'd Nerves, perpetual Fevers, Dropsies, Gouts, Palfies, and a Complication of more Diseases, than you drink Healths.

Raym. With what ease can I return upon thee Women, that bring you to sore Eyes, weaken'd Hamms, Sciatica's, falling Noses, and Rheums, *Crazy?*

Errant. Now, out upon you for a base Man, to revile Women thus.

Raym. But then Wine, the Bond of human Society; that makes us free as absolute Princes, rich without Covetousness, Merry, Valiant, Witty, Generous, and Wise without allay; that inspires us far above the Level of human Thoughts, and affords us diviner Raptures, than the Deities of old did to their Prophets in their Ecstasies.

Craz. But then Beauty, Heaven's brightest Image; the thing, which all the World desires and fights for; the Spur to Honour and all glorious Actions, without which no Dominion would have been priz'd, or Hero ever heard of; the most gentle, sweet, delicate, soft Thing—

Errant. O dear, Mr. *Crazy!* go thy ways, thou art a sweet Man.

[She claps Crazy on the Shoulders.]

Craz. O Death! What have you done? You have murder'd me; Oh! you have struck me just upon a Callous Node. Do you think I have a Body of Iron?

Errant. Sir, I beg your Pardon, I had quite forgot it; this Rheum is very Violent.

Craz. Oh, oh!

Raym. The most sweet, delicate, gentle, soft Thing; go on, *Crazy.*

Craz. The most delicate, sweet, gentle, soft—Oh! Devil, what do I endure!

Enter Pullin the French Surgeon.

Pul. Good Morr, Good Morr.

Craz. Oh, oh!

Pul. 'Tis ver vel, come to our Business; ve vil proceed to de Operation.

Craz. Oh, my Neck and Shoulders!

Pul.

Pul. Yes, yes, I vas ver vel assure of dat: it vil put you to de pain indeed; but, if dere be such tinge in *England* for draw, den I am no Syrgin indeed.

Craz. Oh, you damn'd eternal Son of a Whore Quack!

Pul. Cacque morbleu! Vat is Cacque? I know ver vel vat is Son for a Whore, but vat is Cacque vortue-bleu I can no tell.

Raym. 'Tis a certain Rascal, that cheats a Man both of his Money and Health.

Craz. Just such a Rascal as you are.

Pul. Begar, you are mistake; Cacque is no *French* vard: it is for the damn'd Syrgin-*English*. Mais vat is de matre vid you?

Raym. Damn'd *English* Surgeon! Why, you impudent Villain, did not you, when you came first into *England*, ride upon a Mileh-Afs; and did not you maintain your self by selling her Milk to People in Consumptions, till you set up for an abominable Barber; but for the damn'd roughness of your Hand, and the filthy noisomeness of your Breath, could get no Customers? and then were fain to set up with Six-penny worth of Diaculum, and a Collection of rotten Pippins, and pretended only to the Cure of broken Heads; and had you any other Customers for a Year together, than the Cudgel-players of *Moorsfields*, or now and then a Drawer, that was wounded with a Quart-Pot?

Pul. I am amaze, vat is de Business?

Errant. Sir, I must make bold to take my Leave.

Craz. Your Servant, sweet Mrs. *Errant*; present my Service to *Theodosia*, and let her know I have a Passion for her: You understand me.

Errant. Fear it not, Sir——

[Exit *Errant*.

Pul. Ver vel, you make de jest of me.

Raym. Was not the next thing, you arriv'd at, the inestimable Secret of Brimstone and Butter for the Cure of the Itch? and had you any one Receipt more?

Pul. 'Tis ver vel indeed, Mr. *Crazy*! I am come to be abuse.

Craz. Why, have you the Impudence to deny this,
Good

Good Mounficur Pullin? do not I remember, when you first set up for the Cure of this Disease you pretend to, with only two Pound of Turpentine, and a little China, a few Hermodactyles, a Pound or two of *Sassa-parilla*, and *Guaiacum*, two Clyster-bags, and one Syringe: Could all thy Wealth arrive at more Materials than these?

Raym. I must confess, since you have learn'd some little Experience, by marrying an unsound *English* Strumpet, that was pepper'd by some of your Ambassadors Footmen; she, by the many Courses she has gone thorough, has taught you something.

Pul. Tete bleu, dat I shoule be dus affronte!

Raym. If you had been good for any thing, there were Diseases enough in your own Country, to maintain you, without coming to us, with a Box to you.

Pul. O Jernie, vat is dis? I have cure ten thousand Gentlemen of de Clappe in *Paris*; and to be abuse! —

Craz. Am not I oblig'd to you then, that you would not cure one in *England*? For, *Raymund*, now there is not a Woman here, I confess to you, he has not wholly cur'd me; but, on my Conscience, I can do a Woman no hurt.

Pul. I am assure, dat all de Operators for de Clappe in *England* can not do so much, as I do, to cure you.

Raym. Why, hast thou not been longer in curing him, than a *Chancery* Suit is depending?

Craz. Did not I put my self into your Hands, when it was first a *Gonorrhoea virulenta*? Did not you, by your damn'd *French* Tricks, your Styptick-Injections, and your Turpentine-Clysters, suffer me to be Chorde, to come to Caruncles, to the *Phymosis*, *Caries*, *Pubis*, *Bones*, *Hernia*?

Raym. May, have you not driven his Enemy out of the open Field, where he might have been easily conquer'd, into his strong Holds and Garrisons?

Pul. Ver vel, ver vel.

Craz. Is there any one Symptom, which I have not had? — Oh — have I not had your *Carbuncles*, *A-*

chrotordones, Mermacii, Thymi, all Sorts of Ulcers, superficial and profound, Callous, Cancerous, Fistulous?

Raym. Hey, brave *Crazy*! Thou hast Terms enough to set up two reasonable Mountebanks.

Craz. Have I not had your *Pustula, Crustata*, and *Sine-Crustis Verruca, Crista, Tophi, Offis, Caries, Chytronia, Telephia, Phagadenia, Disepulotica*?

Raym. What, art thou going to raise the Devil with these hard words?

Pul. Vell and have I no Cure all de-se? Have I no given you de sweate; not in a damn'd *English* Tub or Hot-house, but I have taught you to sweat in de Cradle, and vid Spirit of Vine in de Pape Lanthorn, *a la François*; and taught you de use of de Baine *d'Alexandre*.

Craz. And has all this done any thing, but driven him to his Winter-Quarters; where he domineers as much as ever? Oh, I have him here.

Raym. You have given him so many Bolus's in Leaf-Gold, that the loathliomeness of 'em has made his Stomach turn at a twenty Shillings-piece; and that's the Reason he never carries any in his Pocket.

Craz. Do you hear that, Rascal? I have been cheated enough by you; but I'll bilk your Cribbage for you.

Pul. But assure, de Law will give de remede.

Craz. And, that thou may'st be curst sufficiently for this, may'st thou be as long in Law, as I have been in Physick.

Raym. Prythee, curse him to purpose; may he be choak'd with Bolus's, drown'd in Diet-drink, or smother'd in a Privy-house; that he may dye by that Excrement, by which he liv'd.

Pul. Diable, no curse me, give de Madietion to the dam Whore.

Craz. O Impudence! I protest to you, *Raymund*, she is as pretty a civil young Lady; and, between you and I, a Person of Honour.

Raym. She was a very Pocky Person of Honour.

Craz. And, on my Conscience and Soul, loved me as passionately as any young Lady in England.

Raym.

Raym. Besides, if she were a Whore, her Calling is to give it, and yours to cure it, Sirrah.

Craz. Shall I suffer so excellent, so virtuous a Person, to be traduc'd by your foul Mouth, you Rascal? Get you gone, you Dog. — [To Pullin.]

Pul. O vat is dis? Elp, Elp — vel, vel, dere is de Law for do me Justice — [Kicks him.]

[*Ex. Pullin.*]

Enter Footman.
Foot. Sir, here's a Lady alighted out of a Coach, and coming up hither.

Craz. 'Slife, a Lady! give me my Hat and Peruke, quick, quick; prythee, *Raymond*, help me quickly, that I may appear well before her.

Raym. If thou can'st appear no better than thou art, she'll not like thee very well.

Craz. So, so! you say I am not in favour with the Ladies!

Enter Mrs. Striker.

Strik. Your humble Servant, sweet Mr. *Crazy*; I have just broke loose from my Husband, and come to kiss your Hands. Oh, cry you Mercy, you have a Stranger with you; I protest, if I had known it, I would not have been so bold.

Raym. Though I be a Stranger, Madam, I am ready to be as well acquainted with you as you please.

Craz. Dear Madam *Striker*, stay a little; this is a Friend of mine, you may trust him — You see, *Raymond*, alas, I am no body with the Ladies, not I. — This is a Person of Honour.

Raym. No doubt on't.

Strik. Sir, I beseech you, misconstrue not my innocent Intentions: I heard Mr. *Crazy* was not well, or I should not have seen him.

Craz. If I were not, I should be oblig'd to my Distemper, were it the Gout; and be very loath to part with it, to be depriv'd of the Honour of seeing you; but I am very well.

Enter Mrs. Friske.

Friske. Your Servant, sweet Mr. *Crazy*; I heard you were not well.

Raym.

Raym. Another? They flock about this Fellow, as Ravens do about a sick Man, for the Reversion of Carrion.

Strik. How came she here too? I do not like this, Mr. Crazy.

Friske. Your Servant, Madam *Striker*.

Strik. Your Servant, Madam *Friske*.

[*Raym.* takes *Striker* aside.

Craz. Really, Madam *Friske*, this is such a Favour, as will make me eternally indebted to you—but I am so well, as I intended to come and kiss your Hands.

Friske. But how came she here, I wonder?

Raym. Pray, Madam, do me the Favour to tell me who she is?

Strik. Sir, I'll inform you presently. Truly, Mr. *Crazy*, this is not civil, to be so Familiar with such a one as she is, in my Presence; I thought, for my Part, that I had been enough for any one Person.

Friske. Mr. *Crazy*, one word with you; I wonder, for my Part, Madam *Flirts* should have no more Breeding than to interrupt us.

Strik. Why I'll tell you, Sir, what she is; she is a Person of mean Descent; I think, her Father was at first a Journey-man Taylor, or some such thing: She was debauched by one Mr. *Briks*, an Inns-of-Court Gentleman; and, I am sure, 'twas well for her she was so, for before that she went in Paragon and Pattens. For my Part, I would not be known to be in her Company, for more than I'll speak of.

Raym. This is Pleasant.

Strik. Pray, Mr. *Crazy*, favour me with one Word. Lord! Madam *Friske*, cannot you let one speak a Word with ones Friend?

Friske. Your Friend! alas, poor Soul, sure I may pretend to as much Interest in him, as you can!

Strik. How's this? you pretend!

Craz. No, *Raymond*, I have no Share in the Ladies Favours, not I! Do you see how jealous the poor Things are of me, poor Heart! Oh! my Shoulders!—they are both Persons

Persons of Quality — But, Madam *Striker*, pray mistrust not my Affection.

Raym. Pray, Madam, let me beg the Favour to know who she is?

Friske. She! Why she's a pittyful Habberdasher's Wife; her Husband's a poor sneaking Cuckold; she has a very ill Reputation; for my Part, I don't care for being seen in her Company, that's the truth on't.

Raym. That's very well.

Friske. She used to appear in a scurvy *East-street* Dress; but now she comes into the Pit at the Play-House, and makes brisk Repartees to young Sparks.

Strik. What, to have such a scandalous Woman as she come to your Chamber; truly, if it were not here, I should have soon left her Company. One may have one Friend, I confess, or so; but to have two or three Club for one, I scorn her.

Raym. I see, there are *Punchilio's* of Honour among Whores, as well as Bullies.

Friske. But pray, Mr. *Crazy*, come hither; you do not tell me, how you like my new Petticoat here.

Strik. Lord! Madam *Friske*, why how should he like it? 'Tis but an ordinary slight Thing; for my Part, I do not like it at all.

Friske. No matter what you say, as long as one does.

Raym. Who's that one, *Crazy*?

Craz. 'Slife, you hurt my Arm; — but that one is I, [Toss him.]

Man. That thou should'st not find it!

Strike. But pray, Mr. *Crazy*, how do you like this Point about my Neck?

Craz. 'Tis a very pretty Ornament; but you give an Ornament to that.

Friske. That! 'tis a foolish Counterfeit-Point.

Strik. I come, come; I come by my things honestly.

Friske. Ay, and I as honestly as you too; but pray how do you like this Ruby upon my Finger?

Craz. 'Tis very glorious indeed.

Strik. Is not this a very pretty Locket?

Friske. Let me see what's a Clock; 'tis just Eleven —

[Looks on her Watch]

Strik.

Strik. 'Tis a Quarter past, by mine.

Friske. Yours! Ay! I think so; yours is a scurvy Silver Watch, and does not go right.

Strik. Good lack-a-day, a Silver Watch! why it should go with any Gold Watch in Town, for 20*l*.

Friske. Yes, yes; 'tis very like a Silver Watch can go as well as a Gold one; ha, ha, ha——

Raym. Hey! they use him, as if they were bidding for him by Candle's ends.

Strik. Alas, poor silly Creature!

Raym. But, Madam *Friske*, from whence come all these fine Things?

Friske. Ha, ha; there is a way that we have, Sir.

Strik. But, Mr. *Crazy*, I must of Necessity leave you; my Husband will be come Home: But I'll see you again.

Craz. I am sorry you must make me unhappy so soon; but have you a Coach?

Strik. Yes, I have a Hackney waiting below.

Friske. O fie! a Hackney! I hate 'em all; they are so uneasy: I have a Coach with a Coronet waits for me.

Strik. Ay, ay, there's some could borrow Lord's Coaches too, if they would do as others do, Madam *Friske*; let me tell you that.

Friske. I don't know, Madam *Striker*; but I believe they would, if they could.

Strik. Well, well, I like a Hackney; but 'tis no matter. Mr. *Crazy*, your Servant—— [Exit.

Friske. I must be gone, Sir, too.

Craz. Will you Eclipse me so soon?

Friske. Indeed I beg your Pardon for Eclipsing of you; but I cannot help it at present: your Servant—— [Exit.

Craz. Have you such Ladies as these come to visit you?

Raym. No, Sir; I keep no such ill Company.

Craz. Company! why they are Persons of Honour.

Raym. Yes, yes, I know Habberdasher's Wives, and Taylor's Daughter's, are Persons of Honour: fare you well, fare you well, and keep your Persons of Honour to your self.

Craz.

Craz. But do you hear, Sir?

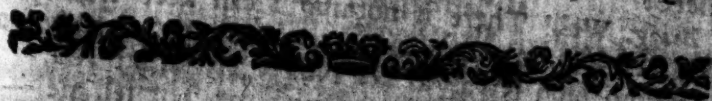
Raym. No, Sir, no; no Wheedles upon me; I am to dine at *Chastelin's*, with some Persons of Honour —

Craz. "Sdeath! How unlucky is this, he should discover it! — Boy. [Exit.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir.

Craz. Come in and dress me: Oh! my Head and Shoulders! [Exit.



ACT II.

Enter Raymund and Footman.

Raym. I Wonder my Lady *Loveyouk's* Woman appears not yet; this was the Time appointed: If 'twere an Affignation for her self, she would be more punctual: Waiting-Women have always the Grace to keep touch for that. Sirrah, go tell Mrs. *Bridget* I am here.

Foot. I will, Sir —

Raym. I am very uneasy, 'till I hear an Account from her of my Letter to *Theodosia*. Excellent *Theodosia*! I have fought many Opportunities to make my Passion known to her; and upon her receiving it depends my Life or Death. [Exit.

Enter Bridget and Footman.

Oh Mrs. *Bridget*! your Servant — Come, you are my little Genius, from whom I expect nothing but good; what's my Doom?

Bridget. Why, Sir, she read your Letter; and whether she would not trust me, being a Servant to her Aunt, or what it was, I know not; but methought your Letter did not seem so agreeable as I expected.

Raym. He's a faint Soldier, that gives off for one Repulse; if she were as hard to be taken as *Candia*, I'll not raise

raise the Siege: But you are my dear Confident, do me the Honour to receive this little Earnest of my Gratitude: I must confess it is too small a Present—— And yet enough to make a Waiting-Woman betray her Country, were it in her Power. *[Aside.]*

Bridg. Really, Sir, you make me blush.

Raym. No more, no more; but, dear Mrs. *Bridger*, can you tell me why your Lady so narrowly watches me, that I could never yet have Opportunity to speak to her Niece?

Bridg. Well! There is nothing I can keep from you: The Truth is, my Lady loves you most passionately, and desires no such Rivals as her Neice, I warrant you.

Raym. Pr'ythee don't rally with me, but tell me ——

Bridg. You are strangely dull, if you perceive it not your self; does she not admit those, that have less Fortunes, as Mr. *Drybob* and Mr. *Bristle*, to make love to her, and yet bars you of that Liberty? Can this be any thing but her Love to you?

Raym. It is impossible.

Bridg. Well, it shall all out. The Truth on't is, she can neither think nor talk of any Thing but Mr. *Raymund* in her very Sleep; she embraces me, when I lie with her, and calls me Mr. *Raymund*: I remember, once she did it so eagerly, I protest I was afraid of a Rape.

Raym. If this be true she tells me, I must disguise my Love to her Neice, or I shall be sure to lose her.

Bridg. My Lady, Sir, you know, has a great Estate, besides her Jointure; and has the Disposal of *Theodosia* absolutely given her by her Brother's Will.

Raym. What unlucky Devil design'd this to cross me!

Bridg. If you please to consider, 'twould be no ill Bargain for you; I should be very glad of the Honour to serve you in it.

Raym. But I have heard she is not assur'd of the Death of her Husband; indeed I have been told he parted from her about three Years since, upon some Discontent, and never since was heard of.

Bridg.

Bridget. Yes, Sir, my Lady heard of him from *Venice*, from whence about two Years since he went to the War at *Candia*; and we, having never heard from him since, conclude him dead.

Raym. 'Tis very probable she is employ'd by her Lady; I must not trust her. — [Aside.]

It must be so; I see there is no Way to come to the Niece, but by the Aunt. — Wonder not that I am surpris'd at this News, since it is a Happiness too great for my Belief.

Bridget. Do you think it a Happiness?

Raym. So great, that I am doubly paid for the Loss of *Theodosia*, in gaining so excellent a Lady, as my Lady *Loveyoush*; and I'll assure you, there I should have made my first Address, but that I heard she had made a Vow of Widowhood.

Bridget. And did you believe that Vow, Sir?

Raym. No, I warrant you. I would as soon credit a Knight of the Post, as a protesting Widow. — [Aside.] Dear Mrs. *Bridget*, let me entrust you with my Love to your Lady, since it concerns me so nearly.

Bridget. Sir, I shall be very glad of this Occasion; and can the more easily promise you my Assistance in it, since Mr. *Sneake*, whom I have no small Power over, can persuade my Lady to any Thing.

Raym. Is't he, that speaks nothing but Greek or Latin, or English Fustian? He's Fellow of a College, if I mistake not.

Bridget. The same, Sir.

Raym. Indeed I have heard he is a Well-wisher to you. But he's out of Town. —

Bridget. He will be in Town this Afternoon. I had an Epistle from him, which tells me so; which perhaps is one of the pleasantest you ever read.

Raym. What's this?

A LETTER.

Perdurant and unconcussed Mistress,

TIS not only my Solamen, but the Celitude of my Felicity, that the Transpiration of our chaste Flames of Sympathetick Amity are mutually continuat; whose Perpetuity no Snake-hair'd Destiny, nor Furies-Furiband, nor the ghastly Ghosts of Central Nigritude, with all their damnd infernal Powers, can e'er overturn, renode, or dissolve—

Why, this is conjuring.

Bridget. O Lord, Sir, yonder comes Mr. Drybob; walk off, I beseech you. I must not be seen with you —

[*Ex. Raymund.*]

Enter Mr. Drybob, with a little French Dog under his Arm.

Dryb. Well, I know some Sots, that are still presenting their Mistresses rich Rings and Locketts, 'till they spend more than their Portions in their wooing of them; but let 'em match me for a Present. Here's a pretty French Dog shall charm the Heart of *Theodosia*. This is as new a Present, it may be, as can be thought on; besides, really 'tis very pretty and fantastick.

Bridget. What has this Fop got under his Arm?

Dryb. Besides, this Dog I stole from my Mother, who lov'd him as well as if she had whelp'd him her self; and I can say so many fine, ingenious, pretty Things upon him too, besides a Song that I have made of him, that shall bewitch her certainly.

Bridget. How now, Mr. Drybob: What, are you designing some Reformation i'th Government, you are so studious?

Dryb. Oh, Mrs. *Bridget*, your Servant! My little Factor in Love! ha! I think that was no ill Expression of mine; but what News of the Cargo of my Love, which I intrusted you with? Will it turn to Account? I think, by the Way, that Thought of mine was well enough; Oh, what think'st thou?

Bridg. O admirably well said!

Dryb.

Dryb. Nay, it may be, I do say as many fine Things in a Year, as e'er a Wit of 'em all; but let that alone.

Bridg. I think so; you are the chief of all the Wits.

Dryb. Il no alas, nor I; I know, they will have me one amongst them, do what I can; but deuce take me, if I care much for the Name on't. Indeed I do value my self upon Repartee a little, that's the Truth on't; and not to lie to you, I must confess I am very happy in that; but alas! Who can help it?

Bridg. But what have you got under your Arm, Sir?

Dryb. A pretty little *French Dog*, which I intend to sacrifice to my Mistress. Sacrifice! Observe that Word—hum, ha.

Bridg. What, Sir, shall he die for your Mistress?

Dryb. I thank you for that, ha! ne'er a Dog in Christendom shall have the Honour to die for my Mistress; I intend to do that my self, if there be Occasion for't.

Bridg. How then, Sir?

Dryb. I intend to present him to her delicate Alabaster Hands, as an Hieroglyphick of my Affection. Hieroglyphick! Ha, ha; well, I am amaz'd to think how these Thoughts come into my Head. I am, as to Matters of Jest, as my Friend *Ovid* was in Verses, *Quicquid conabor dicere*——Now, as I hope to live, this came into my Head, before I was aware on't.

Bridg. Good luck! 'tis wonderful.

Dryb. Nay, 'Faith, 'tis strange, as thou say'st; but would I might ne'er stir out of this Place, if it was not *ex tempore*; I protest and vow, as I am an honest Man, it was.

Bridg. It is impossible.

Dryb. Nay, I prythee, dear Mrs. Bridges, believe now; deuce take me, if it was not; but 'faith I think Hieroglyphick was very pretty and Catechetical,——hum.

Bridg. Sir, if you please, I'll sacrifice this Dog to my Lady Theodosia——

Dryb. No, I beg your Pardon; I will my self make an Oblation of him to her, as I do of this little Tribute of a Purse to you.

Bridg. Your humble Servant, Sir. ———
If this Trade holds, I shall get as much by Bribery, as e'er a Magistrate in the Nation can.

Dryb. But pray, how does *Theodosia* receive or entertain my Love? No, no, my Flame? Ay, Flame: That's well enough express'd too, hah.

Bridg. Very well, Sir; and yet I must tell you, you have a very dangerous Rival, one Mr. Crazy.

Dryb. He! phaw! a Pox on him, he has no Wit; a damn'd dull Fellow, he cannot break a Jest in an Hour. But may I have the Liberty to go and caress my Mistress?

Bridg. No, Sir, at present she is not visible.

Dryb. Visible! Ha, ha, ha, very prettily said, upon my Life and Soul; well, I see thou art happy in thy Thoughts sometimes, as well as I am. [Bell rings.]

Bridg. Hold, Sir, I hear my Lady's Bell! I am call'd, adieu.

Dryb. Adieu--my dear Love-Factor, as I said before.

Enter Crazy.

Here comes *Crazy*; ha, ha, he is my Rival, pox on him; I fear him not; no, no, *Theodosia* has Judgment to distinguish between a dull Fellow and a Man of Parts. Hold, I must conceal my Dog.

Craz. I am your Servant, Mr. *Drybob*.

Dryb. O, Sir, your humble — But whither are you marching, with so galliard and facetious a Countenance, as if you intended this Day to storm Ladie's Hearts? — Hah.

Craz. Ha, ha! Faith, to tell thee the Truth, I am going to visit a Lady, a Person of Honour.

Dryb. By what Name or Title dignify'd or distinguish'd?

Craz. Well, honest *Drybob*, thou art my loving Friend; I'll bring thee to her: She is, upon my Honour, the most delicate bewitching Person; and I think I may say, without Vanity, has some Affection for me.

Dryb. He little thinks I am his Rival. Pox on me, if he be not one of the dullest Fellows. I could find in my Heart to write against him; and I'll be hang'd, if in a Month's time I did not write his Head off. [Aside.]

Craz.

Craz. On my Soul and Conscience, she is one of the most ingenious and judicious Ladies——and, in good Earnest, I don't use to be mistaken in these Things. I could tell you many Symptoms of her Affection.

Dryb. Symptoms of Affection! to give the Devil his Due, that's not amiss; but I'd be hang'd, if I did not break his Heart with Repartees in half an Hour, for all this; poor Sot.

Craz. As, Sir, I'll tell you some.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Bayliff, and arrest Crazy.

Bayl. Mr. Crazy, I arrest you.

Craz. Arrest me! At whose Suit? Hold, hold, Hands off.——Oh! you hurt my Callous Node.

Bayl. Do not tell us of this and that; I Arrest you at the Suit of Monsieur Pullin, the French Surgeon. Come away.

Dryb. Let me go.—— [Crazy lays hold on Drybob.]

Craz. Pr'ythee, dear Drybob, bail me.

Dryb. Hold, Crazy, do not name me; I was bound with a Wit for a Sum of Money, and 'tis come to an Execution, as most of their Debts do; and there is a Warrant out against me——I dare not stay——

[*Breaks loose.*]

Craz. O! I am undone, beyond Redemption.

Dryb. So; so; Crazy is catch'd, as sure as a Rat in a Trap.

Craz. O my Shoulders! I am murder'd——

[*They tug and hale him.*]

Enter Mrs. Errant.

Errant. Help, help, here! will you kill Mr. Crazy? Help, help!

Bayl. Out, you Strumpet; What, do you come to make a Rescue?

[*Kicks her.*]

Errant. Murder, Murder! Help, Help!

Craz. Good, honest, worthy, loving, pretty, dear, good-natur'd Gentlemen, stay but a Moment.

Bayl. No, Sir, no; come along——

Craz. Nay, dear Hearts, dear Souls, I have no Money; but here is a Ring I had at the Funeral of my Uncle, take

take that to let me have the Honour to speak with that Lady.

Bayl. Nay, I'll be glad for my Part to do any Civility I can for a Gentleman.

Errant. What's the Matter, Sir? are you arrested? I'll fetch you Bail.

Craz. No, it is no Matter for that; but, dear Mrs. *Errant*, thou art my Life and Soul; pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find *Theodosia* inclin'd? dost thou think she loves me?

Errant. Without Question she has some Kindness for you; she confest to me, you were one of the wittiest Persons —

Craz. No, alas; not so neither.

Errant. And one of the handsomest Gentlemen she ever saw.

Craz. Nay, fie, fie, that was a little too much, 'faith; she's a very judicious Woman.

Errant. But you have a dangerous Rival, one Mr. *Drybob*.

Craz. He! Alas, alas!

Bayl. Come, Sir, we can stay no longer.

Craz. Hold but a little, but one Minute.

Enter Raymund.

Raym. How now, *Crazy*? Are they hurrying thee to base Durance, and contagious Prison?

Craz. Yes, *Raymund*, at the Suit of *Pullin*, the French Surgeon.

Raym. Stay, ye Dogs.

Bayl. Who are you? What, would you rescue our Prisoner from us? Then have at you. [*They fight.*]

Raym. How now, Rascals?

Errant. Hey, brave Mr. *Crazy*; hey, brave Mr. *Raymund*. So, Sir, now you are at Liberty, I'll take my Leave; I'm in haste to go to Mrs. *Striker*, the Haberdasher's Wife.

Craz. And wilt thou remember me, dear Mrs. *Errant*?

Errant. Ay, ay, I warrant you.

Craz. Your most obliged Servant — [*Exit Errant.*]

Raym. Come on, *Crazy*; thou behav'it thy self bravely.

Craz.

Craz. O, Sir, I should have fought better, but for some damn'd Pustules upon my Arm, and some Acrochordones upon my Right Shoulder; but really, Mr. *Raymond*, this is such a Deliverance, that nothing can shew my Gratitude, but to bring you to see a Person of Honour hard by.

Raym. What, a Haberdasher's Wife, and a Journeyman-Taylor's Daughter—

Craz. Nay, prythee *Raymond*, no fooling; I'll tell thee who 'tis; 'tis *Theodofia*: I hope she is a Person of Honour, Sir.

Raym. Are you acquainted with her?

Craz. Acquainted! yes, yes! I shan't say much, but it may be—but I am a Fool for speaking—yet thou art my Friend; she commends me extremely, and says I am the wittiest Gentleman, and the finest Person; and, if I may with Modesty tell thee, I have some Assurances of her Kindness.

Raym. Death! if I did not know the Vanity of this Rascal, this would strangely move me.

Craz. But why do I talk? you'll not believe I am in favour with the Ladies; but I'll bring you to her, and convince you.

Raym. Come on, Sir, I'll go with you. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lady Loveyouth, and Theodofia.

L. Lovey. Come, come, Gentlewoman; deny it not to me: I perceive your Inclinations well enough. But pray let me advise you not to set your Thoughts upon Mr. *Raymond*.

Theo. What's your Reason, Madam?

L. Lovey. My Reason, Minx! Come, come, there's something in't, that is not fit to tell you.

Theo. I understand the Mystery well enough; but I will set my Heart upon him, in spite of her ravenous Ladyship, that would make him her Prey. [Aside.]

L. Lovey. Besides, he's a wild young Gentleman.

Theo. And you would have the taming of him. [Aside.]

L. Lovey. I believe he'll dispose of himself in another Place too, I'll assure you—This insolent Girl would come

come in Competition with me, forsooth. Do not I allow you three Suiters? that's enough for any reasonable Woman, one would think.

Theo. And three such too! Madam!

L. Lovey. Such! I'll assure you, Mr. *Crazy*, Mr. *Brisk*, and Mr. *Drybob*, are three as agreeable Persons, and as pretty Sparks perhaps——

Theo. And as well match'd as any three Babboons in Europe: Why, Madam, I would as soon Marry a Drill, as one of them. The little Gentleman a Horse-back, that leads the Bears to Persecution, is a Prince to any of them.

L. Lovey. Ay, ay, I know her drift, she would rob me of Mr. *Raymond*; but, if I have any prevailing Charms remaining in these Eyes of mine, she shall not.

Theo. They Husbands! why, a Nunnery were more tolerable, to be mew'd up with none but musty old Women, or your melancholy young Eaters of Chalk. I had rather be kept waking at a Conventicle, than hear the Name of them.

L. Lovey. You are a foolish Girl! I protest they are pretty Gallants, and Wits of the Town.

Theo. Gallants and Wits! Buffoons and *Jack-Puddings*: rather condemn me to a little City-Shop-keeper, with whom I may never have new Gown and Handkerchief, but half a Year behind the Fashion; where I may be bred to rail against the Ladies of the Court, among my publick She-Neighbours, and to mince and simper at an Up-sitting or a Christning.

L. Lovey. Ay, ay; go on, go on.

Theo. To live all the Week in a melancholy Back-room, and on Sunday go to Church, with my Husband in a broad Hat strutting before me, and the Fore-man of the Shop having me in one Hand, and a huge bol's'd Bible, as big as I am, in the other.

L. Lovey. Good Mrs. Diddain, make much of them; for I'll assure you, you are like to have no other: I'll look to you for Mr. *Raymond*. I promise you.

Theo. No other! why I had rather marry a Country-Justice, that lives in a Hall-place, two Mile from a Town; that's

that's too covetous to keep a Coach, and too jealous to suffer me to come to *London*: That makes me rise by five a Clock in the Morning to look to my Dairy, and to receive Geese and Capons, as Bribes to his Worship for Justice.

L. Lovey. How your Tongue runs?

Theo. Or, when I have a Holy-day, to have the Liberty to walk two Mile, to fill my Belly with Stew'd Prunes, or Rashers of Bacon, at a poor Neighbour's House.

L. Lovey. Good Mrs. Nimble Chops, they are fit for your Betters.

Theo. Yes, for your Ladyship; why don't you chuse one of them?

L. Lovey. So I would, Mrs. Malepert, had I not vow'd to live a Widow.

Theo. A Widow, that keeps a Vow against Marriage, were a more monstrous Creature than the Fish taken at *Greenwich*.

Enter Bridget.

L. Lovey. How now, Sauce-Box!—Oh, *Bridges*, where hast thou been?

Bridg. Oh, Madam, I have News for your Ladyship, that I hope will not be unpleasant.

L. Lovey. For me? what is't?

Bridg. From Mr. *Raymond*, Madam.

Theo. How's this?

L. Lovey. From Mr. *Raymond*? alas, what can that be?

Bridg. Madam, I'll tell it in your Ladyship's Ear.

L. Lovey. Nay, nay, pray speak it out——well, he's an excellent Person——

[*Aside.*

Bridg. Madam, he told me, he had an extraordinary Passion for your Ladyship.

Theo. What says she?

[*Aside.*

L. Lovey. For me! O my dear *Raymond*, I am sure I have for thee——What did you say, *Bridget*? I did not mind it.

Bridg. That Mr. *Raymond* had a very great Passion for your Ladyship; and I am sure he loves your Ladyship most violently.

Theo.

Theo. Can I endure to hear this?

L. Lovey. Me! fie, fie; why, sure he did not tell thee so?—I am transported at this happy News. [*Aside.*]

Bridg. I'll assure your Ladyship, he did; and, but that I would not take Money to betray your Ladyship's Affections, offer'd me good round Fees, to be his Advocate.

Theo. Perfidious Man!

L. Lovey. I told you, Gentlewoman, he had dispos'd himself in another Place.

Theo. But, Madam, you are resolv'd to live a Widow.

L. Lovey. I know not. I am as unwilling to marry as any Body; but you know where Marriages are made: alas, there's no resisting of our Fate.—How I am overjoy'd, that I shall get him from this Confident Girl, who would be my Rival!

Enter Crazy and Raymund.

Theo. Here he comes; that I could breath Infection on him!

L. Lovey. Good lack! he's here, and I am not half in Order. *Bridget*, you have dress'd me so carelessly to-day.

Craz. Ladies, your most humble Servant; I make bold to introduce a Friend of mine.

Raym. Pr'ythee, peace; I can introduce my self.

L. Lovey. He is very welcome upon his own Account.

Raym. Madam, you infinitely oblige me.

Craz. Dear Madam, I kiss your fair Hands.

Theo. Dear Sir, 'tis very civilly done of you.

Craz. Alas, Madam! but I make bold to present this worthy Friend of mine.

Raym. Pox o' this Coxcomb [*Aside.*] ————— Madam, I hope you will do me the Honour to receive my Duty from my self—Ha! what means this Scorn?

[*Theo.* turns away from him.]

L. Lovey. I knew, 'twould vex her to see him make his Applications to me.

Craz. Pr'ythee, *Raymund*, don't be troubled at her Aversion; you know I told you before I was the only Person

son in her Affection; 'Faith, I was afraid she wou'd use you thus.

Raym. Curse on this Fool. I will find some means to put a Ticket I have into her Hand, that will try her farther.

L. Lovey. Sir, my Niece is a foolish, Ill-bred Girl, that knows not how to value a Gentleman; but I hope you will be so just to me, to believe you are to me most welcome.

Raym. If you knew how much I desir'd to be so to you, of all your Sex, I fear I should be less.

L. Lovey. No, Sir; I should not be so uncivil.

Raym. 'Slife! She comes on faster than I have Occasion for her. [*Aside*] Madam, I beseech you, let the Violence of my Passion excuse me, when I presume to tell you that I have so long suffer'd by your charming Eyes, that I can no longer keep my Passion in; 'tis now too Head-strong for me.

L. Lovey. Oh, he's a rare Person—

Theo. This is an Affliction, which nothing can surpass but the Love of this Coxcomb. [*Aside*]

Craz. Well! 'tis most evident she has a Passion for me; but who can help it.

Raym. Kill not a young Gentleman at first dash, Madam; 'tis too inhumane.

L. Lovey. Sir, I hope you intend nothing but honourable.

Raym. Injure me not, to suspect my Honour.

L. Lovey. No Sir, by no means; indeed I heard something of this from my Maid.

Raym. But I am now come to present my Heart with my own Hands.

L. Lovey. Sir, if you please, let us retire a little and discourse of this Business.

Craz. Madam! I humbly demand your Pardon; I perceive your Aversion to *Raymond* does disturb you a little; had I known it, I would not have brought him: and yet, 'faith, he's a very Honest Fellow.

Theo. Do not believe so ill of me, to think any thing can give me a Disturbance, while you are present.

Craz.

Craz. Ah, Madam, I kiss your fair Hands; you are so obliging, really I know not how to deserve it.

Theo. This conceited Ass can never know when he is abus'd.

Enter Drybob.

Dryb. Ladies! Your most obedient humble Footstool; I take the Liberty to pay my devoir here.

L. Lovey. You are welcome, sweet Mr. *Drybob*.

Dryb. Dear sweet Lady, your Vassal couchant, *Raymond*, Servant, *Raymond*. How now, *Crazy*?

Craz. How I despise this Fool!

L. Lovey. But, Sir, what were you saying? these Gentlemen interrupted us.

Theo. I will conceal my Resentment; if *Raymond* should perceive it, 'twould make him more insolent.

Dryb. Madam, You see I am a bold Man, that dare venture to come within Eye-shot of you.—It may be, *Crazy*, that was not ill said.—But, Madam, I would adventure any Danger to atchieve a Kiss of your fair Hand, — Mind, that *Crazy*.

Theo. Sir, you have conferr'd a Favour on me, that I cannot be worthy of, tho' I should sacrifice all my Endeavours to merit it.

Craz. This Coxcomb does not find that she abuses him.

Dryb. Dear Spark of Beauty, you are very pleasurable; but I swear, Madam, by the Tip of your Ear, that I love you most immaculately. — There again, *Crazy*.

[Kicks his Shins.]

Craz. Death! this Rogue has murder'd me. Oh my Shins! a Pox of his fine Sayings.

Dryb. And, as Hieroglyphick of that Affection, I present you with this little *French* Dog, to be a Servant to your little Bitch.

Craz. What an Employment has he found out, to be Pimp to a Bitch!

Theo. Really, Sir, it is a Dog of a very elegant Composure.

[Theo. gives the Dog to Bridget, who carries him away.]
Dryb.

Dryb. Admirably well said, I protest and vow, Madam; is it not, *Crazy*? I knew 'twould take her strangely; but what does this dull Sot hope for, that does not say two good things in a Day? But I beseech you, Madam, how does your little Domestick Animal, your Birch?—Mark that, *Crazy*.

Craz. Slife, can't a Man stand in quiet for this Rascal? if he be so damnable witty, I'll draw upon him. [Kicks him.]

Theo. Really, Sir, the poor Creature, by reason of a great Defluxion of Rheum, has sore Eyes, and keeps her Chamber.

Dryb. This Lady has an admirable Wit. Pox on me, Madam, if I am not extreemly afflicted for the Indisposition of her Body.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. Madam, here's one from Mrs. *Ertam*.

L. Lovey. Sir, I take my leave of you at present, but shall wait on you immediately. [Exit L. Lovey.]

Raym. Your humble Servant. This is a happy Opportunity, Madam, I beg the Honour of you to hear me one Word.

Theo. No, Sir; I have heard too much already.

Raym. Ha! this Anger of hers is no ill sign.

Craz. Prythee, *Raymund*, for my sake, don't trouble thy self for this; Alas, I told thee this before. That Coxcomb may be allow'd to be abus'd.

Dryb. *Raymund*, thou seest this Lady is most abstemiously squeamish; and yet that damn'd dull Fellow *Crazy* does most pertinaciously caress her. Poor Sot! I pity him.

Enter L. Loveyouth and Bridget.

L. Lovey. Sir, I am now return'd; if you please, to the Point.

Raym. Pox of all impatient Widows. [Exit.]

Dryb. Let me see, I forgot something I was to say of this Dog, that was worth Diamonds.

Craz. Madam, this is a very Impertinent Fellow; but I could wish we were alone, that we might enjoy ourselves.

Theo.

Theo. That were too great a Happiness for me.

Crab. No, Madam; you deserve a great deal more.

Dryb. Oh, I have it.

Crab. Now is this Villain going to break a Jest, and I dare not stand near him.

Dryb. Madam, I must confess the Dog was not born in France, but of French Parents, upon my Honour, and is of as ancient a Family, and has as good Blood running in his Veins (no dispraise) as e'er a Dog in France. But, Raymund, I'll shew the Song I made of this Present, that, may be, is well enough.

Raym. Most excellent.

Dryb. Ay, is't not brisk? I am asham'd to give it to my Mistress; pry'thee do thou.

Raym. With all my Heart — Madam, Mr. Drybob desires to present this to you.

[Changes it, and puts a Ticket into her Hands.

Theo. He might ha' don't himself. Ha! what's this?

[She views it.

She reads. **M** Adam, The Love I make to your Aunt, is only acted by me; finding I can never come to an Opportunity of revealing my Passion to you, till, by pretending Love to her, I have remov'd all Jealousies; you see as present she watches me so narrowly, that I can find no Occasion to tell you, how much I honour you, who am entirely yours,

Raymund.

Forgive my unjust Suspicion; this is a happy turn.

Dryb. Come, Madam, I see it pleases you; if you please, Madam, pronounce it with an audible Voice, that this little Audience may communicate.

L. Lovey. Ay, do so, Niece. I have seen very pretty things of Mr. Drybob's; or if you will, I'll read it; give it me.

Theo. Heaven! what shall I do?

Raym. Madam, I fear you are not us'd to the Hand; give me leave —

[Changes it for the Song.

Theo.

Theo. But I hope Mr. Drybob will be pleas'd to give it Breath, and utter it harmoniously.

Dryb. My melodious Pipes are a little obstructed, but to serve you, I will chant it forth incontinently: hem, hem; bur, Madam, I want a Theorbo to pitch my Voice.

L. Lovey. Will not a Gittar serve?

Dryb. It will in some Measure supply the Defect.

L. Lovey. Bridget, go fetch one——

[*Ex. and brings a Gittar.*]

Dryb. Now, *Raymund*, observe. *Crazy*, listen carefully. Methinks it should break this Fool's Heart, to see how kindly I am us'd——Hem, hem,

*I hope it is your Pleasure
To accept of this Dog for a Treasure
From him, that loves you beyond all Measure;
Which may Missically shew,
What to your Eyes I owe,*

*That of your Affection I have put on the Clog,
And am your most humble Servant and Dog.
Wish a Bow, Wow, Wow, &c.*

Ha, how do you like that *Chorus*? faith, I think it is very new.

Raym. 'Tis so; and, in my Judgment, has as much Sense as most *Chorus's*.

Dryb. Is it not very brisk and facetious, hah?

Craz. It is so; but in good Truth I did not take you for a Dog before.

Dryb. Now for a Repartee, to knock down this Coxcomb with. Hum——Death, it will not do.—Pox on't, I us'd to be more present to my self.

Craz. Madam, I beseech you, let's retire from this impertinent Ass.

Theo. Yes, with a more impertinent one.

Dryb. Now I have it; ha, ha, ha; though I am a Dog, I am not the Son of a Bitch, *Crazy*; ha, ha, ha.

Craz. Why, Sir, who is?

[*Bustles up to him.*]

Dryb.

Dryb. Nay, Sir, I say nothing; Mum is the *Italian* *en*
quoque Word.

Craz. But, Sir, let me tell you, if you be a Dog, and
not the Son of a Bitch, you are not lawfully begotten.

Dryb. Ha, ha, pox on me, if it be not well said; pr'y-
thee let me kiss thee for that. O' my Conscience, my
Company makes thee witty.

L. Lovey. Sir, since I find you are so honourable, if you
please, we'll withdraw.

Raym. 'Sdeath! I have plung'd my self over Head and
Ears, before I was aware on't. —

[*Ex. Raym. and L. Loveyouth.*]

Theo. My Termagant Aunt has no mercy on her Lover.

Craz. Sir, notwithstanding your Mirth, I hope you
are ready to give me Satisfaction for the Affront.

Dryb. This dull insipid Fellow takes a witty Repartee
for an Affront; but I'll bear up to him. — Sir, if you
talk of Satisfaction, the World knows I am ready to at-
tend any Man's Motion in that Way.

Theo. Gentlemen, I must retire a while.

Craz. I hope I shall have the Honour to wait on you.

Dryb. Madam, I'll wait on you.

Theo. How shall I rid my self of these Fops!

Craz. You wait on her?

Dryb. Yes, Sir, I; for all you, Sir. Lord, Sir, you
are so hasty.

Craz. Do not be impertinent to intrude upon a Lady's
Privacy.

Dryb. Peace, Coxcomb, Peace. Come, Madam, I'll
wait on you: I vow, this Fop makes me very merry.

Craz. Pry'thee stand by, and learn more Manners.

Dryb. Alas, Madam, mind him not.

Theo. Farewel, Gentlemen —

[*Exit.*]

Craz. Keep back, I say.

Dryb. Keep you back then, if you go to that.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT



ACT. III.

Enter Crazy and Drybob with their Swords drawn.

Craz. COME, come, have you made your Will?

Dryb. Yes, yes; don't you trouble yourself for that: I have it always ready upon these Occasions.

Craz. If you have not, your Estate, by being unsettled, may come to be divided among the Lawyers, after I have kill'd you.

Dryb. Sweet Mr. Crazy, don't think to fright me; for I am a *Rhinoceros*, if I care any more for you, than I do for a Feather of a Shuttlecock.

Craz. This will not fright the Rogue. [*Aside*] Under Favour, I will run you under the Legs immediately.

Dryb. He shall not out-huffe me. [*Aside*]——Look you, Sir, I am no Man to be frightened, though you look as big as a *Dutch* Trumpeter; and I think that's well enough said too.

Craz. I am no Gentleman, if I do not flick you to the Ground, the first Pass.

Dryb. I am the Son of a Corn-cutter, if I do not rip up your Puddings instantly.—Death! this Rogue looks like a very *Buffy d'Ambois*.

Craz. Come on, Sir; have at you——yet, if you will resign *Theodofia*, I care not if I be contented with a Leg or an Arm; not that I believe you have an interest, but for form's sake.

Dryb. Relinquish my Mistress! ha, ha; if I should, do you think she would Marry a Fellow with a Face, that look'd like a squeeze'd Turnip? and I think there's a Satyrical Bob upon you,

CRAZ.

Craz. I must try some other way.

Dryb. Why, you look already as sower as the Picture of a stabb'd *Lucrece*.—I shall break the Rogue's Heart with these Bobs.

[*Craz. beats Drybob's Sword out of his Hand, before he is aware on't.*]

Craz. Now, Sir, pray quickly.

Dryb. Hold, hold. I cannot pray very well, but I can run as well as most Men in the Nation; which will serve my Turn better at this time—— [Runs.]

Craz. Are you so nimble? I shall overtake you. 'Slife, this Rogue has run his Heats at *Newmarket*, I think——

[*Drybob runs round the Stage, and Crazy after him.*]

Dryb. This is a lucky Opportunity.

[*Craz. lets fall one of the Swords. Drybob takes it up and fights.*]

Enter Mrs. Friske, passing slowly over the Stage.

Craz. Hold, hold, I say; I'll spare your Life two Minutes, till I wait upon yon Lady.

Dryb. You spare my Life! I scorn your Words: but I will, in mercy, let you take your leave of her; since 'tis the last time you shall ever see her.

Friske. Ah—— What's here, a Sword drawn!——

[*Shrieks.*]

Craz. Be not afraid, *Madam Friske*; I am fighting with a simple Fellow here, for your Honour.

Friske. For my Honour? I was going to Mr. *Briske's* Lodging: I'll call him to help you.

Craz. By no means. Dear *Madam Friske*, let me kiss but this fair Hand, and that will inspire me to kill twenty such Rascals in an Afternoon.——But where shall I have the Honour to wait upon you by and by?

Friske. Put up your Sword then; I will be at my Lodging within a quarter of an Hour, and I shall have never a Friend with me.

Dryb. What, will you never have done there?

Craz. *Madam*, I will but run this Fellow thorough the Body a little, and I'll not fail to wait on you.

Dryb.

Dryb. If I fall on now, I shall come off with Honour; for she'll be sure to call some body to part us.

Friske. Help, help, Mr. *Briske*! Oh help, help, Mr. *Briske*! [Runs at Crazy.]

Craz. Stand your Ground, you Coxcomb; do you think I am bound to fight you by the Mile?

[Fight, and *Craz.* drives *Dryb.* back.]

Enter Mr. Briske and Friske.

Briske. Where are they?

Friske. There; I dare not stay to look on them—[Exit.]

Briske. Hold, hold! what a Pox ails you? Hold, hold: you Wits can never agree among your selves; you are not so strong a Party, that you should need to destroy one another; you are fighting here as fiercely, as *Guy of Warwick* and *Colbrand* the *Dane*.

Dryb. Faith, *Fack Briske*, that's a pretty Thought of thine; ha, ha.

Briske. Put up, for shame, put up; and be *Pylades* and *Orestes*. What was your Quarrel? I am afraid you do not understand these nice Points of Honour. Let me hear, how was it?

Craz. He had the Insolence obliquely to give me the Name of *Son of a Bitch*.

Dryb. I Protest and Vow, he gave me the ignominious Appellation of a *Dog*, like a damn'd Cynick Philosopher.

Briske. Why, look you, here's your Mistake already: Why, I was call'd *Son of a Whore* at *Charolin's* last Night, and what do you think I did?

Craz. According to the Laws of Honour, I make no question.

Dryb. P'shaw, you understand those things no more than a Costermonger.

Briske. Pish, you are out, you are out! Lord, Lord! to see the Fault of Men's Education. I'll tell you—when he call'd me *Son of a Whore*, I e'en took him up roundly, and told him flat and plain I scorn'd his Words. Now by this means I put this Rogue out of his Road; the Sot knew not what to reply, I took such a new Way of affronting him.

Craz.

Craz. This Fellow is no better than a Coxcomb.

Dryb. I am the Son of a Squirrel, if this was not mighty Pretty and Exotick.

Briske. Ay, wasn't not? I knew, I should vex the Heart of him with this Affront; and upon my Honour it incens'd him so devilishly, that, ha, ha, ha — he gave me three as good sufficient substantial Kicks, as a Man would wish to see in a Summer's Day; ha, ha, ha.

Dryb. But what didst thou reply to the Kicks, *Juck*, ha?

Briske. Why, 'faith, when he kick'd me, I told him very smartly, I scorn'd such ill-bred Sots from my Heart; and that I thought him as much below me, as the Fellow, that cries *Tinder-boxes* and *Mouse-traps*: and then Sung a *Corant* of *Berken/hawe's* in *D'Tol, re; fa, la, la, la*.

Dryb. By *Gayland*, *Ben. Buker*, and *Duffaletta*, most judiciously manag'd.

Briske. At this he was amaz'd, and said I was a *Stoick*; but I Sung on, *fa, la, la, la*; which, by the Way, is an excellent *Corant*; thou shalt hear't; *fa, la, la*.

Dryb. In good faith it is a very merry and luscious *Corant*.

Briske. But come, my dear Friends; embrace, embrace.

Craz. Sir, under Favour, I do no more care for him, than I do for one of your Operators for Teeth.

Dryb. Nor I for you, any more than for one of those obstreperous wide-mouth'd Rogues, that cry *Sprats*; which I think, by the way, is another-guess Thought than yours; ha, ha.

Briske. Come, upon my Honour you shall embrace; and I will bring you to my Mistress, and we'll have Fiddles and Dance too.

Craz. Nay, if there be a Lady in the Case, I submit.

Dryb. And what care I? no body shall be too hard for me in kindness.

Craz. Your Servant, Mr. *Drybob*.

Dryb. Your humble Servant, Mr. *Crazy*.

Briske. So, come, let's go to my Mistress; *fa, la, la*,
la.

Craz.

Craz. This was a lucky Rencontre—

Enter Bridget and Sneak.

[*Exant.*

Bridg. Good Mr. *Sneak*, you will overset me with Learning, you smell so strong of the University.

Sneak. Truly, *Mrs. Bridget*, by the Interposition of an Opacous distance between those Luminaries, your Eyes, and my self, I have suffer'd a *Deliquium*, viz. an Eclipse.

Bridg. You have not; I deny your Major.

Sneak. I could elucidate this by way of Illustration, but I confess Metaphors are not argumentative; but your Eyes, I say, are like the Birds in the *Hyrcanian Groves*, which, by the refulgency of their Wings, did guide the wandering Traveller, and enlighten the most Opacous tenebrosity.

Bridg. So much for this time; yonder comes a Stranger, we will retire.

Sneak. I am your Servant in any thing within the Sphere of my Activity.

Enter Sir Richard Loveyouth in disguise.

Bridg. Who's this?

[*Ex.*

Sneak. You shall have Conference with her; I will cause her to approach incontinently.

Sir Rich. What Coxcomb have we got here? Well, this Disguise and my long Absence will secure me from my Wife's Knowledge; I am resolv'd to try her farther. 'Tis possible that Impertinence, that Vanity and Forwardness, that made me leave her, by this time may have forsaken her—Here she comes; I'll observe her.

Enter Lady Loveyouth.

Madam, are you my Lady *Loveyouth*?

L. Lovey. I am; would you have any thing with me?

Sir Rich. I am the unhappy Messenger of ill News to your Ladyship.

L. Lovey. Ill News? What can that be?

Sir Rich. Your Husband, Sir *Richard Loveyouth*—

L. Lovey. My Husband! What of him? I hope he is not living yet.

Sir Rich. Madam, he is dead.

L. Lovey.

L. Lovey. Dead! And how dy'd he?

Sir Rich. He was kill'd in *Candia*, in that fatal Sally made by the *French* upon the *Turks*.

L. Lovey. Art thou sure of it?

Sir Rich. This is very fine. [*Aside*] Madam, I brought off his Body, having then the Honour to be his Servant; and, to confirm what I say, behold this Ring of his.

L. Lovey. It is so; but I will not afflict my self farther; we must all die; the Grief, that was due to his Memory, I, believing him dead, have paid already.

Sir Rich. A very short-liv'd Grief; I thank her for't. Ha! I have a way to make Discoveries of her, that may be cause of a Divorce; which Heaven send me. [*Aside*] Madam, the Death of my Master has put me out of Employment, and if your Ladyship has any vacant Place, I beg to serve you; I will do it faithfully.

L. Lovey. You speak very seasonably; for my Gentleman-usher dy'd last Week for Love of my Shoemaker's Daughter; you shall succeed him.

Sir Rich. A worthy Employment [*Aside*]——Madam, I humbly thank you.

L. Lovey. Much good may it do you; and, as a beginning of your Service, pray go into the next Room, and desire Mr. *Raymund*, a handsome worthy Gentleman, that waits there, to come to me.

Sir Rich. I will, Madam——A very good beginning---
[*Aside. Exit.*]

Enter *Raymund* and *Sir Richard Lovey* youth.

L. Lovey. Now, Mr. *Raymund*, I am assur'd of my Husband's Death.

Raym. How, Madam?

L. Lovey. This honest Fellow, whom I have entertain'd into my Service, saw him dead. Pray tell him you, Sir.

Sir Rich. O Devill! What's this? [*Aside*]——'Tis too true, Sir.

L. Lovey. And now, Sir, I take the Liberty to tell you, I can no longer be refractory to your honourable Desires.

Enter

Enter Bridget with a Letter.
 Bridg. Sir, Here's a Letter for you, lost by a Porter; who said, it requir'd no Answer, and is gone.
 Raym. For me! what can it be?

L. Levy. Where's my Niece?

Bridg. In her Chamber, Madam.

L. Levy. If she offers to intrude upon Mr. Raymond and my self, tell her we are busy.

Bridg. I will, Madam.

L. Levy. And, do you hear?

Raym. Shall I believe my Senses? *[Looks at the Letter.]*

I cannot but be sensible of the Honors you do me in your Professions of Kindness to me; and, since this Paper cannot blurb, I presume to tell you nothing but the Reason I suffer could force me to; which is, that your Person and your Passions are affected by

Enter Theodosia.

Al! my dear Theodosia!

Enter Theodosia.

L. Levy. How now, Mine? What makes you saucy by intrude upon Mr. Raymond and me?

Theo. A certain Curiosity of doing things that are forbidden me.

L. Levy. 'Tis very well; but pray gape not after him. You may, if you please, call him Uncle: In the mean time, get you in.

Raym. Curse on her impertinent Jealousie! *[Aside.]* Madam, I have too short a time to tell you how I am transported at your Letter.

Theo. Pray take care; we are spy'd: talk with Bridg. I am assur'd of her Faith to me.

L. Levy. Good lack! Niece, you might have spoken loud, Mr. Raymond would have trusted me; but pray get you to your Chamber.

Theo. Well, Aunt, I shall be quit with you.

Vol. I.

L. Levy.

L. Lovey. Hark you, Robin. *[Whispers Sir Rich.]*
 Raym. Mrs. Bridget, since Theodora has intrusted you, you must not refuse to bring me privately into her Chamber this Night.

Bridg. I shall be glad to serve you; but my Lady will discover it.

Raym. Let me alone to manage that; I'll dispose of her, that she shall never know of it.

L. Lovey. Mr. Raymund, I beg your Pardon; but, if you please, at present we will withdraw.

Raym. I'll wait on your Ladyship.

Enter Crazy, Briske and Drybob.

Briske. Ah Madam! Your Ladyship's humble Servant.

L. Lovey. Gentlemen, your Servant.

Briske. Where is your Niece?

L. Lovey. I'll send her to you—

[Ex. L. Lovey, Raym. and Bridget.]

Briske. Now, you shall see my Mistress.

Dryb. This is a very good Jest, I faith, Crazy, his Mistress!

Craz. That Men should understand themselves no better!

Briske. Fa, la, la, la; that's an excellent Current: really I must confess, *Grabin* is a very pretty hopeful Man; but *Berkenshaw* is a rare Fellow, give him his due; fa, la, la; for he can teach Men to compose, that are deaf, dumb and blind.

[Walks about combing his Peruke.]

Dryb. This is a good, pretty, apish, docible Fellow; really he might have made a very pretty Barber-Surgeon, if he had been put out in time: But it arrides me extremely, to think how he will be bobb'd.

Craz. Yes, yes, he will be bobb'd: that Men should be so mistaken!

Dryb. Ay, on my Conscience and Soul, the Palate of his Judgement is down; and by the way how dost like that Metaphor, or rather *Canachresis*?

Craz. Oh admirably.

Briske. Drybob.

Craz.

Craz. While these Coxcombs are in Discourse, I'll privately go in and see my Mistress. — [Ex. *Craz.*

Briske. Here's a Peruke, no Flax in the World can be whiter; how delicately it appears by this colour'd Hanging! and let me advise you, ever while you live, if you have a fair Peruke, get by a green or some dark-colour'd Hanging or Curtain, if there be one in the Room. Oh! it sets it off admirably.

Dryb. A very Metaphysical Notion!

Briske. And be sure, if your Eye-brows be not black, to black 'em soundly; ah! your black Eye-brow is your fashionable Eye-brow. I hate Rogues that wear Eye-brows that are out of Fashion.

Dryb. By the Soul of *Gresham*, a most Philosophical Invention!

Briske. Thou'lt scarce believe it; but upon my Honour two Ladies fell in love with me one Day at the King's Play-House, and are in a desperate Condition at this very Time, for this Peruke.

Dryb. But why are you so cruel?

Briske. Alas! If I should mind every Lady that falls in love with me, I should have a fine time on't indeed.

Dryb. *Sulterum omnia plena!* I am the spurious Issue of a Fishmonger, if a more conceited Puppy ever presented himself to my Eyes.

Briske. I had three several Suits in one Year, won me three very ingenious, quickspirited, and very pretty merry conceited Ladies, as any are within the Walls of *Europe*. You must know, I do value my self upon my Cloaths and the judicious wearing of 'em.

Dryb. Nay, certainly you are a most compleat and polite Gentleman, in the Opinion of at least two besides your self.

Briske. No, no; but I'll tell thee, an honest Fellow of my Acquaintance, by imitating one of my Suits, got himself a Widow of 3000*l.* a Year, Penny Rent.

Enter Crazy and Theodossa.

Craz. Pray, Madam, let me advise you; don't run your self into Trouble with these Puppies, but let us enjoy our selves in private.

Theo. Sir, I must obey my Aunt; 'tis not for want of Inclination to your sweet Society, I assure you.

Brisk. Ah, my Queen Regent! I salute the Hem of your Garment.

Theo. I cannot, without a Blush, allow the Humility of the Address.

Dryb. Thou shalt see, *Crazy*, how she'll abuse him; for I am the Son of a Bum-Bailiff; if she has not the most exuberant and luxurious Expressions, that ever enter'd the Concave of this Ear.

Craz. This Fool *Dryb* has no more Understanding than a Gander.

Brisk. By the Coat of our Family, which is an Ase Rampant, a very ancient and honourable one, I am ready to venture my Life under the Banner of your Beauty; and honour you so, that I would—oh! 'tis incomparable, 'tis incomprehensible—

Theo. By my Grandfather's Spur-Leather, which was in those Days worn by very honourable Persons, you oblige me so immoderately: That, oh—'tis admirable, 'tis inexpressible!

Craz. How I blush for this Fellow!

Brisk. Come, Madam, let's be frolick, Galliard, and extraordinary Brisk; fa, la, la, la.

Theo. Sir, I cannot behold the Lines of that Face, but I am provok'd to Mirth; fa, la, la, la.

Brisk. Look you there, *Dryb* and *Crazy*; look ye—

Craz. Madam, I am so interrupted by these Fellows, that I have not time to tell you that I feed a Flame within, which so torments me—

Dryb. Pox on't, that's stole out of a Play.

Craz. What then? that's lawful; 'tis a shifting Age for Wit, and every Body lyes upon the Catch.

Brisk. O Madam, where were you, that I miss'd you last Night at the Park?

Theo. Did you shine there last Night?

Brisk. Madam, I did; For after I had prais'd before your Window upon my Roan Nag, in Honour to my Love—Did you see me, Madam?

Theo.

Theo. O, Sir, my Eyes met you in your Career; by the same Token you had a Muskatoun and Pistols.

Briske. I had so, Madam; and my Man carry'd askew'd Gun, that I bought at *Brussels*; for I always love to do those Things *en Cavalier*: but, thus equipp'd, I went to take the Air in the Park, and immediately all the Ladies and Persons of Quality left the Tour and came about me, and were most incomparably pleas'd with the Palmion; so that I am resolv'd, next Time, to go with Back, Breast, and Headpiece.

[*Flourish.*]

Theo. Most acutely imagin'd.

Briske. But hark you, Madam, yonder are my Fiddles: I bespoke 'em, and pray let me have the Honour to dance with you; it may be you will like my Manner well enough.

Dryd. But we want Women.

Craz. I'll supply that, Madam, immediately.

Briske. Pr'ythee do; and make haste, *Craz.*

Craz. Now will I be reveng'd upon *Briske*, and bring his own Strumpet hither. — [*Ex. Craz.*]

Enter Lady Loveyouth and Raymund.

Raym. You must not deny me, this Evening, some private Conference with you.

L. Lovey. But how shall I keep it from the Knowledge of my Niece?

Raym. I'll tell you, Madam; if you please to walk in the Garden, I'll come in at the Back-door, and wait on you there, where we will confer about our mutual Happiness.

L. Lovey. I will not fail. —

Briske. My honourable Aunt that shall be, I adore your Shooestrings.

L. Lovey. O Lord, Sir, your Servant. Come on, Mr. *Raymund*, let's hear you break a Jest, and put these two Wits out of Countenance.

Theo. Methinks Mr. *Dryd* is a notable Man.

Briske. Ay, Madam, as far as Inns-of-Court Breeding; but alas, we are above those Things.

Raym. Are you above Inns-of-Court Breeding?

Briske. Yes, that I am, Sir: What's that to you?

Raym. Why, it is not six Months, since you us'd to keep Company with none but Clarks, and call for your three-Pence in Beef at *Hercules' Pillars*, or at the *Harrow* in *Chancery Lane*; where the whole Company us'd to fall out about the dividing of three Half-Pence: When every Night you us'd to drink Ale, and put Law-Cases, as long as you could see.

Brisk. You are merry, Sir.

Dryb. And where you us'd —

Raym. Nor is it five Months, since I saw you strut most Majestically in the Hall, and inveigle a third Man at Six-penny In and In; and, by help of a Dozen Men, chastise one poor Topper or Palmer; where I have seen you most magnanimously assist at the pumping of a Bawd, or the washing and trimming of a Bailiff.

Dryb. Where I have seen you —

Brisk. Is this your Breeding?

Dryb. A Pox on't, a Man cannot speak for you.

Brisk. But, Sir, I'd have you know, I was as well esteem'd there, as any Man that ever eat Loins of Mutton dry-roasted yet; and danc'd as well at the Revels too.

Dryb. I have seen you there, how you —

Brisk. And let me tell you, that at *Christmas*, when we were to have had a Prince, I was as fair for Preference as any Man there.

Dryb. Yes, and I can tell you —

Brisk. But the Government, by Reason of some civil Dissentions, fell that *Christmas* to a Commonwealth; but alas! I am above these Things.

Dryb. Above 'em! — I'll tell you —

Raym. Why this to me?

Dryb. Pox on these uncivil Fellows, they won't let a Man break a Jest among 'em; and, Madam, I am the Son of a Babboon, if Stoppage of Wit be not as great a Pain to me as Stoppage of Urine.

Raym. Have not I seen you within these three Months, lolling out of *Munden's*, with a Glass of windy Bottle-Ale in one Hand, and a Pipe of *Mundungus* in the other; and,

out

out of a brisk gay Humour, drinking to Passengers in the Street?

Brisk. 'Tis well, Sir; I hope you will give me Satisfaction for these Affronts.

Raym. Yes, as much as you dare ask.

Brisk. Then Blood will ensue.

Enter Crazy and Friske.

Craz. Madam, here is one Lady.

Brisk. Death! This Rogue has undone me! *Frisk.* here! *Theod.* will for ever disown me.

Raym. What's the Matter, *Brisk*? Are you Plac'd struck? — *Crazy.* I could hug thee for this.

L. Lavey. We need your Assistance in a Dance, Madam.

Brisk. Your Servant, sweet Madam; Lord, Mr. *Brisk*, you need not be so strange.

Brisk. Ah, Cousin, your Servant.

Theo. Is she your Cousin, Sir?

Brisk. Mr. *Brisk* is one of my Cousin, I assure your Ladyship; he is my Servant, nay perhaps there is a little nearer Relation betwixt us.

Theo. How's this, Sir?

Brisk. 'Slife! this the Devil will ruin me! Ah, Ma-

dam, she's merry, she drolls; but, come, let's Dance,

and put these Things out of our Heads. Come in, Ma-

dam, and *Cricket*, and fegue your Violins away; sa, la,

la, la.

Enter Mrs. Striker.

Craz. O Heaven! Who's here! I am undone.

Brisk. This is a Revenge beyond my Expectation.

Stand by, *Crazy*; whither do you put the Lady? Come

in, Mrs. *Striker*. Here's a Mistress of *Crazy's*; will serve to

make up the Number of Dancers, Madam.

Craz. Prythee be gone, if thou lov'st me.

Strik. Come, Mr. *Crazy*, this won't pass upon me.

Your Ladyship's most obedient Servant. — *Theo.*

Raym. Bear up, *Crazy*; you know, she's a Person of

Honour.

Craz. Come, Fiddles, strike up; pray, Madam, let's dance. [They dance.]

Briske. Now, Sir, I hope you are ready to give me Satisfaction.

Raym. I am, Sir.

Briske. Follow me then. Ladies, I have an inexorable Business calls me away at present. ———— Servant, your Servant.

Raym. Ladies, I'll wait on you again instantly. Mrs. Bridget, pr'ythee forget not what I said to you; we shall have excellent Sport, [Ex. Raym.]

Bridg. I warrant you, I'll do't, Sir.

L. Lovey. Now he's gone, I'll retire. Ladies and Gentlemen, your Servant. ———— [Ex.]

Friske. O me, Madam! Why does not your Ladyship frequent the Mulberry-Garden often? I vow, we had the pleasantest Divertisement there last Night.

[*Craz. whisper.* Bridget.]
Strik. Ay, I was there, Madam *Friske*; and the Garden was very full, Madam, of Gentlemen and Ladies, that made love together 'till twelve a Clock at Night, the prettily't: I vow 'twould do ones Heart good to see them.

Theo. Why, that's a Time for Cats to make love in, not Men and Women.

Friske. Well, Madam, there was a Lord, that shall be nameless, would needs come and proffer his Service to me.

Strik. I know who that was; alas! he'll do that to any Body, Madam *Friske*.

Friske. Lord, you are so troubled, I warrant you, Madam *Striker*.

Dryb. to *Bridg.* But art thou sure thy Mistress loves me?

Bridg. Why, she cannot rest for you.

Dryb. But she's so pester'd with these Fools, *Briske* and *Crazy*, that I can have no time to caress her.

Bridg. I'll tell you a Way to get privately into her Chamber this Night.

Friske.

Frisko. But, Madam, this Lord took me by the Hand and kiss'd it, and told me it was as sweet as Roses, and soft as jelly of Quinces.

Theo. Or he might have said, as sweet as Frankincense, or as soft as the Pap of an Apple.

Strik. Alas, Madam, that's nothing; I assure your Ladyship, he has said the same thing to me twenty Times.

Frisko. For my part, Madam *Striker*, I do not think you know him.

Strik. Lord! Madam *Frisko*, you are always detracting from one; I am sure I saw him last Night, and he told me, Madam, he honour'd the Ground I trod upon, and made me abundance of the rarest Complements, and I said a Number of the prettiest Things to him: if I could remember, I'd tell 'em your Ladyship; you shou'd be judge of them, Madam.

Dryb. Dear Mrs. *Bridget*, accept of this little Present; I'll not fail to do it — Ladies, I have an exorbitant Affair causes me at present to bestow my Absence upon you; but I'll be sure not to fail you — [Exit.]

Theo. What means this foolish Fellow?

Bridg. Pray, Mr. *Crazy*, let me beg a Word with you.

Frisko. I'll tell you, Madam, now she talks thus; there was another Person of Quality came to me, and told me I was a pretty Nymph, and he was a Satyr, and invited me to drink a Bottle of Rhenish and Sugar; and I protest and vow, he would not drink one Drop, 'till I had dipt my Finger in the Glass. [Whisper.]

Theo. It seems he loved to drink with a Toast —

Strik. Pish! that's nothing. I assure you, a Person of Quality, that treated me, would not drink a Drop of Wine, 'till I had wash'd my Hands in the Glass, now she talks of that, ha.

Theo. What ridiculous vain Wonches are these?

Frisko. Pish! mind her not, Madam; but I vow, now she puts me in Mind on't, a Gentleman t'other Day play'd the Wag with me, and would needs pull my Shoe off my

my Foot, and drink it full of Wine; upon my Word, he did now.

Craz. to *Bridg.*] Faith, as thou say'st, I believe she loves me; but why would she not tell me this her self?

Bridg. She had no Opportunity; but she charg'd me to desire you to come in at her Window this Night, as I tell you.

Craz. And upon my Honour I'll do't, were't as high as *Paul's*. Ladie, my Occasions invite me hence, and I shall be glad to wait on you.

Strik. Madam, I humbly covet the Honour of your further Acquaintance,

Friske. I hope your Ladyship will not deny me that Honour.

Friske. and *Strik.* Your humble Servant, Madam.

Theo. Your humble Servant, Ladies.

Craz. Madam, I'll not fail you, upon my Honour —

[*Ex.*

Theo. What means this Fellow, *Bridget*? What Trick have you put upon these two Coxcombs, that they both tell me they will not fail me?

Bridg. Madam, Mr. *Raymond* designs this Night privately to wait on you; and, that he may not be interrupted, has appointed my Lady to wait for him in the Garden; and I, to get rid of this Brace of Widgeons, have appointed each of 'em to get in at your Window by Ladders privately this Night.

Theo. How then shall I see *Raymond* in my Chamber, without Discovery?

Bridg. Madam, I have appointed them to come to a wrong Window; but were it the right Window, they, being to come both at one Time, would disappoint one another.

Theo. That's not unpleasant; we may have good Sport. 'Tis possible they may be taken by the Watch, and apprehended for House-Breakers; but come along with me —

[*Ex. Ambo.*

ACT

THE HUMOURISTS

ACT IV.

Enter Raymund and Briske in a Tavern.

Raym. Come out, Sir, and fight, if you have a Maw to't: I am ready. I thought you would have brought me into the Field; and you bring me into a Tavern.

Briske. Nay, prytlice, dear Rogue, let's stay a little, and debate the Business over a Bottle of Wine first: Look you, here's to you.

Raym. Must I stay, till by the Strength of Tense Claret you have wew your self into Courage?

Briske. But look you, dear *Raymund*, the Case is this—

Raym. No more Words, I am ready.

Briske. Now I think on't better, we must adjourn the Combat, for tis grown dark, and we cannot see to kill one another.

Raym. Come, I warrant you we can see one another's Bodies, and that's enough.

Briske. Ay, but I have sworn never to fight, but when I can see to parrie.

Raym. I'll take away that Objection; here are Candles in the Room; and I'll bolt the Door; that no Drawer shall come to part us.

Briske. Fie, *Raymund*, is that like Men of Honour? Fight in a Tavern! Why, tis like the Bullies, Man.

Raym. None of your foolish Puritan's here, draw.

Briske. Well, ha, ha, ha, I have consider'd on't, and Gad thou art a very honest Fellow; I have that Affection for thee, that the Devil take me if I fight with thee.

Raym. Why did you call me out then?

Briske. Come, Box on't, put up; I must confess I have rashly embark'd my self in a most prejudicial Assumption.

thou art a Man of Honour, and I will not fight with thee.

Raym. Are you not a Coward?

Briske. Ha, ha, honest *Raymund*, thou art a very merry Fellow; I'll give thee Leave to say what thou wilt.

Raym. I need not ask the Question.

Briske. Well, 'Faith, I will not fight with thee, say what thou wilt; but upon my Honour I'll give thee this Diamond-Ring and my Roan Nag, if thou'lt oblige me in one Thing.

Raym. In what can that be?

Briske. You know, my Mistress will think I ought in Honour to fight; and if you will do me the Favour, to make her believe you fought with me, I'll tell her you disarm'd me; and by this Means I shall save Honour, and you will get it; and for ever oblige—

Raym. 'Faith, I had best take 'em for Sport's sake, though I return 'em again. [Aside.

Briske. Pr'ythee, dear *Raymund*, do; I'll do as much for thee, upon my Honour.

Raym. Would you have a Gentleman lie for you?

Briske. Why, I'll lie for you again, Man, when you will; what do you talk of that?

Raym. Not I, Sir.

Briske. Let me see, I have thought upon a Way to save that: Look you, we'll fight a little in jest; and I'll let you disarm me. Here, pr'ythee take the Ring, and do't; and I'll send for my Roan Nag immediately.

Raym. Come, Sir, to oblige you, I will. Draw then.

Briske. Honest *Raymund*, I am thy dear Servant.

Raym. Come on, come, have at you—

Briske. Hold, hold, Man—hold—

Raym. What's the Matter?

Briske. How shall I be sure you won't fight in earnest?

Raym. I give my Word for't.

Briske. But Gad; now I think on't, I won't trust you: Besides, who knows but your Foot may slip, and you may run me through the Body—

Raym. What an immoderate Coward is this!

Briske.

Briske. Faith, thou had'st as good tell her so, without this Experiment.

Raym. But there must appear some Signs of fighting, or she'll not believe it.

Briske. Why, I'll tear my Band and my Shirt, and run my self through the Coat.

Raym. But there must be some Sign of Blood.

Briske. Pox on't, how shall we contrive that?

Raym. Why take your Sword, and run your self through the Arm.

Briske. Thank you for that, I faith; I have known Men have dy'd of that.

Raym. Fie, fie! 'tis nothing; I'll do't it my self then.

Briske. Hold, hold! 'Slife, you may prick an Artery, and bleed to Death, and then I shall be hang'd for that.

Raym. That's well thought on! O incomparable Coward!

Briske. 'Twill do as well, if my Shirt be bloody at the Hand, and I'll venture to prick my Finger for that; and to run my self through my Coat.

Raym. Well, as you will; but do't, as you go along.

Briske. Dear *Raymond*, kiss me; you have oblig'd me so, that I am a Son of a Scavenger, if I die without Issue, I'll make you my Heir: But if you love me, not a Word of all this.

Raym. I warrant you — Drawer, to pay.

Briske. Prythee, by no Means. Gad I'll treat thee, dear Rogue; 'tis all mine. Come on, dear *Raymond*, let's go —

[Exit.]

Enter Crazy with a Ladder.

Craz. This is the Window Mrs. *Bridget* appointed to get in at; so, now for my climbing — [Sets down the Ladder.] How I shall laugh at my two foolish Rivals, *Briske* and *Drybob*; poor Puppies, that they could not find all this while, how *Theodosia* abuses them!

Enter Drybob with a Ladder.

Dryb. This is the Window; my Expectation is on Tiptoes, as I may so say: But let me fix my portable Pair of Stairs. [Sets it upon Crazy.]

Craz.

Craz. Heav'n! What will become of me? This is some Villain coming to commit Burglary.

Dryb. Pox take me, if I know what is the Matter; it cannot be the Wall that yields thus.

Craz. 'Slife, if it should be a Thief, he'll cut my Throat; least I should discover him; what shall I do?

Dryb. Well, let what will come on't, though I precipitate my Fate, I will storm this enchanted Castle.

Craz. Who e'er he be, I am sure I'll not suffer him to come up; if he be a mortal Man, I'll try if he has a Neck to spare, for I am resolv'd to break one for him —

[Turns the Ladder.

Dryb. 'Slife! What's this! am I to be turn'd off, and executed for Love-Felony, before my time? What can th's mean? I have got no Hurt yet: It may be 'twas the Corner of the Balcony I set my Ladder against; I'll make one Experiment more. So, now 'tis fast. [Goes up a little.

Craz. *Theodosia, Theodosia*, open your Window.

Dryb. The Ladder stands very fast now. I will once more enterprize this Honourable Action, though *Belze-bub* himself stood in my Way — *Theodosia*, open your Window; 'tis I, my Dear.

Craz. Death, what will become of me? This must be the Devil; a Man would have broke his Neck — O Heav'n! yonder is a Light coming towards us. I shall be ruin'd, if I don't shift for my self.

Dryb. If I be discover'd by yon *Ignis fatuus*, or Lanthorn, I shall be undone for ever; I must try to make an Escape.

Enter Raymund and Briske, Boy with a Light, and Fiddler; and beat them, as they come down the Ladder.

Briske. Come on, my dear Friend; strike up, my Men of Noise. How now? What's here? Thieves with Ladders at my Mistress's Window? I'll maul 'em.

Raym. How now, Villains — *Bridget* has done this admirably. [They beat them off.

Briske. 'Slife, *Raymund*, if I had not come, I might have lost my Mistress out of this Window; for, on my Conscience, these Rogues came with a Felonious Intention.

on.

on. But come, let's in, and give 'em an Account of it:
And, Fiddles, make way for us.

Raym. Come on: But how shall I get rid of this Fool?
I must think of some Way.

Enter Bridget with a Candle.

Bridg. O Gentlemen! what's the Cause of this uproar?

Brisk. Oh, Mrs. Bridget, I have made bold to beat a couple of Rascals, that were going to commit Felony without the Benefit of the Clergy; but I'll go and wait upon my Mistress.

Raym. Oh, Mrs. Bridget, 'twas *Crazy* and *Dryob:* Our Plot is spoil'd; I shall be diverted by them from seeing my Mistress. [Exit.]

Bridg. No, no, let me alone; I'll dispose of 'em another Way.

Raym. Adieu.

[Ex. Raym.]

Enter Crazy from behind the Door.

Craz. Oh I am beaten, bruise'd, and lam'd so, that I had rather have been twice flux'd than have endur'd it; my Bones are as loose as the Skeleton's in the Physick-School. Oh my Head and Shoulders! Mrs. Bridget, I kiss your Hands, and rest your humble Servant *Crazy*.

Bridg. Sir, I find you are defeated by some ill Accident or other; but I'll put you in another way to be secure. The Lady *Theodosia* is in that Passion for you, that I fear she will discover her self.

Craz. Poor Heart! I know she loves me; but I hope she will be so discreet as to conceal her Passion; but here was another with a Ladder climbing up to the Window, or I had got in.

Bridg. Another! that's impossible: but lest you should be suspected, take away your Ladder, and set it against the Garden Wall, and I will appoint your Mistress to receive you there; if you will venture to come over to her, and there shall be a Parson ready to join you in the Banqueting-house: make haste, lest you be surpris'd; and come to us instantly.

Craz. Dear Mrs. Bridget, take this;—I die, I die.

[Ex. with a Ladder.]

Enter Drybob.

Dryb. O. Mrs. Bridget! Are you there? I have been beaten more severely, than ever *Turk* was by *Tamerlain*; which, by the way, is no ill Comparison: hah?

Bridg. I have heard so; but take up your Ladder, and be gone, and lay it down on the Back-side of the House, and come to us presently, and I will design an easier Affliction for you; haste, lest you be discover'd.

Dryb. Dear Mrs. Bridget, take this Ring; I'll be with you instantly. [*Ex. with a Ladder.*]

Bridg. Go your ways, you brace of Babboons, and be still the subject of all Farces—— [*Ex. Bridget.*]

Enter Raymond, Briske, L. Loveyouth, Theodora, and Bridget.

L. Lovey. Is it possible! Thieves coming in at my Window! Heaven! how I tremble!

Bridg. Truly, Madam, they were as sufficiently beaten, as your Ladyship can wish.

Thea. That's some Revenge for the trouble their Impertinence has given me; but I am afraid these Coxcombs will hinder Mr. Raymond's Visit.

Bridg. Fear not that, Madam.

Raym. Be not apprehensive, Madam; for the Rascals are too well spited for their Pains, to attempt any more.

Enter Crazy, and after Drybob.

Craz. Ladies and Gentlemen, your humble Servant.

Dryb. Dear Friends, your Slave; I am in one Word the Enemy to all your Foes.

Briske. Oh, are you here! I'll tell you, as I was coming in to give my Mistress a Serenade, a couple of Relentless Rascals were with two Ladders climbing in at a Window of the House, but I think I have so bruised the Dogs, they'll scarce be fit for climbing this Week again.

Craz. A plague on't, I feel it in my Bones, but I must dissemble it.

Dryb. Pox on them, the Rogues laid on as if they had, been threshing for Twelve Pence a Day.

Craz.

Craz. But is it possible?

Brisk. Yes, I assure you; as this Blade doth testify.

Dryb. Why, what impudent Rogues were these, *Craz*?

Craz. Death! that I must be forced to call my self so. [*Aside.*] — If I had been there, I would have maule the Villains.

Dryb. For my part, I don't wish I had been there; for my extraordinary Passion would have made me had the Blood of the Rogues; that's certain. — O Pox of their heavy Hands!

Raym. He has been fighting, Madam, that's the truth on't; pray take notice on't.

Brisk. I wonder, *Raymund*, no Body takes notice of my torn Band, my bloody Sleeve, and my Coat being run thorough; I think they are all blind.

L. Levy. Good luck! Mr. *Brisk*, you're bloody, and your Band's torn.

Brisk. Ha! Bloody, say you?

Raym. Pray hold up the Humour, Madam.

Theo. I protest, Sir, you fright me. What Dangers have you run your self into?

Brisk. Alas, Madam, this is nothing, a Trifle, a Trifle.

Brig. Your Coat's run thorough, you have been fighting.

Brisk. My Coat run thorough! Where, Where? ha, ha, tis so.

Dryb. A Pox on him; this damn'd Bully *Hildbrand* was fustid, and would needs shew his Valour upon my Shoulders.

L. Levy. Are you wounded, Sir?

Brisk. 'Pshaw, Madam, this? Alas, alas, I beseech you take no Notice of this; 'Pshaw, a Right Thing, a Toy, fa, la, la, la.

Brig. Shall I go for a Surgeon?

Brisk. No, I thank you, he'd discover the Trick on't; [*Aside.*] — No, no, by no means; alas, you make so much on't. I am us'd to these things; 'psaw, this is nothing: Pray call in the Fiddles; come, come, let us be very merry: fa, la, la, la.

Theo.

Theo. Sweet Mr. *Briske*, do me the Favour to tell me the Occasion of this.

Briske. Nothing, nothing; alas, alas.—

L. Lovey. Assure your self, I'll not fail to wait for you in the Garden. [To *Raym.*

Raym. I hope your Ladyship doubts not me.

Briske. Faith, Madam, if you will needs have it, I made bold to call Mr. *Raymond* to an Account for some Words that pass'd before you; and, upon my Honour, Madam, he's a very gallant Fellow.

Raym. Nay, I beseech you, Mr. *Briske*.

Briske. Nay, Gad it shall all out; he fought like Thunder and Lightning; and I must confess it was my Fortune to be disarm'd. Madam, but I hope I lost no Honour, since 'twas by so brave a Fellow, whom for his Generosity I embrace. Dear Friend, you have oblig'd me for ever. Come, Fiddles, strike up; I have provided a very honest Fellow to dance. [A Fig is danc'd.

Raym. Madam, I'll not fail to wait on you; your humble Servant. [Ex.

Dryb. Madam, I hope you will be punctual.

Theo. Trust me, Sir. [Ex.

Dryb. Adieu to all.

Craz. Madam, I'll instantly go and prepare to wait on you; you'll fail not?

Theo. I shall not be so injurious to my self.

Craz. I humbly kiss your Hands. Madam, your Ladyship's most humble Servant. [Ex.

L. Lovey. Good Night, sweet Mr. *Crazy*; Mr. *Briske*, I pray be pleas'd to favour me with your Absence.

Theo. Pray do, and get a Surgeon to dress you; and to-morrow I shall be ready to receive a Visit.

Briske. Ladies, your Servant; Servant, Ladies; fa, la, la, la.— [Ex. *Briske*.

L. Lovey. Pray, Gentlewoman, go up into your Chamber.

Theo. Madam, I'll obey.—

L. Lovey. Be sure you do.— [Ex. *L. Lovey.* and *Bridg.*

Theo. Go thy ways, my dear Aunt, and meditate on what thou'lt ne'er enjoy.—If my Uncle, after all this Report

Report of his being kill'd, should appear again, when she has, as she thinks, made sure of another Husband, it would be no ill Farce.

Enter Raymund.

Raym. Now, now, my Incomparable *Theodora*, I am blest with the Opportunity I have so long sought for, to cast my self at your Feet, and to tell you, that it belongs to you to make my Life for ever happy or miserable.

Theo. You may with Justice enough accuse me of Levity, in so suddenly granting it; but I hope you have so much Honour, to impute my Rashness somewhat to the Slavery I suffer, though I have no Disesteem of you.

Raym. Madam, It is so much to my Advantage, that I shall never enquire the Cause; only let me beg of you, since our Fortune is like to allow us so few of those Opportunities, that we may make what Use we can of this.

Theo. I have so absolute a Confidence in your Honour, that I yield to your Conduct in this Affair, and desire nothing more than to be redeem'd from the foolish Tyranny of my Aunt.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. I have left my Lady in the Garden, most impatiently expecting you, Mr. *Raymund*. But pray, Madam, if you love me, retire into your Chamber, lest any of the Servants should unluckily see you, and inform your Aunt.

Theo. 'Tis no ill Advice.

Raym. But how have you dispos'd of *Dryden* and *Crazy*?

Bridg. O, they are safe enough, Sir.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Lady Loveyouth in the Garden.

L. Lovey. Sure the Passion he has for me will not suffer him to stay long. The Story of Thieves at my Window has put me into such a Fright, that nothing but Love could engage me to walk here alone.

Enter Crazy, looking over the Wall.

Crazy. The Coast is clear on this Side; if my Mistress be but in the Garden, I am safe — My Dear.

L. Lovey. Here I am.

Crazy. Now I come, were't as high a *Grantham* Steeple. Death! I have broke both my Shins; I am murder'd:

Oh,

Oh, I see these Leaps are not for Men that have Flux'd thrice.

L. Lovey. How, Mr. Raymond? Have you hurt your self?

Craz. Did you expect Raymond here? I am not he.

Enter Drybob looking over the Wall.

Dryb. Now for my leap of Honour.

[Noise crying Thieves.

L. Lovey. Oh Heaven! Thieves, Thieves! Help, Help!

Craz. Death! what do I here?

Dryb. Thieves! I shall be apprehended for a House-breaker.

Craz. Where shall I hide my self? I would not be discover'd for the World.

Dryb. I am astonish'd, like the Head of a Gorgon; what shall I do to abscond a little? I shall be apprehended for a Thief else.

Craz. 'Tis very dark, where shall I hide my self?

Dryb. What Devilish Mistake is this? Pox o' this damn'd Post, I am sure I had like to have got a most Diabolical Fall with running against it.

[They run against one another.

Craz. Death! what was that I run against? what an unfortunate Fellow am I, to be thus disappointed, just as I thought to have been sure of my Mistress! but my Comfort is, I know she loves me.

Dryb. What a Devilish Catastrophe is this?—

[Groping, lights upon his Hands.

Craz. O horrid! Sure this House is haunted; which way can I 'scape?

Dryb. If this be the Devil that touch'd me, I don't like his lly Tricks, to fright a Man thus; would he would be as civil as the *Wiltshire* Devil was; and beat a Drum, to give a Man notice where he is, that I might avoid him, unless he were better Company.

Craz. What's here? Her Amazement hath made her leave open the Door of the House. I'll in there. *[Goes in]* there's more safety yet, than here—

Dryb. Ha, I saw one enter at that Door; I'll follow

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low and apprehend him; and his Attachment will secure
me. —————

Enter Crazy.

Craz. What Door is this? I'll e'en hide my self here,
till this bustle be over.

Enter Drybob.

Noise within. Lights here, follow, follow!

Dryb. If I could but conceal my self, till they are past,
I might easily insinuate my self into *Theodora's* Chamber.
What's here? This, I believe, leads into the Cellar; I will
descend; and lye in Ambush there.

[Ex.]
Enter Servants with Torches, Spits, and Fireforks, Mr. Sneak,
and Sir Richard Loveyouth.

1 Serv. Come, now we have muster'd up our Forces;
let's into the Garden.

Sir Rich. Ay, come, let's see who this Devil is, my *Lady*
speaks of; we shall find more than one, I believe.

2 Serv. I believe we shall find them to be Thieves.

1 Serv. If it be the Devil, Mr. Parson, we'll turn you
loose to him; you take Pay to fight against him, we are
but Volunteers.

Sneak. If he dares approach, I will conquer him Syl-
logistically in Mood and Figure, and Conjure him down
with

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferioque, Darapti,
Cesare, Camestres, &c.

2 Serv. Hold, hold; 'elife! this is the way to raise him.

1 Serv. I think, your best way is to take the great Bible
in the Hall, and sling at his Head: That will knock him
down, certainly.

Sir Rich. Come, let's in quickly; if they be Thieves,
they'll escape else. —————

1 Serv. The Cellar Door is open; if there be any body
there, we'll lock it, and secure 'em. —————

Enter Bridget with a Candle.

Bridg. How unlucky is this! this has marr'd all our
Design; my *Lady* has found Mr. *Raymond*, and her
Niece; we are undone beyond Redemption.

Enter

Enter Lady Loveyouth, Raymund and Theodossia.

L. Lovey. False and ungrateful Man! did I, for this, so soon bestow upon you my too credulous Heart, so early to betray me? O unheard-of Villany!

Raym. Madam, pray hear me.

L. Lovey. No, thou vile treacherous Man, I will hear no more. Hast thou the Impudence to excuse it! O Heaven! I am lost for ever. But for you, you most abominable Creature, to undermine me thus! Take leave of Liberty; hence-forwards your Chamber shall be your Prison, till I have dispos'd of you to another Person, I assure you.

Theo. Then, Madam, you force me to declare my self sooner, than my Modesty would give me leave; this Gentleman is mine, while I have breath: nothing but Death shall part us.

Raym. And, Madam, that Minute that I am false to you, may all the Plagues that e'er yet afflicted Mankind fall on me.

L. Lovey. In what a miserable Condition am I! But, Mr. Raymund, I cannot believe this; sure this is some Interlude.

Raym. Madam, it is a Truth I'll die for; though, Madam, I am oblig'd to beg your Ladyship's Pardon, for making you a Property.

L. Lovey. O Impudence! Come, Mistress, into your Chamber quickly; I'll be your Keeper.

Raym. Madam, we will be Prisoners together.

L. Lovey. Out of my Doors, you Villain; or I will have those that shall chastise your Insolence with Death.

Raym. Madam, I have not so mean a Soul, to be frighted from protecting my Mistress.

Theo. Sir, let me entreat you to leave me; and assure your self we will not long be separated.

Raym. But, Madam, 'twill be dangerous to leave you to her Fury.

Theo. Sir, let me beg you will not dispute it further, but be gone; if you should make more noise in this Business, it might call my Honour in Question.

Raym.

Raym. Madam, I must obey; and I have a way to free you instantly; 'tis this——

L. Lovey. Away: no more Discourses——

[*Ex L. Lovey, and Ther.*]

Raym. Well, a desperate Disease must have a desperate Cure. *Mrs. Bridget,* I have a way this Moment to secure my Mistress.

Bridg. O Sir, I am in that fright for you——

L. Lovey, within. *Bridget,* come up quickly.

Bridg. O Sir, I am call'd, I must away.

Raym. I have not time to tell you; but desire *Theridius*, what ever happens, not to be frighted; I'll about it instantly.

Enter Servants. *Sir Richard Loveyouth and Sneak.*

1 Serv. My Lady was frighted with nothing.

2 Serv. If any body had been there, the Walls are so high on the Inside, they could not have 'scap'd.

1 Serv. Ha, here's one; seize him.

Raym. Seize me, you Rascals! have at you.

[*They fight, and Raym. beats them off.*]

Sneak. Nay, now you are in Combat, I'll leave you——

[*Exit.*]

2 Serv. This a Thief! I am sure he fights like a Devil.

Sir Rich. 'Tis Mr. *Raymund*; did not you know him?

1 Serv. A pox on him, was't he? but let's to my Lady, and give her an Account.——

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Crazy and Drybob in the Cellar.

Craz. I hear a bustling here about the Cellar, that frights me horribly. This is a most unfortunate Night.

Dryb. O that I were out of this hellish Place! if ever I had to do with Love and Honour more, 'would I were an Eunuch in the *Turk's Seraglio*. — Oh Heaven! who's that there?

Craz. 'Tis a Man, by his asking that Question, and may be one of the House.

Dryb. Who are you, in the Name of Wonder? O how I dissolve!

Craz. I am the Devil.

Dryb.

Dryb. The Devil! oh he's come to fetch me away, for my Whoring, and my Drinking!

Craz. Mortal, thou art my Due.

Dryb. That may be, but he's a damn'd impatient Devil, to dun before his Day.

Craz. Come into my Arms.

Within. Fire, fire, fire!

Craz. O Heaven, what shall we do?

Dryb. 'Slife, fire! Oh Heaven! how shall we get out?

Craz. groping. Which is the way out? The Dog's lock'd; what shall I do? They'll not mind us, if we call, we shall be burnt.

Dryb. What, are you a Devil, and afraid of your own Element? Methinks a Devil out of the Fire should be like a Fish out of the Water.

Within. Fire, fire, fire!

Both. Help, help, here! fire! murder! help!

Enter Servants above.

1 Serv. What Noise was that below?

Both. Help, help!

2 Serv. Oh, oh, have we caught you? They are the Thieves.

1 Serv. That's well, lay there; you Dogs, if the House be burnt, I'll assure you, you shall be burnt with it.

Craz. O help, help! 'tis Crazy.

Dryb. Crazy! a Curse on you for frightening me; help, 'tis I; *Drybob.*

Craz. We'll see if we can get out at the Window. Well, this is a Judgment upon me for acting the Devil. —

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Servants running up and down.

1 Serv. More Hands! Water quickly! and we shall quench it instantly.

2 Serv. 'Tis strange how the Coach-House should be fir'd —

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Raymond and Theodora.

Theo. This was an excellent Stratagem, Sir, and with little or no Danger.

Raym.

Raym. Come, Madam; while your Aunt is seeing the Fire quench'd on the Back-side, let us escape at the Fore-door.

Enter Lady Loveyouth, Bridget, Sir Richard Loveyouth, Sneak, and Servants.

L. Lovey. So, Heaven be thanked, all danger's past; how could this fire happen? This has been a Night of wonder.

Sneak. I will dilucidate it to you; you saw a Spirit in the Garden, Madam.

L. Lovey. I did, I think, to my great Astonishment; I have not yet recover'd the Fright.

Sneak. Look you, Madam, these Philosophers averr that all Spirits are transported through the Air in their several and respective Vehicles; now this was infernal, and had a Bituminous Vehicle, which by a violent Motion against the Coach-House, as it were by Collision, did generate this Flame, which had like to have caus'd this Conflagration.

Sir Rich. A pox o'this Fustian Rascal.

Bridg. Come, Madam, it must be some Thieve's design to rife your House.

1 Serv. We have some of the Thieves safe in the Cellar, they shall suffer for it.

L. Lovey. In the Cellar! fetch 'em up quicklys by them, we may discover something. Go see where my Niece is, *Bridget.*

2 Serv. Come along, you Rascals.

[Ex. Bridg.]

Enter Servants haling Crazy and Drybob.

1 Serv. Come out, you Sons of Bitches.

L. Lovey. Who are these? Mr. Crazy and Mr. Drybob? this is as strange as all the rest.

Craz. Madam, I kiss your fair Hands.

Dryb. Pish, that's a vile old Phrase.—I am an humble Servant of your Footman's.

L. Lovey. Sure this is Enchantment! How came you two in the Cellar?

Enter Bridget.

Dryb. Madam, I will most expeditiously inform you.

L. Lovey. How now! where's my Niece?

Bridg. Madam, she's gone! fled away! I have been in every Room of the House, and cannot find her.

Sir Rich. Gone! What can this mean?

L. Lovey. Gone! I am undone! ruin'd for ever! what shall I do?

Sir Rich. She undone! Oh invincible Impudence!

Dryb. What imports this Transport of yours, Madam?

L. Lovey. You and I, and all of us are abus'd! betray'd! this false Wretch, this base Villain *Raymund*, has stol'n away my Niece.

Sir Rich. I see *Raymund* is a Man of Honour. This pleases me.

Craz. Madam, do not fear that; to my Knowledge, there is a Person in the World she is more than half engag'd to. No, no, she cares not for *Raymund*; take that from me.

L. Lovey. Flatter not your self; 'tis true, 'tis true.

Dryb. Raymund! I'll assure you, Madam, she us'd to simper more favourably upon me than upon any Man; and 'gad, if the Truth were known, she thinks me all the Nine Worthies, compar'd to him.

L. Lovey. Come, Gentlemen, let's in and hear the Story, while I send for a Warrant to search for my Niece; I'll have her, dead or alive. ————— [Exeunt omnes.]



ACT V.

Enter Lady Loveyouth, Bridget, and Sir Richard Loveyouth.

L. Lovey. NO News of either *Raymund* or *Theodosia*?

Sir Rich. All possible Search has been made after 'em, both last Night and this Morning; and they are neither to be found.

L. Lovey.

L. Lovey. How am I confounded with this Disaster! yet I have it in my Head to be reveng'd on 'em both.

Sir Rich. Your Ladyship was too credulous, to trust him so soon.

L. Lovey. And, *Robin*, he's a dirty Person, thus to desert me; but I'll be quit with him, and that Jig-em-bob my Niece.

Bridg. How, Madam?

L. Lovey. Why, I will immediately settle my Estate, to which she is Heir, for want of lawful Issue of my Body, on my Cousin *Richard*; and to plague *Raymond*, I will marry another; for I am resolved to play at a small Game, rather than stand out.

Sir Rich. Oh unparallel'd Impudence! I'll try her farther. [*Aside*]—Madam, what think you of Mr. *Crazy*? he is no unfit Man for a Husband.

L. Lovey. Why really, I believe he is a good-natur'd Person, and a Child of Honour; the softness and gentleness of his amorous Nature is admirable; but do you think he will have any sprinklings of Affection for me?

Sir Rich. 'Sdeath! what do I hear?

Bridg. Sprinklings, Madam? he will have a whole Flood of Love for you.

L. Lovey. Why truly, he is a pretty hopeful Man, and I have no aversion to, but rather a concern for him. You shall see, *Bridget*, I am a Woman easie to command my Passions; but in the mean time send for a Scrivener, and bid him bring a blank Conveyance with him: For though I do resolve to make Mr. *Crazy* my Husband, yet I will dispose of my Estate, as prudent Widows are wont to do.

Sir Rich. 'Slife! Now 'tis time to appear! I shall be finely us'd else by this villanous Woman. I'll into the Town, and prepare for't.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. *Crazy* is coming to wait on you.

L. Lovey. Tell him I am retir'd. *Bridget*, I'll leave thee to found him, as to a Point of this Concern— [Ex.

Bridg. This is pleasant; I'll observe him.

Enter Crazy, stumbles and falls.

Craz. Murder, Murder! O Heaven! What shall I do? I have hurt my self just upon the Shin-bone, that was exfoliated: I have spoil'd my Arm: I fell just upon that part of my Arm, where is a Callous Node upon the *Periostium*.

Bridg. What's the Matter, Sir?

Craz. I have hurt my self a little with the Fall; besides, I am in a little disorder for the Loss of *Theodosia*: sure some base Fellow has forc'd her hence; for I am sure she lov'd me most extremely.—'Sdeath, I have spilt my Bottle of Diet-drink in my Pocket, and spoil'd all my Almonds and Raisins.

Bridg. Flatter not your self, Mr. *Crazy*; she loves you not.

Craz. Pr'ythee do not put this upon me; ha, ha, ha! I am sure, no Man had those favourable Smiles from her, that I receiv'd.—Oh! that twinge!

Bridg. Come, the Truth is, Sir, she is fled away with Mr. *Raymond*.

Craz. Lord, Mrs. *Bridg*! all this won't do; as if I did not know when a Woman loves me?

Bridg. You may please to slight it; but, to my Knowledge, she is married to Mr. *Raymond*.

Craz. Is it true?

Bridg. Too true for you.——

Craz. I am ruin'd beyond Redemption; I am for ever disappointed both of Love and Money.

Bridg. There is another Person in the World, that's worth your Love, and has a Fortune equal to *Theodosia*.

Craz. Dear Soul, thou dost eternally oblige me! but pr'ythee who is't? Oh, oh! pr'ythee tell me.

Bridg. My Lady *Loveyouth*.

Craz. Ha, ha, ha; well, really she is a fine Person; and I am extremely deceiv'd, if she has not a violent and most predominant Passion for me.

Bridg. Sir, you are not deceiv'd.

Craz. I think not—I would forgive the Woman, that can deceive me in that Point.—But where is she?

Bridg.

Bridg. In her Chamber; where, I am sure, you would be no unwelcome Person.

Craz. This is very lucky; by this Means I shall be fully reveng'd for the most perfidious Apostacy of *Theodosia*, and with this ample Fortune patch up my own ruinous Condition.

Bridg. No more, Sir; but go to my Lady, while she is in this Humour.

Craz. I am happy beyond Expression in your Friendship: Alas, I know this poor Thing loves me dearly, and 'gad she shall be no loser by it: I will go immediately, and kiss my Lady's Hand; but, in the mean time, receive this little Piece of my Gratitude.

Bridg. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Craz. Sweet dear Rogue, I kiss thy pretty Hand.-----

[Exit.]

Enter Drybob.

Dryb. How now?

Is the Gray Lady return'd home?

Bridg. No, Sir; there's no News of her.

Dryb. I am the unlawful Off-spring of a Jugler, if ever Man of Honour encounter'd such a Crocodile; and yet let me not live, if she had not the most pretty harmonious Strain of Wit with her, that ever tempted a judicious Ear.

Bridg. But she is false-----She is false.

Dryb. Really, I begin to conjecture it; yet she has so many predominant Perfections with her, which I did adore, that I can scarce invite this into my Belief: Invite it-----'faith, that's well enough too.

Bridg. 'Tis too true.

Dryb. Well, she is gone; adieu to her: yet really she had the prettiest Figures, and the choicest Phrases in her ordinary Conferences: There are not better in *Pharamond*, or *Cleopatra*.

Bridg. I am glad to see you so indifferent.

Dryb. Not so indifferent: 'Gad I admire the Sharpness of her Ingenuity-----But I'll tell thee the Truth, I have sent my Man to a little *Rasirufian*, or *Star-gazer*, to en-

quire of my Star, how she comes thus to start from her Sphere;——that is well now, that is well.

Bridg. And when will he return?

Dryb. I expect him at every Pulse of my Watch; and, by the Way, is not that prettily said?——hum——But I hope I shall recover her; and yet, if I lose her, I am a Rat-Catcher, if I have not as many Mistresses as I can turn my self to. 'Faith, I have abundance of Ladies, that would think themselves happy to enjoy me; But I cannot be in all Places at once: Yet in good faith I wish my self an Ubiquitary for their Love, as I am an honest Man.

Within. Bridget!

Bridg. I am call'd; adieu, Sir.——[*Ex. Bridget.*

Enter Mr. Briske.

Briske. How now! What's the News? Has *Raymund* stole away *Theodosia*——Ha?

Dryb. Ay, pox on him, he, or some damn'd Robbers as bad as he; that I fear by this time have committed Burglary upon her Body.

Briske. And shall I be thus cheated of my Mistress?

Dryb. Your Mistress!——ha, ha, ha; you speak as freely of her, as if you were acquainted ever since the Deluge with her.

Briske. Why, had you any Pretence to her?

Dryb. Yes, Sir, that I had; and perhaps no Man received larger Testimonies of her innate Affection.

Briske. Oh Impudence! Why sure you don't pretend to be a Man fit for Ladies Conversation! What Charms have you to attract 'em? Ha, ha, ha; you!——

Dryb. What Charms, quoth he? Is any Man in *Europe* more notorious among Ladies, or valu'd for his pregnant Parts, than *Drybob*? My manner of speaking, if it were nothing else, is enough to intoxicate Ladies Affections. No Orator in Christendom adorns his Language with those Flowers that I do, or is enrich'd with more plentiful Discourse.

Briske. *Ad autre, Monsieur, ad autre.*

Dryb. Ne'er tell me, Sir. The Ladies of the Town are
so

so exorbitantly pleas'd with my Manner of speaking, that I have been often set upon a Table to speak *ex tempore* to a whole Room full, and have ravish'd 'em all for half an Hour together; and this I have got by University-Learning and travelling.

Briske. Fiddle, fiddle on your travelling and University.

Dryb. Ha, ha, ha, I protest, you make me smile.

Briske. You talk of Ladies! I am a Man, that still flourish in the Spring of all the Fashions; and in such Variety, that upon my Honour 'tis not a Fortnight since the publishing my last new Suit.

Dryb. Publishing! Fox w'this Rogue! How came he to light upon that pretty Expression!——— [*Aside.*]

Briske. You visit Ladies! 'Gad I spend more Money in a Year to keep my self sweet, than thy Revenue comes to.

Dryb. I am the Son of a *Lancashire* Witch, if thou art not an arrant stinking Fellow then; but what do such People signifie, but to maintain Fools, Whores, Mercers, Barbers and Fiddlers?

Briske. Look you, Sir, I care not a Farthing for your Frumps; What can you do? I can sing, or walk a *Co-rant* with any Man in *Europe*; fa, la, la, la.

Dryb. As I hope ever to live to eat Woodcocks, this is a most stupendious Baboon. Pshaw, what d'ye talk of this? Can you break a Jest, or make a Repartee, to render your self acceptable to Persons? That ought to be the Business of all Gentlemen, to take all Opportunities of shewing their Parts, and complying with Company.

Briske. Break Jest! 'Pshaw, no Man in *Europe* better; but I have other Ways to catch Ladies. Look you, no Man appears better upon a Bench in the Play-House; when I stand up to expose my Person between the Acts, I take out my Comb, and with a *bonne mine* comb my Perriwig to the Tune the Fiddles Play: Thus, look you; fa, la, la, la.

Dryb. 'Pshaw, I bear my self at another rate; I sit in Judgment upon Plays, with my Hat thus; with a Brow wrinkled like a wither'd Pearmain—which, 'Gad, is a ve-

ry pretty Thought, take Notice of that—But by this Posture am I become more dreadful to the Poets and Players, than,———What? Let me see! Pox on't, hum.—This is the first time, that ever I wanted a Simile in my Life.

Enter Lady Loveyouth and Crazy.

Craz. Madam, I am transported with your Favours.

L. Lovey. Why, in earnest, Sir, I take you for a Person of Generosity, and I cannot but comply with your Honourable Affections.

Craz. Madam, I humbly kiss your Foot: I will immediately go and prepare for the Perfection of my Happiness.

L. Lovey. Why truly, Sir, it is something too suddain and temerarious; but you have so absolute an Ascendant over me, that I cannot signifie any Thing as to Point of Repulse.

Craz. I make bold to take my Leave for some few Moments.

Enter Raymund in Disguise, and Bridget.

L. Lovey. Have you brought a Deed with you?

Raym. Yes, Madam, such a one, as will fit you to a Hair.

L. Lovey. Let us in, and read it. [*Ex. L. Lovey, and Raym.*]

Briske. Pox on't, *Mrs. Bridget*, thou know'st well enough what's become of *Theodosia*; pr'ythee tell me.

Bridg. Well, to you I must confess I do, since she gave me Commission to do it; and, Sir, the Report of Mr. *Raymund's* stealing her is false. She still preserves her Love to you; you are the Man she resolves to live and die with.

Briske. Dear Rogue, bring me to her. 'Faith, I was amaz'd to think she would leave me, and betray her self to *Raymund*, a Fellow, that never wore a noble and polite Garniture, or a white Perriwig; one, that has not a Bit of Interest at *Chatolin's*, or ever eat a good Fricacy, Sup, or Ragoust in his Life; but pr'ythee bring me to her.

Bridg. Go immediately to your Lodging; you shall hear from me.

Briske.

Briske. Adieu, Servant, *Dryb.*

Dryb. Pray will you oblige my Understanding, to reveal to it this Mystery?

Bridg. 'Tis all for you; in short, *Theodosia* has employ'd me to tell you, that, to avoid the Importunity of *Crazy* and *Briske*, she fled away; but for you she has still the same Honour and Esteem, which you deserve.

Dryb. In good faith, this Thought was no Stranger to my Imagination.

Bridg. I have sent him away, that he might not pry into our Actions. Hark, my Lady is coming; go instantly and walk in the *Piazza*, I will send to you suddenly.

Dryb. I will, I will——

[*Ex. Dryb.*]

Bridg. I have a Plot in this mischievous Head of mine, if it takes, shall prove no ill Farce.

Enter Lady Loveyouth and Raymund.

L. Lovey. What, are the Gentlemen gone? Pray call a Servant or two, to be Witnesses to this Deed of Gift of all my Estate to my Cousin *Richard*, after my Decease.

Bridg. Yes, Madam!——

[*Ex.*]

Raym. Remember, Mrs. *Bridget*.

L. Lovey. Now I shall fit *Theodosia* for a Punishment for all her Villany, by this Deed; shall I not?

Raym. Yes, Madam,—— better than you imagine.

Enter Servant and Bridget.

L. Lovey. Oh, are you come? Come, are you ready?

Raym. I will put on the Wax, Madam.—— Here's a Deed will match it, and ready fill'd up to my Purpose; I have chang'd it without Discovery.—— Come, Madam.

[*She sets her Hand to it.*]

L. Lovey. I declare this as my Act and Deed. Come, witness it.

So,—— here *Bridget*, take my Key and lock it up.

Bridg. Yes, it shall be kept safe.—— From you, I assure you.——

L. Lovey. There's for your Pains; does that content you? [Aside.]

Raym. Yes, Madam, I am contented. —

[*Ex. L. Lovey.*]

Or all the World can never make me so. To have obtain'd my *Theodosia* is a Happiness so great, that I could think of nothing beyond that; nor should I have done this, had it not been for her: for in her I have all I e'er would aim at.

Bridget returns.

Bridg. There, Sir, there's the Deed.

Raym. Dear Mrs. *Bridget*, you have oblig'd me beyond a Recompence.

Bridg. Now you are marry'd to her, and have the Writing, pray let the Lady *Theodosia* come hither instantly; I have more Irons in the Fire, and need her Assistance.

Raym. 'Tis well, I'll not fail to tell her. [*Ex. Raym.*]

Enter Sneak.

Sneak. Now, Dear Madam *Bridget*, let our Flames incorporate, and by the Mysterious Union of a Conjugal Knot, beyond the *Gordian*, too strong for the *Macedonian* Steel to rescind.

Bridg. Shall I never learn to understand you? pray help me to a *Clavis*.

Sneak. The meaning of it is, I would make you my Spouse.

Bridg. What! would you lose your Fellowship?

Sneak. I would to that, as they say — *Nuncium remittere*; for I am presented to a Benefice worth six en't.

Bridg. You have Reason. I shall deny you nothing, that's reasonable, upon Condition you will do one thing for me.

Sneak. 'Tis very well; I shall not deny it.

Post varios Casus, post tot discrimina rerum,

Tendimus in Latium —

Bridg. You must first marry Mr. *Briske* and Mr. *Drybob*, as I shall direct you; but the Ladies will not be known, therefore you must marry 'em in Vizor Masks.

Sneak. I will, since you command, make no Hesitation or dilatory Scruple.

Bridg.

Bridg. Pray be gone; I see one coming; I must speak with. Well, this Plot, if it takes, will produce no unpleasant Effects. [Ex. Sneak.

Enter Theodosia.

Oh Madam! I am heartily glad your Plot succeeded so well.

Theo. Dear *Bridget*, I owe a great deal of it to thee.

Bridg. I am happy, that I could serve you; but now I have a Design of my own, in which I beg your Ladyship's Assistance.

Theo. You may be assur'd of that: what is it?

Bridg. I have persuaded each of the Coxcombs, *Brisk* and *Drybob*, that you fled to reserve your self for him; and each has so good an Opinion of himself, that I found it no hard Matter.

Theo. What can this produce to your Advantage?

Bridg. Madam, I'll tell you.

Enter Striker and Friske.

Friske. Good lack, Madam *Striker*, who thought to have seen you here?

Strik. Why, Madam *Friske*, I hope I may be as welcome here as you can.

Friske. I do not know that neither.

Strik. Madam, your Ladyship's most Obedient Servant.

Theo. Madam, your Ladyship's most Affectionate Servant.

Friske. Madam, your Ladyship's most obliged Servant.

Theo. Madam, your Ladyship's most faithful and devoted Servant.

Strik. Madam, I have a weighty Occasion invites me to kiss your Ladyship's Hands this Forenoon.

Friske. And I one of no less Consequence, I assure your Ladyship.

Theo. I hope your Ladyships will do me the Honour to pronounce both your Occasions.

Strik. } Madam, mine is. —

Friske. }

Strik. I wonder you have no more Breeding than to interrupt one.

Friske.

Fiske. Marry come up, Mrs. Hubbard! Do you think my Breeding inferior to yours? I am sure I was bred at a very pretty Dancing-School hard by, an you talk of that.

Strik. Good Mistress. Gig-em-bob! your Breeding! ha, ha! I am sure, my Husband marry'd me from *Hackney-School*, where there was a number of substantial Citizen's Daughters; your Breeding!——

Fiske. Good Mrs. Gill-flirts; we live in a fine Age, if a little paltry Citizen's Wife shall compare her self with a Person of my Quality, i'faith.

Strik. Thy Quality, Mrs. Kick-up!——

Theo. Nay, Pray Ladies! Pray keep the Peace. Come, have but a little Patience, and I will give Audience to both; but no more Contention, I am in haste. Mrs. Striker.

Strik. Madam, I have done; and my Business is this: I protest, I am almost ashamed to tell you; but it must out. Mr. *Crazy* has long since engag'd his Heart to me, and I mine to him; and therefore I think, Madam, your Ladyship ought not to encourage the Falshood of any Lady's Servant, to listen to any proffers of Affection from him.

Theo. Why, you are marry'd! Your Servant.

Strik. Ay, ay, by that time your Ladyship has been marry'd a Year or two, you'll soon find the Necessity of a Gallant as well as I. Besides, my Husband's in a Consumption, Heaven be prais'd; he cannot live long.

Theo. Madam, upon my Word, I will not rob you of your Jewel; I freely resign him to you.

Fiske. What! Will you never have done? Madam, does your Ladyship know that Mr. *Briske* is my Servant?

Theo. Yes, yes, (and know what you would have) and I have found out a way to get you marry'd to this Servant too, or to another as good.

Fiske. I humbly thank your Ladyship; indeed I had rather have another; and besides Variety in the Case, I shall be then at once provided with a Husband for a Gallant.

Theo.

Theo. Pray take this Key, and go up two pair of Stairs to a Chamber on your Left Hand, and stay there till further Order. I warrant you, I'll please you; but at present you must leave me: He gone.

Strik. Madam, I humbly take my leave of your Ladyship; your Servant——

Friske. Your Servant, Madam; I am gone.——

Theo. Your Ladyship's humble Servant. [To *Theo.* I'll to my Chamber, *Bridget*, and I'll warrant thee to effect thy Design.

Strik. Why sure you han't the Confidence to take place of me; have you, Mrs. Whirligig?

Friske. Prythee Puss, be quiet; I know what I do.

Strik. Avoid, you Strumpet; I am the Mother of Children.

Friske. Then stay there, thou grave Matron—— [Ex.

Strik. She has got it: Well, I was never so affronted in my Life, I could tear her Heart out: I'll be reveng'd, if I live——

[Ex. *Striker.*

Theo. Stay here; I'll send for the brace of Oafs.

Bridg. I will, Madam.——

Enter Crazy, Parson, and Footman.

Craz. Sweet Mrs. *Bridget*, I am thy most obliged Servant; I have found out Mr. *Sneak*, and brought him here along with me, to compleat my Happiness in joyning me to your Lady; and, upon my Honour, the whole remainder of my Life and Love shall be at thy Service.

Bridg. I am glad it was in my Power to oblige my Lady in so fine a Person.

Craz. Not so neither; yet I will be bold to say, she will not be altogether unhappy in a Husband. Boy, I had forgot, go home, and bring me a Bottle of my Diet-drink; or I shall eat no Dinner to-day. Come, Sir——

[Ex. *Craz. and Sneak.*

Enter Raymund.

Raym. Where's my dear *Theodosia*?

Bridg. She'll instantly be here; now, Sir, I have time to wish you all Happiness.

Raym.

Raym. I thank you: 'tis a superfluous Wish, I have it all already; nothing is yet behind, but to make Peace with my Lady *Lovely*, whom I really have used ill, and to reward your Kindness, in earnest of which, you must receive this small Present.

Bridg. Sir, I am already too well rewarded; the Honour of serving you carries that along with it.

Raym. You are too kind; but what Possibility is there of reconciling me to your Lady?

Bridg. She is now pretty well pleas'd, and has made choice of another for a Husband.

Enter Theodosia.

Raym. Who's that? — My dearest *Theodosia*, I am so happy in thy Love, that 'tis beyond the Power of Fortune to oblige me more; I can now look down on those I once have envy'd, and scorn all Pleasures in the World but thee.

Theo. I can sooner distrust my self than your Honour, and cannot but be very easie to believe, what I like so well; though my own want of Merit would persuade me to the contrary.

Raym. I find the wisest have still less Knowledge of themselves than of others, or you would value more what all Men do: your Beauty, Wit, and Virtue are so admirable, that Nature could have added nothing to you; nor is there one Charm in all the rest of your Sex, that can one Moment divide my Thoughts from you.

Theo. I have so great a Belief in your Constancy and Truth, your Words can never confirm me more; therefore let us leave this, and think of some Atonement to my Aunt: for my part, I know none better than helping her to another for a Husband, if we can: for she longs more for one, than a Son and Heir of one and twenty does for the Death of his Father.

Bridg. Madam, She does not want that; for she and Mr. *Crazy* have resolv'd, he to be reveng'd of you, and she to be reveng'd of Mr. *Raymund*, to couple in the Bonds of Wedlock.

Theo. 'Tis pity to forbid the Banes,

Raym.

Raym. To *Crazy*! What has she a Mind to practise Physick and Surgery?

Enter Drybob and Briske.

Theo. O! yonder come *Drybob* and *Briske*. Pray, Mr. *Raymund*, avoid the Room, and enter not, 'till I give you your Cue——— [Ex. *Raymund*.]

Briske. I am come, Madam, according to Appointment; and understand your Resolutions are to live and dye with *Jack Briske*.

Theo. I will no longer conceal my Affections; I am so ill us'd by my Aunt, that, if you think fit, I will immediately consent to be your Wife: Mr. *Sneak* shall do it for us.

Briske. How am I exalted! Dear Madam, let it be instantly.

Theo. But I must hide my Face, or he'll discover me to my Aunt, and we may be prevented for this time.

Briske. 'Slife, I have thought on't; you shall put on a Vizor Mask.

Dryb. What! will you engross the Lady's Ear?

Theo. Pray go, and expect me suddenly.

Briske. Farewel, *Drybob*; ha, ha, ha! poor sneaking Fellow. [Ex.]

Theo. Mr. *Drybob*, I will not blush to own my Affection to you.

Dryb. I hope, Madam, you need not.

Enter Sir Richard.

Theo. Yonder comes one I must speak with; pray go with *Bridget*; I have entrusted her with the rest: I will be with you suddenly.

Dryb. Come, my Dear *Bridget*; I fly as quick as Thought.

[Ex. *Drybob* and *Bridget*.]

Sir Rich. Madam, I beseech you, where's my Lady?

Theo. Oh, she's marry'd to *Crazy*, since I saw you; she has made quick Dispatch, I assure you.

Sir Rich. 'Sdeath and Hell! Marry'd! Is this Truth, Madam?

Theo. Ay, Sir! but what's the Cause, that makes you so concern'd at it?

Sir

Sir Rich. Have I not Reason? Do you know this Face?

[Pulls off his Disguise.

Theo. O Heaven! my Uncle, Sir Richard Loveyouth!

Sir Rich. Cease your Wonder, Niece; you see the Story of my Death was feign'd.

Theo. My dear Uncle! I am infinitely happy to see you once more in this Place. This was a happy Change.

Sir Rich. Niece, I rejoice no less to see thee; thou art improv'd in Beauty, since I saw thee; But this abominable Woman I for ever banish from my Thoughts.

Theo. But pray, Sir, what made you keep your Disguise so long after your Return?

Sir Rich. I'll tell you, Niece.——But hold, I hear Some coming hither; I'll withdraw, and acquaint you with it.

Theo. Come, Sir, and I'll bring you to one, that will be glad to see you.—— [Exeunt.

Enter Crazy; Lady Loveyouth, and two Servants.

Craz. Now, my dear Lady, I am happy beyond my Wishes.

L. Lovey. Sir, I beseech you, be not the worse opinated of me, for your easie Conquest; for I have long had an Inclination for you.

Enter Sneak, Drybob and Friske, Briske and Bridget.

(Friske and Bridget masked.)

How now? whom have we here?

Briske. Madam! your Servant; ha, ha, ha, you little think where Theodosia is?

L. Lovey. Name her not; vile Creature, to run away with Raymund!

Dryb. No, no; she did not run away with him. With Raymund, quoth she? no, no;

Briske. What does this Fool mean? ha, ha, ha.

L. Lovey. Not marry'd to Raymund! how unlucky is this, that I should fool my self into marrying this Fellow! I might yet have captivated Mr. Raymund.

Sneak. Gentlemen, are you both satisfied with your Marriage?

Dryb. Ay, ay.

Briske.

Briske. Ay, ay. Come, my dear *Theodosia*, unmask thy self, and keep 'em no longer in suspense.

Bridg. Sir, I obey you—— [She unmasketh.]

Briske. 'Sdeath and Hell! Who's this? *Bridget*?

All. *Bridges*!——ha, ha, ha.

Sneak. O tempora! O mores! Would you serve me thus? I shall not live to endure it; I shall suddenly expire, and
Eus Savortos γὰρ μὴ δῆτα πῦρ.

Dryb. Now, *Briske*, thou hast marry'd the Chamber-Maid, I'll prefer thee; I told thee, the Mistress was for my Turn: Pr'ythee, my Dear, unmask. Ha! Who's this? [Friske unmasketh.]

Friske. Even as you see, Sir——

Dryb. Death, Fire-brands, Devils, Damnation! What's this!

Briske. My old Mistress! Pr'ythee, *Drybob*, be patient, thou wilt have a Son and Heir of mine shortly; and pr'ythee, for my sake, take care and see him well educated.

Craz. How now, Gentlemen; are you bobb'd?

Enter Raymund and Theodosia.

Raym. Madam, we are come to beg your Approbation of our Marriage; I humbly beg your Pardon for the irregular Means I us'd: Pray, Madam, turn not from us, but give us your Consent; since 'tis now too late to prevent it.

L. Lovey. Avoid my Presence, thou impudent Fellow; I'll have thee kick'd.

Enter Mrs. Striker and whispers Mrs. Bridget.

Craz. Poor Fellows! methinks you look as scurvily, as if you were mounting the Pillory with Papers on your Backs.

Strik. Marry'd, say you? Ah false Man! have you us'd me thus? Did I for this yield up my Honour to you, and you promis'd me to marry me after the Death of my Husband, who is in a deep Consumption? Ah villainous Man! I will have thee kick'd and beaten.

Raym. *Drybob*, tell him, his Wife has made over all her Estate.

Dryb. Yet this Condition of mine is as good as marrying a Widow, that has made over her Estate, as you have done.

Craz. Is this true, Madam?

L. Lovey. I must confess, I did it, to defeat my ungracious Niece of her Inheritance.

Dryb. Briske. Give you Joy, good Mr. *Crazy*.

Raym. Madam, your Ladyship is mistaken; it is a Deed of Gift of all your Estate, after your Decease, to *Theodosia*: I have it here.

Theo. Madam, I thank your Ladyship: I shall study to deserve it.

L. Lovey. Am I thus cozen'd and abus'd?

Craz. 'Tis I am cozen'd and abus'd.

Strik. Go thy ways, thou vile Man; thou art serv'd right, for thy Falshood to me.

Craz. I'll be reveng'd of her. [*Aside*]—I must tell you, Madam, you are not less disappointed than I am; for I must ingeniously confess, I am very much visited with the Pox.

Dryb. Pox on him for a Rascal; visited is a very pretty Word there, i'faith.

L. Lovey. O Heaven! I am undone for ever; this is a most unspeakable disappointment to a Lady! O miserable unfortunate Woman, that I am!

Enter Sir Richard Loveyouth.

Sir Rich. What's the Matter, Madam?

L. Lovey. Oh! I have just now cast my self upon that diseas'd impotent Fellow, that walking Hospital, *Crazy*.

Sir Rich. Now, Madam, d'ye wish your other Husband alive in *Candia*?

L. Lovey. No, not so neither; but 'would I were as fairly rid of this Husband, as I was of him.

Sir Rich. So! I am beholden to her! [*Aside*] I have a way to rid you of this Husband.

L. Lovey. If you have, you shall command my Person, and my Purse.

Sir Rich. And you shall know, that I'll command 'em both.

[*Discovers himself.*

Omn.

Onn. Sir Richard Lovejoy's alive!

L. Lovey. O Heaven! I am ruin'd for ever; there is now no dissembling: all my Misfortunes are complicated now.

Craz. I am glad you are come to take your Wife again.

Sir Rich. Fond Woman, thy Foolishness and Vanity, and thy impertinent Contentions with me, caus'd my three Years Absence; and shall make me still continue a Stranger to your Conversation: Yet you shall never want what'er befits your Quality: Upon the rest of all the Company let no Cloud appear to-day.

Briske. You are a happy Man, *Crazy*.

Dryb. You have had Ill-luck with honest Women, *Crazy*; you had e'en as good stick to Whores.

Craz. I have had worse Luck with them, I am sure; yet this is better than marrying a Chamber-Maid, or Wench big with Child, Gentlemen.

Sir Rich. Sir, I am no Stranger to your Repute, and think my self much honoured in the Relation I have to you.

Raym. Sir, the Honour is wholly on my Side.

Sir Rich. Come, Gentlemen, I am inform'd of all your Stories; and 'tis Wisdom in you to be content with what you can't redress. — I shall ne'er have Children, I therefore here declare my Niece my Heir.

Theo. Sir, I can return nothing but my Thanks.

Sir Rich. This day, Sir, I dedicate to my fair Niece and you.

Raym. You do me too much Honour.

Sir Rich. Come, Gentlemen and Ladies, let's be merry; we'll have Musick; we'll begin this Day's jollity with a Dance.

Craz. Sweet Madam *Striker*, receive me into your Favour; for, upon my Honour, tho' I marry'd her, I intended to reserve the whole stock of my Affection for thee.

Strik.

THE HUMOURISTS

Strik. Get thee gone, thou wicked Fellow, I will have none of thee; thou hast declar'd thou hast the Disease. Get thee gone; I tell thee, I will have thee kick'd.

Sir Rich. Come, Gentlemen, join in a Dance. [Dance. So, 'tis well.

All Happiness to both, and may you be From Discontents of Marriage ever free; May all your Life be one continued Peace, And may your Loves each Day and Hour encrease.

[Ex. Omnes.



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EPILOGUE.

THE Mighty Prince of Poets, learned BEN,
Who alone divid into the Minds of Men,
Saw all their Wandrings, all their Follies knew,
And all their vain fantastick Passions drew
In Images so lively and so true,
That there each Humourist himself might view,
Yet only lash'd the Errors of the Times,
And ne'er expos'd the Persons, but the Crimes;
And never car'd for private Frowns, when he
Did but chastise publick Iniquity:
He fear'd no Pimp, no Pick-pocket, or Drab;
He fear'd no Bravo, nor no Russian's Stab:
Twas he alone true Humours understood,
And with great Wit and Judgment made them good.
A Humour is the Byass of the Mind,
By which with Violence 'tis one way inclin'd:
It makes our Actions lean on one side still;
And in all Changes that way bends the Will.
This——

He only knew and represented right.
Thus none, but mighty Johnson, e'er could write.

Expect not then, since that most flourishing Age
Of BEN, to see true Humour on the Stage.
All, that have since been writ, if they be scann'd,
Are but faint Copies from that Master's Hand.
Our Poet now, amongst those petty Things,
Alas! his too weak trifling Humours brings.

EPILOGUE

*As much beneath the worth in Johnson's Plays,
As his great Merit is above our Praise.*

*For could he imitate that great Author right,
He would with ease all Poets else out-write.*

*But to out-go all other Men, would be,
O Noble BEN! less than to follow thee.*

*Gallants, you see how hard it is to write,
Forgive all Faults the Poet meant to-Night:
Since, if he sum'd, 'twas done for your Delight.*

Pray let this find —————

As good Success, tho' it be very bad,

As any damn'd successful Play e'er had.

Yet if you hiss, he knows not where the harm is

He'll not defend his Nonsense Vi & Armis.

But this poor Play has been so torn before,

That all your Cruelty can't wound it more.



THE
Royal Shepherdess.

A
Tragi-Comedy,

Acted by

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the
DUKE of YORK's Servants.

Non quivis vider immodulata Poemata Judex.
Hor. de Arte Poet.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

THE

Royal Shepherdess.

A

Tragi-Comedy.

As it is

THE ROYAL SHEPHERDESS
Duke of York & Albany.

By the Author of the
Hog and the Poet.

Printed in the Year MDCCLXX.

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P R E F A C E.

Reader,

THIS Play, before I took it in Hand, was wrote by one Mr. *Fountain* of *Devonshire*; a Gentleman, that had too many good Parts, that any Man should take a Measure of him by that, which he wrote as a slight Diversion from his more serious Studies. The Esteem I had for him living, and the Value I had for his Memory being dead, made me unwilling that any Thing of his should be obscur'd: And in exposing this, I have done any Injury to his Reputation, it was an Errour of my Understanding, and no Fault of my Will.

This (being never by him intended for Action) was wrote in single Scenes (without that Connexion, which the Incomparable *Johnson* first taught the Stage) and had also many long, uninterrupted Soliloquies, some of fifty Lines together, which perhaps might give some Delight in the Reading, but could afford little Diversion to the Hearers. Yet finding many Things in the Play, which I confess'd pleas'd me, I thought it might, with some Pains, be made a pleasant Entertainment for the Audience.

VOL. I.

L

I

P R E F A C E

I have added little to the Story, only have represented that in Action, which was expressed by him in long Narrations: For we find (though the *French* do often relate the most considerable Actions in their Plays, especially in their Tragedies) the *English* will not be content without seeing such Actions done; and this is one of those many Things, that make our *English* Plays so much exceed the *French*: But this was long ago observ'd by *Horace*:

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.---*

I have endeavour'd to carry on those few Humours, which were but begun by him; and (to satisfy the Concupiscence, as Mr. *Johnson* calls it, of Jigg and Song) I designed as fit Occasions for them as I could; there being in the former Play but one short Song, which is the last but one.

Where it is possible, I have kept the Scenes unbroken, and with as proper a Connexion as I could. What I have besides added I need not tell you, being, I fear, so much worse than his, that you will easily distinguish it.

I shall say little more of the Play, but that the Rules of Morality and good Manners are strictly observed in it; (Virtue being exalted, and Vice depressed) and perhaps it might have been better received, had neither been done in it: For I find it pleases most to see Vice encourag'd, by bringing the Characters of debauch'd People upon the Stage, and making them pass for fine Gentlemen who openly profess Swearing, Drinking, Whoring, breaking Windows, beating Constables, &c. and that is esteem'd, among us, a gentle Gaiety of Humour

Humour, which is contrary to the Customs and Laws of all civilized Nations. But it is said, by some, that this pleases the People, and a Poet's Business is only to endeavour that: But he, that debases himself to think of nothing but pleasing the Rabble, loses the Dignity of a Poet, and becomes as little as a Joggler, or a Rope-Dancer, who please more than he can do; but the Office of a Poet is,

Simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vita.

Which (if the Poets of our Age would observe it) would render 'em as useful to a Commonwealth as any Profession whatsoever.

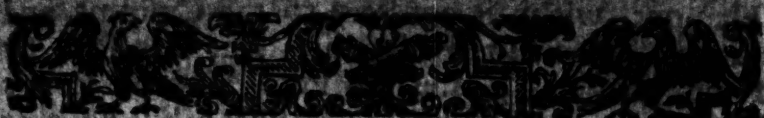
But I have too long troubled you with a Discourse of this Play, which (let me say what I will of it) you will judge of as you please: But if you consider, after such an infinite Number of Plays, (when

Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poetae.)

How difficult, it is to write even an indifferent one: (As none but those, that cannot write, think it easie.) Methinks it were but an ordinary Piece of Humanity to pardon those Errors you find in Plays, especially since they are committed by those, who endeavour to please you; which is the Aim, among the rest, of

Your Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.



PROLOGUE.

ONE of the Poets (as they safely may
When th' Author's dead) has stolen a whole Play:
Not like some peety Thieves, that can endure
To steal small Things, to keep their Hands in ure.
He swears he'll die for something: In our Times
Small Faults are scorn'd, the Great are worthy Crimes,
Only for noble Sparks, who think it fit
That the base Vulgar should mean Crimes commit.
— But 'tis your Fault Poets such Thieves are grown:
For that injurious Mercy, you have shown
To some great Malefactors heretofore,
Has, for each Thief you've pardon'd, made ten more.
— This for the bold Purloiner of the Play:
'Tis fit I something too of that should say.
It is a Virtuous Play, you will confess,
Where vicious Men meet their desert'd Success.
Not like our Modern ones, where still we find
Poets are only to the Ruffians kind;
And give them still the Ladies in the Play:
But 'faith their Ladies are as bad as they:
They call 'em Airy, Witty, Brisk and Wild,
But, with their Favours, those are terms too mild.
— But (what is better yet than all the rest)
In all this Play there's not one bawdy Jest,
To make the Ladies bite their Lips, and then
To be applauded by the Gentlemen.

Bawdy,

PROLOGUE

Baudy, what's in Private 'tis, is here not fit;
'Tis to Assemblies, Singings, not Wit.
But yet we vow'd, (if it were to be had
For Love or Money) we'd have what's as bad;
We've stuff'd in Dances, and we have Songs too,
As senseless as were ever sung to you.
If all these things will not support our Play,
Then, Gallants, you may damn it—yes, you may;
But if you do, you'll suffer such a Curse—
Our Poet swears he'll write One ten times worse.



ALONSO N. BENTLEY

Dramatis Personæ.

Basilus, King.

Theander, Prince.

Endymion, A worthy Lord of small Fortune.

Pyrrhus, A Creature of the King's.

Neander, A vain, cowardly, vicious, effeminate Lord.

Geron, An old jealous Fop, that has marry'd a young
Wife.

Priest.

Queen.

Cleantha, Niece to the King.

Euadne, Servant to the Queen.

Urania, One that was a Shepherdess, and preferr'd by the
Prince to wait on *Cleantha*.

Phronesia, A vain foolish Woman, Wife to *Geron*.

Cleopatra, Mother to *Urania*, conceal'd by the Name of,
Parthenia.

Messengers, Officers, Shepherds and Shepherdesses,
Nymphs and Satyrs, Priests of Mars, &c.

SCENE *ARCADIA*.

THE



THE
Royal Shepherdess.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Pyrrhus, Endymion, and Neander.

PYRRHUS.

BELIEVE't, my Lords; they say the
Prince does Wonders.

Nean. They say he kills a World of Men
indeed;

But. Faith, I think the Wonder had been
greater,

If he had made but half so many live.

[*fician.*

End. Perchance, my Lord, you'd have him turn Phy-

Nean. Rather than Butcher; 'tis the nobler Trade.

End. But they're his Enemies he kills;
Men, that offend, and do deserve to die.

Nean. O! then I think you'll praise the Hangman next;
You give a Definition of his Trade.

Pyr. If I do not mistake your Humour, Sir,

You were never taken with this dying;
It is a Thing does marr a Courtier much.

L 4

Nean.

Nean. 'Thank Heav'n, I am not yet so mad to wish for't;
 Let broken Merchants, and the busie Rout,
 That dirt the Streets, when their Desigus miscarry,
 Cry that there's nothing certain in this World;
 I think there's less in that which is to come:
 Here I am sure of something, I'm a Lord,
 And live with Men: But to be turn'd a grazing
 In the *Elizian* Fields (that Men do talk of)
 Among Philosophers, ne'er could make a Leg.

End. Fie, fie, *Neander*! This is too prophane,
 And relishest far more of Beast than Man.

Nean. My Lord, I ask you Pardon; I had forgot
 You are a Virtuoso: 'Tis my Lord *Pyrrhus*,
 That makes me wander from my Argument,
 By putting me in Mind o'th' World to come,
 (A Theam indeed, on which few Men speak Sense.)

End. My Lord! you take too great a Liberty.

Nean. I'm sure you do, to give such mighty Names
 To killing Men. Why, celebrate the Plague;
 What General ever did destroy like that?
 Or study glorious Titles for old Age,
 That kills all those, whom nothing else can kill.

Pyr. The Honour of our Country lies at stake.

Nean. Honour! The Fool's Paradise, a Bait
 For Coxcombs, that are poor, and cannot have
 Pleasure and Ease; but sell their wretched Lives
 (That are not worth the keeping) for that Trifle
 Honour; the Breath of a few giddy People.

Well, I shall leave you to your mighty Thoughts;
 And make a Visit to a Mistress, which I think
 Concerns us more than broken Pates for Honour.

Adieu—

[*Ex. Neander.*]

Pyr. 'Tis a vain Lord!

End. He's too prophane, and chooseth to buy Wit
 At the Expence of Friends, Religion,
 And all but Lady's Smiles; which he more values,
 Than honest Men do the kind Looks of Heaven.

Pyr. And hates nothing, like Reputation won
 By Arms: He hates all Deities, for *Mari's* sake;

And

The ROYAL SHEPHERDESS. 225

And swears that Generals only famous grow
By valiant Friends, or cowardly Enemies;
Or, what is worse, by some mean Piece of Chance.

End. The Truth is; 'tis odd to observe
How little Princes and great Generals
Contribute oft-times to the Fame they win;
How often have we known, that bravest Men,
With too short Arms, have fought with fatal Stars;
And have endeavour'd with their dearest Blood
To get Renown, and with such glorious Actions,
As the great Heroes have been fam'd for less:
And yet have fallen by vulgar Hands at last,
Among the Sacrifices of their own Swords;
No more remembred than poor Villagers,
Whose Ashes sleep beneath the common Flowers
That every Meadow wears; whilst other Men,
With trembling Hands, have caught a Victory,
And on pale Foreheads worn triumphant Bays?

Pyr. I have observ'd it often.

End. Besides, I've thought
A thousand times in Time of War, when we
Lift up our Hands to Heav'n for Victory,
Suppose, some Virgin Shepherdess (whose Soul
Is chaste, and clean as the cold Spring, where she
Quenches all her Thirst) being told of Enemies
That seek to fright the long enjoyed Peace
Of our *Arcadia* hence, should straight repair
To some small Fane, and there on humble Knees
Lift up her trembling Hands unto the Gods,
And beg their Help; 'Tis possible to think
Heav'n will not suffer her to weep in vain,
But grant her Wish —

And so in the next Action happens out,
(The Gods still using Means) the Enemy
May be defeated; the Glory of all this
Is attributed to the General,
And none but he's spoke loud of for the Act;
Whilst she, (from whose so unaffected Tears
His Laurel sprung) for ever dwells unknown.

L 5

Pyr.

Pyr. Your Lordship does not doubt the Prince's Merit?
End. By no Means:

I know the Prince a Man of that vast Soul,
 That Flesh did never circumscribe a greater.
 All that I say, is what I've thought upon
 Some Hours of sweet Retirement, when I've sat,
 And view'd the fleeting State of poor Mankind,
 A Thing too giddy to be understood.
 Indeed the Prince does more than give us Hopes,
Arcadia shall command those Provinces,
 Who lately thought our long and happy Peace
 Had soften'd so our Minds, that now we were
 Fit to be Lorded over by their Wills:
 But strange it is, to see the King so little
 Joy'd with the News, that still he bears a Face
 More troubled than *Sicilian* Seas in Storms.

Pyr. 'Tis for the Love of that poor Shopherdess,
 The Prince not ten Months since took from a Cottage
 As he was a Hunting, and gave the Fair
Cleantha for a Present.

End. [*Aside.*] Alas! my poor *Urania*! How doth
 Thy harder Fortune vindicate my Choice?
 Who now dares say *Endymion* loves too low,
 When he loves her that can make Princes die?
 No more, no more we must scorn Cottages;
 Those are the Rocks, from whence our Jewels come,
 Gold breeds in barren Hills; the brightest Stars
 Shine o'er the poorer Regions of the North.

Enter King.

Pyr. Here comes the King! *Endymion*, pray retire:
 It is not fit you should be privy to his Thoughts.

End. I'll try if I can hear what Resolution
 The King's enraged Passion makes him take. [*He retires.*]

King. *Pyrrius*! how thrives my Love? I have
 Intrusted you with all I am, and all I wish for.

Pyr. Sir, I've already done,
 What Language and Rewards have Power to do.

King. And what Return am I to hope for then?

Pyr. There's little Hope: This *Ermin* will not be

Per-

Persuaded from the Whiteness she so loves.

King. Poor Country Girl! where can she find Words
Or Resolution, when you do assault her?

Pyr. When I first
Mention'd the Business to her, all alone,
Poor Soul! she blush'd, as if already she
Had done some Harm by hearing of me speak:
Whilst from her pretty Eyes two Fountains run
(So true, so Native) down her fairest Cheeks;
As if she thought her self oblig'd to weep,
That all the World was not as good as she.

End. Heav'n! How does this Carriage please me!

King. This Modesty of hers inflames me more;
As Springs are hottest in the coldest Weather.

Pyr. Her Tears so innocently begg'd my Pity,
That I was straight turn'd over to her Side,
And had forgot the Cause for which I strove:
'Till rallying again I once more gave
A new Assault, and urged her to answer.
All her Reply was, No; then humbly pray'd me,
Not to be cruel to a poor weak Maid,
Who had not any thing, in all the World,
To give her Value but her Innocence;
With such Success as this I often have
Assail'd her Virtue.

King. Ah *Pyrrhus*! Where will this Tyrant end? Shall I
Still be Priest, and Sacrifice, and Altar too,
Unto a Passion, I can satisfy,
But never conquer? What poor Things are Kings?
What poorer Things are Nations, to obey
Him, whom a petty Passion does command?
Heav'n! Why was Man made so ridiculous?

Pyr. Your Majesty says that of your self,
Which were Impiety in any else
But once to think.

King. Men but flatter me.
Oh Fate! Why were not Kings made more than Men!
Or why will People have us to be more?
Alas! We govern others, but our selves

We cannot rule; like to our Eyes; that see
All other things, but cannot see themselves.

Pyr. Sir, do not discompose your self; you may
Soon quench this mighty Flame, and where your Prayers
Have not prevail'd, your Power may command:
Who in *Arcadia* dares resist your Will?

End. O Villain! This will make thee Chief among
The damn'd in Hell.

King. But stay! When this poor Maid
Shall call on Virtue, and the Gods, to keep
Her Body, they too weakly have expos'd,
Shall I (whom Men call sacred and divine,
And look on as deriv'd from Ancestors,
Who have not Tombs, but Altars) without Shame,
And thousand Blushes, dare with ruder Force
To drive poor Virtue from her cleanest Temple;
And use that Power, the Gods have given me
O'er others, but to offend them how I please?
By Heav'n I will not.—But I die—O! I am Mortal—

Pyr. Sir, you're a King; but Love's a Deity
Must be obey'd by all. Resolve to try
Whether *Urania* will Love or Die.

End. Heav'n! what do I hear?

King. O unruly Passion! whither will it hurry me?
I must submit; use all your Subtilties
T'entice her to comply with my Desires;
But if Allurements fail, she must be forc'd;
And let me know my Fate within this Hour:
Farewel.

Pyr. Sir, I shall be diligent in obeying all your Com-
mands. [Exit King.]

Enter Endymion from behind the Arbour.

End. And I'll reward your Diligence.

Pyr. What does this Posture mean?

End. Wert thou not fear'd in Wickedness, thou would'st
Not ask; That thou may'st know thy Crime, I'll write it
In thy own Blood. Draw quickly, or I'll kill thee
Without Defence.

Pyr.

Pyr. I am amaz'd, but if you long for Action,
Come on; I have a Sword that will employ you.

[*They fight, End. gars Pyr. down, with his Sword at his Breast.*]

Enter Cleantha and Urania.

End. Now, Villain!

Clean. Hold, hold! *Endymion!*

End. Madam! I obey.

Go! Thank the Princess *Cleantha* for your Life!

And look you use it better than you have done.

Uran. Madam! he bleeds. I'll try to bind up his Wounds,

End. No, dear *Urania*! 'tis but a scratch; but were
It ne'er so deep, one touch of that fair Hand
Were a sufficient Balsam.

Clean. O fie, *Urania*! how unhandy art thou?
Sir, let me practise my little Skill in Surgery
Upon you.

[*She tears her Handkerchief, and binds up his Wounds.*]

End. This is an Honour Princes should receive
Upon their Knees: I beseech your Highness,
Do not humble your self so far; it is
So slight, it does not need a Miracle; for so
Ought your Assistance to be valu'd, Madam.
Urania's Skill in this would be sufficient.

Clean. Your Courage makes that seem slight, which
others
Would think dangerous. I'll bind it up.

End. How am I confounded with this Favour?
Your Highness does dispence your Charity,
As the Gods do to us; not for reward of Merit,
But for Pity, so to enhance the value of their Mercy.

Clean. This Modesty's too much. *Endymion.* 'Tis
Ingratitude to Heaven, when it disclaims
These Virtuous Endowments it has given you.
But what was the occasion of this Quarrel?

Enter Evadne.

Evad. The Queen desires your Highness to come to
her instantly.

Clean. Come then, *Endymion*; tell me, as you go.

End.

End. I will obey your Highness.

Clean. But, my Lord, *Pyrrhus* may tell the King of this, and it may be your Ruin; 'twill not be safe for you to appear.

End. Madam! he will be unwilling to meet his own Ruin, to procure mine; he has drawn Blood within the Court, which your Highness knows by an indispensable Law is Death in *Arcadia*: he'll not betray himself.

Clean. My Lord, 'tis true. Let's to the Queen.

[*Exeunt all, but Evadne.*

Enter Neander.

Nean. How does this Minute transport my Soul with Joy, to have the blessed Privilege to be with fair *Evadne*!

Evad. I am glad it makes some Body happy.

Nean. With her, who has my Heart.

Evad. Have I it? pray my Lord take it again. I would not be troubled with keeping such a Bawble, for the World.

Nean. She whom great Nature (now grown wanton) made to look upon, and scorn her other Works.

Evad. My Lord *Neander*! I see you are resolv'd not to study to no purpose, you will have out your Compliment, let me say what I please: but I must take Liberty to leave you in the middle of it.

Nean. Nay, Madam, I beseech you be not so unkind.

Evad. Nay, now I have put you out of your Compliment, I care not if I stay a little longer.

Nean. Madam! you are Cruel! how do you Kill?

Evad. Kill, *Neander*! No sure, then you would not be so near me.

Nean. I ne'er could fear Death, from so fair a Hand as yours.

Evad. I believe indeed, my Lord, you fear Death least from the Hands of a Woman; which is the Reason you chuse to stay here at Court among the Ladies, rather than go to War with the Prince.

Nean. Madam! — You Ladies have a Privilege.

Evad. Yes, my Lord, it's sometimes a Privilege to speak Truth.

Nean.

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Nean. Faith, Madam, you may say what you please.

Evad. Pardon me, my Lord; it would please me much better, if I could say you were in the War in *Thessaly*.

Nean. Truly, Madam, I could give you very good Reasons why I went not to the War with the Prince.

Evad. I believe you can, and so can every body else that knows your Lordship. The first and chiefest Reason was a certain Tenderness you have for the Preservation of your Person; some scandalous People stick not to call it Fear.

Nean. Do not judge so, Madam; I can assure you it was for very different Reasons.

Evad. You will give very much Satisfaction to the World, if you say what they are.

Nean. Why then, to tell you the Truth, Madam, I am somewhat troubled with Corns, that I cannot, without Pain, wear a Riding-boot: and then I am strangely subject to the Tooth-ach, which makes me very unfit to lie in the Field; which, indeed, were the two main Reasons made me refuse the War.

Evad. What pity 'tis so brave a Mind should be so unluckily hindred from shewing it self!

Nean. I perceive you railly, Madam.

Evad. I see, Sir, you are a Man of a quick Apprehension.

Enter Priest.

Priest. How now, Daughter? what do you here? My Lord, I do not desire your Lordship should make any Addresses to my Daughter; her Fortune is too humble for your Thoughts.

Nean. Your Servant, Madam.

[*Aside.*] Pox on this Formal Priest. ————— [Exit.]

Priest. Well now, *Evadne*, my dear Child, thou art Come forth upon the World's great Stage; and it Must be my care first to advise thee, then To pray for thee. Yet thou art innocent, (Oh may'st thou still be so, my Child) yet know'st not Ought but the holy Practices of Cells, Where virtuous Matrons have instructed thee. (mands

Evad. But now the Scene is chang'd, the Queen's Com- have

Have brought me to the Court, to wait on her;
Th' Employment truly noble: and I have
In her the brightest Pattern of true Virtue,
That all the World can boast of.

Priest. But thou'lt find

Few more besides, whose wandering Paths are safe:
Those of thy Sex thou'lt find so strangely vain,
That they think they have wash'd, and patch'd, and curl'd
Themselves ev'n into little Deities:

They do believe that wanton Men speak Truth,
When, to consume those Hours they care not for,
They tell 'em that their Eyes are more than Stars,
And that they have a killing Power; with
A great deal of such amorous Fustian.

Evad. They're very credulous that believe 'em, sure.

Priest. Then, by Degrees, they strangely cheat themselves,
Poor Souls! into the fond Belief that they
Not only are fairest, but wisest too:

And now they are attain'd to that Degree,
All must admire, but none must merit them;
Till rugged Time, too old to compliment,
Takes from 'em all those little Ornaments,
Which wanton Nature had adorn'd them with;
And then they do awake, the Dream is done,
The Market falls; and some distressed Knight,
Unenvied, bears away what all had Courtied.

Evad. This is the common Fate of our poor Sex,
When they have great Opinions of themselves.

Priest. Therefore, *Evadne*, let me pray thee still
Keep thy best Jewel, thy Humility:
If thou wear'st better Cloaths, alas, consider,
Each little Flower, that does in Meadows grow,
Is better clad than thee, yet is not proud.

Evad. I will Endeavour to obey you in all.

Priest. Hence may'st thou shun the common vice of Courts,
Scorn and Contempt of others, which oft have
A nobler Virtue, though a meaner Fortune.
For know, *Evadne*, that this lower World,
In which we live, is not distributed

Accor-

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According to Men's Merits: The Gods preserve
That Justice for those nobler Regions, which
Themselves inhabit: Here the Mighty are
Like mighty Mountains, high, but seldom fertile.
The richest Soil is in low Vallies found:
Devotion often weeps in humble Cells,
Whilst under gilded Roofs Prophaneness sings.

Evad. I have consider'd often this sad Truth.

Priest. This is the World, *Evadne*: But to come
To what I've else to say; thy next Temptation
Will be to love; know thou wilt surely have
Enow to court thee: Some, 'cause 'tis the Mode;
Others, because they've nothing else to say;
And wisest Men, because they think me rich.
But know, my Child! to marry, is
The greatest Action of our Lives, and merits
The greatest of our Cares: But above all, I warn thee
Against *Neander*.

He's a vicious, profane and idle Person;
One, that would make me hate the Name of Father,
Should he but call me so. Well, *Evadne*,
Pray meditate on what I've said to you;
I'll leave you to your Thoughts——— [*Ex. Priest.*]

Enter Phronesia.

Evad. What, in Tears, *Phronesia*? What's the Matter?

Phro. O Madam! Have a care of Marriage; I give you
Warning of it.

Evad. What, is the old Man jealous still? It may be,
you give him Cause.

Phro. No other Cause, but that I am with Child, and
he distrusts himself.

Evad. Why did he marry you then?

Phro. Nay, I cannot tell, not I.

Evad. Why don't you ask him?

Phro. I have.

Evad. And what says he?

Phro. He told me———

Evad. What?

Phro.

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Phro. O Madam! you cannot imagine his wicked Intentions.

Evad. What does he say?

Phro. He told me, he marry'd me only to keep me honest; like an old villainous Tyrant, as he is.

Evad. But now, it seems, he is convinc'd 'tis more than he can do.

Phro. Every one best knows his own Abilities; but why should he do that to me, of all Women? Marry me, to keep me honest! Out upon him, I despise him and his wicked Intentions.

Evad. Indeed it is a hard Case.

Phro. Ay, Madam, is it not? Would you be willing to be us'd so? Besides, Madam, no Man in the Court offers to speak to me, but he thinks 'tis Love.

Evad. He thinks you are so handsome, perhaps, that it is impossible for any Man to look upon you without being smitten.

Phro. That may be something, as you say, Madam; but I will never put up this Injury: Marry me, to keep me honest, quoth 'a!

I'll never endure it, while I ha' Breath:—See, Madam ——— Where he comes—— do but observe him.

Enter Geron.

Ger. I have brought my self into a sweet Condition, like an old Fool as I am; why could not I remember how many I had cuckolded my self? and to think I should not be serv'd in the same Kind, were to suppose neither Wickedness nor Justice in the World.

Phro. Look, Madam, upon his mischievous Countenance.

Ger. [to himself.] How could I imagine that any of these Sort of Women would keep themselves honest three Minutes, when they fear'd neither the Danger of taking Savin, nor a great Belly? Heaven! What a Condition am I in?—Now do I plainly perceive the Pain that poor Children endure at the coming of their Teeth, by the coming of my Horns——Oh *Phronesia*! are you there?

Phro. Yes! you old Fumbling Sot, I am here——

Evad. Fare you well.

[*Ex. Evadne.*

Ger.

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Ger. O wicked *Phronesia*! How have you us'd me?
whom have you appointed now to do me the Courtesie?
—— My Lord *Pyrrhus* —— he is of a black Com-
plexion, and that never fails; —— My Lord *Endymion*'s a
Poet forsooth, and prevails with Sonnets; —— and for
my Lord *Neander*, —— the Priest convinc'd him the other
Day, that Adultery was a very great Sin; and that's Rea-
son enough for him to lie at Rack and Manger: I am
sure, my Head must ake for't.

Phro. Let it ake on, you old Fop; you marry'd me to
keep me honest, did you? I'll honest you, I will go in-
stantly and meet 'em all three. [Exit.]

Ger. But I'll follow you close at the Heels, and prevent
your Recreation! ——

If any Man be weary of his Life,

Let him at threescore marry such a Wife. [Exeunt]



ACT II.

Enter Pyrrhus and Urania.

Pyr. **C**OME, fair *Urania*, think upon the Honour
To be a Mistress to a King; sounds it not well?

Uran. It is an Honour I should not envy her
That sought my Ruin! I will ne'er forsake
My Virtue, for a little outward Splendor.

Pyr. Is Love a Vice, *Urania*? Why did Nature
Make us all vicious, when she did immerse
Love in the very Beings of all Creatures?
Go search the Universe, and shew me there
What, but affrighted Man, is not as free
To satisfy his Love, as Thirst or Hunger.
Beasts ne'er dispute the Lawfulness of what
Is natural.

Uran. 'Tis well, my Lord, when you intend
Unlawful Loves, to instance not in Men,

But

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But Beasts——but let me ever be
Of that affrighted Number that follow Virtue.

Pyr. Come, come, *Urania*! Love, like Men, was free,
E'er Pow'r and Laws had taught 'em both the Use
Of Chains, and Fetters! Nature ne'er confin'd
Her noblest Creature to the narrow'st Prison,
Nor gave him Inclinations to torment him.

Uran. But, since those Laws are made, I will obey:

Pyr. But when thy Prince, *Urania* (who in Right
Abridges all thy other Liberties)
Shall offer to restore thee this, thou may'st
As freely take it, as thou might'st the rest.

Uran. But all the Pow'r he has can never cancel
That Obligation, which I owe to Heaven.

Pyr. Nay, now my Work is almost at an end;
When Women come to argue once the Thing,
It is a kind of yielding.

Uran. Ah! My Lord,
Pray add not Injury to my Misfortune;
But know, that all the Baits you lay before me,
Shall ne'er allure me to put off that true
Content I have, in being innocent.

Pyr. Well! I perceive you make me toil in vain;
You fool your self, not me; pray hear your Doom:
The King's resolv'd to leave you but this Choice,
Either to Love, or die; to be the Subject
Of his Revenge, or Pleasures; answer quickly,
And answer wisely; for believe't, *Urania*,
If you refuse his Love, this Hour's your last.

Uran. Sure, Sir, the King's more just.

Pyr. By Heav'n, it's true.

Uran. Then Heav'n's more merciful. Unfortunate,
Unfortunate *Urania*! What canst thou do?

Pyr. What? thou canst grant the King's Desires, and live.
Come, be brief, here's one at hand will have small Pity
on you.

Uran. Oh, my Lord, pity me; pity a distress'd Maid.

[Kneels and weeps.]

Pyr.

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Pyr. Pity your self, and pity a Prince that loves you.
Come, do not cast away your self; you're young,
And, if you please, may have many Years to live,
(And pleasant ones) Be wise, e'er it be too late.

Uran. My Lord! What shall I do?

Pyr. Why, love the King——

Uran. And must I lose my Innocence?

Pyr. Come, rise;

Urania, live; the King will strait be with you——

[Exit *Pyrhus*.]

Uran. Wretched *Urania*!

I am undone, for evermore undone;
Lost to the World, or Innocence: my Choice
Is either to be wicked, or to die.
Oh Heav'n! What Black, what fatal Star
Gave sad Misfortune at my Birth?
How happy had I been, had I still dwelt
With those, who wear poor Cloaths, and honour Virtue,
Whose pure chaste Loves made Love a Deity?
What will my Mother say, when she shall hear
Urania is not innocent? And what
Will my brave Lover think, who ne'er approach'd me
But with a Flame as pure, as that which burns
On holy *Vesta's* Altars? no, no; die,
Unfortunate, but chaste *Urania*;
Never be thrifty of that Blood, which must
But serve to blush, that it preserv'd it self.

Enter *Endymion*.

End. Ah, dear *Urania*! Why these Tears?

Uran. Oh, my Lord, *Urania* is undone!

End. Not so, because *Endymion* lives: Know,

Urania's Ruin never can be writ,

But with *Endymion's* Blood——

Uran. Undone, beyond

All your Relief! because to help me is

To be a Traitor now.

End. If to assist

My Queen be to rebel, then let me wear

The glorious Name of Traitor.

Urin.

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Uran. Ah, my Lord, you know not what I mean.

End. Yes, yes; (my Dear)

'Tis that, for which I had rewarded *Pyrrhus*,
Had not *Cleantha* then call'd back my Hand.

Uran. I must this very Hour consent, or die.

End. Have Comfort; I will help you yet: but know,
My dear *Urania*, I have lov'd thee long,
And with a holy Flame; my Sighs and Tears
Have been as pure, as are those Gales and Springs,
Which in *Elixium* do refresh the Blest;
And yet thou hast not pity'd him that loves thee,
Ev'n though thou be'st as gentle, and as soft
As Morning Dew, just melting into Air.

Uran. What shall I serve you in, my Lord?

End. Permit

Me to enjoy the Title of your Servant,
And pay my Fire with equal Flames again.

Uran. My Lord, I were ingrateful, if I should not.

End. Then be not so: But (to be short) I fear
The King's Approach, and therefore, if thou'lt promise
This Night to sleep within my Arms (being first
Authoris'd by *Hymen's* Priest)
I'll free thee from the King's unlawful Love.

Uran. What's to be done in this sad Exigence? [*Aside.*
[*To him*] My Lord, I will; but satisfy me, how?

End. You must appoint the King to meet you there,
In yonder Grotto, and oblige him to
The Language, and the time of Love, soft Whispers,
And the Night; and I'll prepare
Some other Woman to supply your Place:
This will gain time till to-morrow, when
I'll own you to the King to be my Wife;
Then the Respect to all my Loyal Services
Will make him quench his now unruly Passion.

Uran. Ah, who will be so wicked as to meet him?

End. Enow, ne'er fear it.

Uran. Sure 'tis impossible!

What Woman would consent to such an Act?

End. Ten thousand, Madam.

Uran.

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Uran. But they shall not, for me;
I'll rather chuse a thousand times to die,
Than own a wretched Life, sav'd at the rate
Of so much Infamy.

End. Come, be content,
Chaste Soul; I'll do what you shall well approve.
My dear, I must retire, I fear the King;
Now act thy Part, and then confide in me;
Be happy, fair *Urania*; I am blest.
That my Employment is to do thee Service [*Ex. Endym.*]

Uran. Ah, dear *Endymion*! How could I weep,
If Tears were able but to wash away
The Blackness of my Crime? Now thou hast thought
To lead me from the Labyrinth of my Woes,
The next thing I must think must be to cheat
All thy Innocent Expectations, which
Are every of them Honours to my self,
And Condescensions in thy noble Soul;
I must endeavour at this very time
To frustrate all thy Hopes, and cannot help it. [*Weeps.*]

Enter King.

King. And why with Showers allay you thus your
Beams?

Uran. These Tears, and more, are due to my Misfortunes.

King. How's this? *Pyrrhus* told me you had consented.

Uran. With what Face can I say *yes* to the King?
Tho' I but feign Consent, and mean to cheat him. — [*Aside.*]
It is immodest sure — It cannot fit
A Woman's Mouth.

King. Are you not yet resolv'd?
What means this Doubt? Consent to my Desires;
And you shall live, ador'd and fear'd by all;
The Kingdom shall rejoice at all your Smiles,
And tremble at your Frowns: But if you do not —

Uran. Is there no other Way to save my Life?

King. Come, do not trifle thus, to tempt my Rage.

Uran. Good Sir, be not angry; I will.

King. My dear *Urania*! Now be happy; let's withdraw.
This Place is much too publick for our Love.

Uran.

Uran. Let me not lose all Modesty at once,
But let Sin take Possession by Degrees;
I have some Sparks of Virtue yet remaining,
Which will require some time to quench.

King. I am impatient of Delays, in this
My Expectation makes each Hour a Day;
Come, follow me, and be obedient.

Uran. Stay but 'till Night; my guilty Blushes may
Be hid in Darkness then, a Season fit
For Actions that may shame the wicked Doers.

King. This, though't be hard to grant, I'll not deny.

Uran. And I beseech your Majesty, let's whisper so,
That none may over-hear us, when we meet;
I'm now afraid of every little thing
That looks like Danger.

King. Fear not; none shall hear us.

Uran. I have one thing more, but 'tis the chief of all.

King. Name it, *Urania*, what-e'er it be:
After this Boon of thine, there's not a Thing
In all the World I can deny thee.

Uran. *Endymion* oft has made Addresses to me,
And has been still repuls'd; which makes him have
Such wary Eyes upon me, that I fear
I cannot be secure, but by his Absence:
I beseech your Majesty, let him be sent
So far from Court, that he cannot return
Until to-Morrow Morning at the soonest:
This, Sir, upon my Knees, I beg you'll grant.

King. Rise, and ask something worth my giving.

Uran. I think this so; pray, Sir, deny me not.

King. I'll instantly perform what you enjoin. [*Ex. King.*]

Uran. Thus, thus, I must reward the brave *Endymion*;
Thus my Engagement to him is made void;
But I will recompence him with my Tears;
That's all the Expiation I can make.

Enter Neander meeting her going out.

Nean. Madam, your most obedient Servant.

Uran. Sir, I beseech you let me go.

Nean. How am I confounded with your Beauty?

Uran.

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Uran. I am not now dispos'd for Mirth,——

Nean. So absolute, that Nature seem'd to have collected
all her scatter'd Strength——

Uran. My Lord——

Nean. To shew it in one perfect Piece——

Uran. Detain me not——

Nean. And has ever since been idle——

Uran. My Lord, the Princess expects me.

Nean. As if she had done enough, in making you,——

Uran. I cannot stay.——

Nean. Such an accomplish'd Beauty, that——

Uran. What means this Rudeness?

Nean. She seems to have out-done her self.——

Uran. Why, Neander;——

Nean. In this incomparable Model——

Uran. What torment's this?

Nean. She has shewn such admirable Skill,——

Uran. Oh! What Immodesty is this?——

Nean. That all submit to your Victorious Eyes,——

Uran. What have I done, you shou'd affront me thus?——

Nean. Which do like Lightning dazle——

Uran. For Heaven's sake, let me go.——

Nean. Whose high insinuating Power is such——

Uran. I am oblig'd to you, Sir; fare you well.

[She gets loose, & follows her.]

Nean. It melts the Soul, though it does not touch the
Body.——

[Ex. Urania.]

So! Now 'tis out; I had been most abominably heart-
burnt, if I had kept it in: This Love-Passion, if I had
not vented it as it rose, would have swell'd me as much
as a Fit of the Mother.——Here comes Evadne!

Enter Evadne.

What can I say to her? 'Slife, I have spent all my Stock
already.——Dearest Evadne, fairest Murd'ress, thou hast
slain Neander with thy pretty Eyes. *[Embraces her.]*

Evad. And do you apprehend me for it, Sir?

Nean. That Flower in your Bosom is far happier than
I; that fain would live, and you, to kill it, place it in
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your Bosom: I would fain live too, and you, to kill me, thence will keep me out.

Evad. Here's such killing and slaying at Court, that you had as good have gone to War with the Prince, for ought I see.

Nean. A Death from your fair Hand I wou'd embrace.

Evad. Ay, this kind of dying puts a Man to no Pain; but to be run through the Lungs, or shot through the Body, is mighty inconvenient.

Nean. Ay, 'faith is it. ———

Evad. But 'tis honourable.

Nean. For my Part, I cannot possibly find what Honour there is in having Oylet-Holes made in a Man's Body: 'Slife, a Man's Body is not made to see through, is it? And yet I know some duelling Coxcombs so often run through, as if their Bodies were intended Thoroughfares for Swords. ———

Evad. But I hope you have more Prudence than to venture that Danger.

Nean. If I be run through, may I be pickled up, when I am dead, like a Sturgeon, and be serv'd up to the Table of an old Mangy Usurer.

Evad. I will say this in your Commendations, that when Danger presents it self, I believe there is not a Man in all *Arcadia* so active as your self; I mean, so swift of Foot.

Nean. Not so, Madam; indifferent, indifferent!

Evad. But suppose, Sir, I should stand in need of a Champion.

Nean. O Madam! your Eyes will revenge your Quarrels.

Evad. Or they must be unreveng'd, for you!

Nean. Nay, Madam, in a Lady's Cause I can be a Lyon.

Evad. When you meet with a Lamb.

Nean. Nay, Madam! I have Courage; but I must confess, 'tis a Thing a Man may better spare, than any of his Goods and Chattels.

Evad. Yes, yes, you have Courage; witness the going to the War, when you were commanded!

Nean. It was not want of that; but who the Devil, that

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that had a plentiful Estate, like me, and might live among these pretty Ladies at the Court, would go to lie without Sheets, with Stones and Blocks for Pillows, and be most honourably lowlie, and damnable maud; for a Company of ungrateful Fellows, that live Luxuriously at home, and laugh at the honourable Affairs abroad? And when they have done, they value these mighty Men of War, just as a Man does a Creditor, that duns him for Money lent, which he never intended to pay.

Enter Geron.

Boad. What would this old jealous Fop have?

Ger. Nay, now I will not hang my self yet; I'll be reveng'd on this Lord first——

My Lord——

Nean. Pox o' this Rogue, how I scorn any one that's below me!——What say you, *Geron*?

Ger. [*Aside.*] Fories pursue him.——How does your Lordship?

Nean. Very well. How does your Lady?

Ger. 'Tis he has done it, a Curse on him. [*Aside.*

Nean. Why, how now? What, do you Conjure? What is the Matter?

Ger. I need not conjure; I know the Father now.

[*To himself.*]

Nean. Why, what dost thou mutter, Man?

Ger. My Lord, Why shou'd you ask for my Wife?

Nean. Because I am civil.

Ger. Because I am a Cuckold.

[*Aside.*]

Nean. Pox on thee, why dost thou not speak out?

Boad. Your Servant, my Lord; I suppose by this time my Lord *Endymion* has left the Queen.

Nean. I beseech you, let me wait on your Ladyship.

[*Ex.*]

Ger. This the Man! 'tis he; why should he ask for my Wife? Suppose I have a Wife, what's that to him, must he needs be asking for her presently? This Rascal *Nander*, this Villain, that I dare not say any thing to; not because he's Valiant, for then it would not grieve me; but because

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because he's a Lord, which he could no more help, than I can that I am a Cuckold: Here's another Lord too.

Enter Endymion.

End. O *Geron*! How is it with you?

Ger. Your Servant, my Lord.

End. How does *Phronesia*?

Ger. Here's another; what! two Lords to make one Cuckold?

End. What, are you mute? Has any Misfortune befallen your Wife?

Ger. Too much has befallen me, I am sure: 'Sdeath, I am cuckolded, and laugh't at too! [*Aside.*] You do not well, my Lord, to use me thus.

End. You make me wonder, *Geron*! What, are you distracted?

Ger. And you have made me a Cockold among you, I am sure; a sweet one, I thank you for't. [*To himself.*

Enter a Page, and delivers a Letter to Endymion, at which he withdraws a little.

Ger. My Lord, I take my Leave: You have Business—
[*Aside.*] A Curse on you all. [*Ex. Geron.*

Endymion reads.

My Lord,
WE are inform'd that there happen'd last Night a Mutiny in our Castle at Argos: It is our Pleasure therefore, immediately on Sight hereof, you take a convenient Number of our Light-horse, and go thither, and use your best Endeavours to appease it; and bring with you the principal Actors therein, to receive such Punishment as their Crimes shall deserve.

Basilus Rex.

Where will not Misfortune find me out?

Sure Fortune has more Eyes than those that say

She has none; else how could she still hit

The self-same Mark?

This Night, when I suppos'd within thy Arms,

Thy Arms, my Dear, to have scorn'd all the World,

To 'have pity'd Monarchs, and look'd down on Kings,

Thus

Thus to be hurry'd thence? — But stay! — I find
 I find like all the World, who never think
 That every other Part is well, if but
 One Finger pains them. I am happy that
 I've gain'd her Love, which can no more
 Change than a Star his Course, or Fate
 Her everlasting Laws; and I'm to fail
 But one Night of my Promise; — but that Night
 Is a whole Age; — yet I must go — O Heav'n!
 I dare not go to take my Leave of her:
 One Look of hers would tempt me to Rebellion.
 Here she comes! Heaven! What shall I do?

Enter Cleantha and Urania.

Clean. My Lord,

In what Condition did you leave the Queen,
 That she's retir'd at this unusual Hour? (ful. —

End. Madam, her Majesty was very well; but thought —
 (*Aside.*) How is my Loyalty already shaken! —

I cannot longer endure the Shock — I'll write to her,
 T'excuse my Absence. — Your Highness's humble Servant,
 Your Servant, Madam. [*Exit Eudymon.*

Clean. He seem'd as if he had Disorder in his Thoughts,
 And yet methinks it did become him too. [*She sighs.*

Uran. Why does your Highness thus afflict your self?

Clean. Wretched *Cleantha*! Yet too fortunate
 In that, which Fools call Happiness; O Fate!
 Why do'st thou thus abuse the World, to make
 Some high, some low; yet every one alike
 Unhappy? What-e'er our Stations be,
 We meet in this sad Center — Misery.

Uran. Madam, you are more happy than you think you are.

Clean. Those, whom Fate does destine to such Plagues,
 As would break forth through private Windows, it
 Does place in mighty Palaces, and with
 External Splendor hides their inward Griefs
 From common People's Eyes; while they, poor Souls!
 Admire what (did they understand) they'd pity.

Uran. How many, that behold your Highness walk,
 Attended by the proudest Youths of Grace,

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And Gayer much than Tulips in the Spring,
Do think you every Minute happier far,
Than Cowards condemn'd are, when their Pardon's read;
And every Lady in *Arcadia*
But wretched, when compar'd to your bright Fortune.

Clean. Whilst poor *Cleantha*, at that very time,
Envys some Village Maid, that Ruffet wears,
(The Livery of those Sheep she does attend)
And freely favours the poor Swain she loves,
And sleeps at Night———*Cleantha's* oft admir'd,
And her great Titles reckon'd up, whilst she
Does in her Closet weep she is not less.
Poor *Endymion*! how little dar'st thou think
My Thoughts; or I dare say them to thee?

Uran. Should *Endymion* speak,
You then would hate him for his Confidence,
A Crime, of which he never can be guilty.

Clean. Nay, should he speak, in that he would forfeit
The very Thing I love him for, that Rest
He finds in the *Elizium* of his Thoughts,
And those true Satisfaction, which he takes
In being all the World unto himself.

Enter Evadne and Neander.

Evad. Sir, I beseech you, do not follow me;
It would incense my Father much against me,
If he shou'd see you.

Nean. Madam, never mind
What old grey People in their Wisdom talk of;
They'd cross us out of envy to our Youth;
For when the Wine of Love is drawn out of 'em,
They live some Years by its Vinegar, Spight.

Clean. Poor Lady, how she's pester'd with you gaudy
Nothing!

Enter Phronesia, and after Geron.

Phro. O Madam! we shall have a Ball to-night,
The Queen will entertain his Majesty, and desires your
Highness to be ready.

Clean. I attend her Pleasure.

Ger. Hell take that Clogg of mine; how over-joy'd she

is, to have an Opportunity to shew her self, and lay Baits for young Gudgeons!

Neon. Let me consider how I may look amiably in the Sight of these Ladies; [*Walks out of his Pocket a Looking-Glass.*] let me see, a Fatch or two here, and a little more Red here—very well; this Face of mine cannot chuse but charm them!

Ger. Well, Minion, there's a Bait; but let me but see you dare to look upon any Man but my self there, and by all the Villanies of thy Sex I'll tear thy Flesh from thy Bones, and hang thy Skeleton up in a Physick-School. [*She shrinks from him.*]

Clean. How now, *Geron*? What, in a Passion with your Wife?

Ger. O, no; and't please your Highness, I cannot be angry with any one I love so well.

Phro. Ah, Madam; he threatens to tear my Flesh from my Bones; and't please your Highness.

Clean. *Geron*! Do you know before whom you do this?

Ger. Certainly, my Dear, thou art distracted; how com'st thou to mistake thy self so? Madam, I have a great Tenderness for her, as I have for my own Eyes, Heaven knows.

Neon. They deserve much alike: his Eyes are blood-shot, rheumatick and blind; and his Wife ugly, insolent and froward.

Ger. If thou knew'st, my dear *Phronesia*, how great a Value I have for thee, thou would'st not thus have injur'd me.

Clean. So, this is well; but, *Urania* and *Evadne*, let us go wait upon the Queen: *Neander*, stay you here.

[*Ex. Clean. Uran. Evad.*]

Neon. I like not that so well; I love this *Evadne* most abominably.

Ger. Prythee, my dear, harbour not so ill Thoughts of thy loving Husband 'till death, *Geron*—you Strumpet, I'll make you know what 'tis to use me thus.

Phro. My Lord *Neander*, help, or this old Wizard will murder me. Avant, *Belzebub*.

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Nean. Hold, *Geron*!

Here's a Fellow I may show my Valour on; [*Aside.*
He is old and cowardly: Oh, that all *Hectors* had the
same Discretion in the Choice of their Men that I have,
they would not be so often beaten as they are; Now
will I prove as good a Knight Errant as the best of 'em,
and rescue this distress'd Lady.

Ger. Hufwife, to-morrow will come ———

Phro. My Lord! 'Pray take my Part against this wick-
ed, old, jealous, toothless, impotent Fellow.

Nean. Do you hear, Sir! Do but dare to think of in-
juring this Lady, and I will take you, and slice you, and salt
you, and broil you upon a Grid-Iron, as they do a Neck of
Mutton; Rogue, I will; look for't.—Now methinks I huff
as bravely as the best of 'em all; when I find no Resist-
ance. [*Aside.*

Ger. A Curse on him; without Question this is he
that has done me the Injury: If I cannot get my Wife with
Child, must he do't for me, with a Murrain to him? [*Aside.*

Nean. What's that you mutter, Sir? Come immediate-
ly, and reverence this Lady; or by my Courage, (which,
'thank Heaven, he thinks too great to question) and
by the Soul of my Friend *Alexander*, I'll make as many
Holes in thy old musty Body, as there are in the Inside of
a Dove-House.

Ger. I must do't; I may be cut off else, in the Flower
of my Age.

Nean. D'you hear, Sir? When I say the Word, make
your Honour to her.

Phro. Ay, my Lord, teach him his Duty to me.

Ger. Alas! your Lordship mistakes me; she is a most
admirable Lady; I hold her next my Heart.

Nean. Come, do't then, and look you serve her, and
adore her, d'ye hear, Sir.

Ger. My dearest pretty Duckling, thy most humble
Servant to command. ———

Phro. Ay, this is as it should be. ———

Ger. (with a kind Look) Must you have your Stallions,
and your Bravo's too, you most abominable Strumpet? I
will cut your Throat infallibly.

Phro.

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Phro. Ah, my Lord, he threatens me again; I beseech your Lordship, give him due Correction for his Insolence.

Ger. This is insufferable, that a Man must be afraid to chastise his own Wife, for fear of her blustering Gallants.

Near. You Hell-Hound, come and be Friends with her, and kiss her instantly, or thou shalt not draw thy perfidious Breath two Minutes longer; — Peace, Peace, the Queen's a coming; Sir, I'll think of you another time.

Enter Priest and Queen.

Priest. Madam, I hope your Majesty will, in this Slight Trouble, still preserve that noble Temper, Which hitherto has guided all your Actions. The Sin is but in *Embryo*, yet we'll stifle it, Before it is brought forth: you have found Th' Intention, and may well prevent the Act.

Queen. I cannot but resent the Injury, My Lord intends to do himself and me. Poor Prince! I pity him; and oh! that Heaven Wou'd do so too, and vouchsafe one Beam To his benighted Breast, to let him see How mean a Thing it is, softly to creep At cowardly Midnight to his Bed of Sin: But I am resolv'd to hide my Resentments, and design'd this little Entertainment for that Purpose — Here comes the King.

Enter King and Pyrrhus.

Pyr. Sir! *Urania* assures me, she will not fail, as soon as the Dance is over.

King. Go you, and see yon Grotto then prepar'd:

Pyr. It shall be fitted for the Scene of Love. I shall make haste to wait on your Commands.

King. Then all I have to do is to make some fair Pretence to the Queen for my Absence! — How does my Queen? What, no more Company?

Queen. I need none, now I have found my Lord, who is to me all Company.

King. She still obliges me so, I cannot think of my *Urania's* Love, but with Regret.

Queen. Will your Majesty please to sit, and see this En-
try? King.

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King. With all my Heart. [*Enter with Ginetts and Castaniets's.*]

Queen. How does this please you, Sir?

King. I am a little disorder'd on the sudden: I am not well.

Queen. Heaven guard you, Sir; what is the Matter?

King. 'Tis not much; but I hope this Night's Rest will make me well.

Queen. Sure, Sir, you do not well to tarry here.

King. I do not, Madam; I'll retire: Good night.

Queen. Nay, give me leave, Sir, to attend you.

King. No! I will not draw you from the Entertainment this pleasant Evening may afford you, Madam.

Queen. Alas, dear Sir! you injure me to think that that same Evening, that gives Pain to you, can give me Pleasure.

King. My Dear! I am not sick;
I only am a little indispos'd.
I'll beg your Pardon to retire this Night:
But pray stay you, and take no further Care,
Till at your own Apartment I see you
To-Morrow Morning.

Queen. Sir! your Will is still my Law.

King. Once more, good Night———

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Poor Prince! Now little dost thou think
How soon thou art to meet with her thou fly'st,
That Wife, that still has been so constant!
O! how ridiculous
Just Heaven does make the Ways of Men,
When they forsake the Ways of Virtue!
This brave Prince,
(At whose victorious Armies Greece now trembles)
When he contrives inglorious Actions, shall
At the same time be pity'd by his Servants,
And a poor Girl shall upbraid him, in
Contriving to preserve him virtuous.
How do Men ravel back to Childhood, when
They cease to be thy Children, sacred Virtue;
And need the Care of every little Person,
That, what they call for, may not do 'em harm!

Priest.

Priest. Not to be subject to Temptation, is
A Privilege only had in th' other World;
And yet I hope, Madam, what you design
Will him from his intended Crime defend;
Use you the Means, and Heaven will crown the End.
[Exeunt.]



ACT III.

Enter King and Pyrrhus.

King. Good Morrow, my Lord.

Pyrrhus. A good Day to your Majesty;
A Day as pleasant as your Night has been.

King. Ah, *Pyrrhus*! I wish it indeed.

Pyrrhus. I hope your Majesty has been well enough diverted
ed this Night——

King. Yes, my Lord, tho' not as you suppose:
I've been diverted from those wild Desires,
That made me first injure my self, and then
Unlord my Confident; but I've ask'd Pardon
Of Heav'n, and my own Majesty; and now
I beg it too from you, my Loyal *Pyrrhus*:
Forgive me, that I have profan'd thy Faith
By such Commands, that thou art bound to ask
Blest Heav'n Forgiveness for thy Loyalty.

Pyrrhus. Your Majesty, I hope, will give me leave
To wonder at this Change; and understand it,
When you shall please to think me fit for it.

King. I'll tell thee all——When now the Night
Grew black enough to hide a sculking Action,
I softly stole

To yonder Grotto, through the upper Walks;
And there found my *Urania*; but I found her,
I found her, *Pyrrhus*, not a Mistress, but
A Goddess rather; which made me to be,

No.

No more her Lover, but her Worshipper:
 She only whisper'd to me, as she promis'd,
 Yet never heard I any Voice so loud;
 And tho' her Words were gentler far than those,
 That holy Priests do speak to dying Saints,
 Yet never Thunder signify'd so much.

Pyr. 'Plague of her whispering; if this Change be true,
 I'm in a sweet Condition——— [*Aside.*]

King. And what did make still more Impression on me,
 Methought her Whispers were my injur'd Queen's,
 Her Manner just like hers; and when she urg'd
 (Among a thousand Things) the Injury
 I did the faithfull'st Princess in the World,
 Who now suppos'd me sick; and was perchance
 Upon her Knèes offering up holy Vows
 For him, who mock'd both Heav'n and her———

Pyr. This is very fine, i'faith!

King. When she urg'd this, and wept, and spake so like
 My poor deluded Queen, *Pyrhus*, I trembled,
 And my hot raging Blood straight turn'd to Ice;
 I being perswaded that it was her Angel
 Spoke through *Urania's* Lips, who for her sake
 Took care of me, as something she much lov'd.

Pyr. (*Aside*) These are unhappy Qualms for me; I have
 No Way to keep his Favour now, for I am sure
 I'm good for nothing else, but what he last
 Employ'd me in.—But how did you leave her, Sir?

King. *Urania* still is chaste; but how do'st think
 I shall reward her for this virtuous Action?

Pyr. A Curse on her——— [*Aside.*]
 There are ten thousand Ways, Sir.

King. No, no; for this, I must undo her now.

Pyr. You make me wonder, Sir.

King. You know, she told me
Endymion was her Servant (a rare Man)
 That can love Virtue, where he sees her poor;
 And I shall be constrain'd to banish him
 To some remoter Island, unless he'll be
 (Which I much doubt) content to marry her
 Within few Days.

Pyr.

Pyr. This is all News.

King. It is:

But, *Pyrrhus*, thou art worthy of my Secrets,
And therefore know, I've lately learnt *Cleantha*
Loves nothing but *Endymion*: tho' she has
(Thou know'st) a Prince, that courts her, high in Birth,
And Fortune too; One worthy of our Alliance:
The Prince of *Macedon*, who by his Father was
Engag'd to marry the King of *Thrace's* eldest Daughter:
But that was hindered by the late Rebellion,
Where the pious King of *Thrace* by his inhumane
Subjects was basely murder'd, and his Queen and two
Daughters forc'd to fly for their Safety, and never
Since were heard of. [grown

Pyr. The great *Cleopatra*, with her Eldest, who was
A Woman, and another, who was a little Child.

King. The same: But since the loss of all these Princesses,
The Prince's Affections have engag'd him here;
That was his Father's Choice, but this his own:
Yet she slights all his Addresses, and last Night
I was inform'd 'twas only for the sake
Of this *Endymion*: the Certainty
I hope to know from our good Priest, whom I
Employ'd to sound her Resolutions,
Whence I shall soon discern *Endymion's* Fate.

Pyr. But does *Endymion* know *Cleantha* loves him?

King. I'm told he does not: all, that can be gather'd,
Is but from some few Words she was by chance
O'erheard to say unto her self, too big
For her own Breast's Confinement, and too secret
It seems for any other's Ear.
But hark! what's yonder?

Pyr. I believe *Endymion* is return'd. [Trumpet within.

(Queen;

King. Go, and enquire the News of him; I must to th'
The Shepherds are to entertain me here
In this adjoining Grove, with some of our
Arcadian Sports, as they do once a Month:
But here's my Niece.

Enter

Enter Cleantha.

Niece! A good Morning to you.——

What makes you abroad so early?

Clean. To take the pleasant Air of this Garden.

King. Much good may it do you: I'll leave you to your Thoughts.

Clean. Heaven bless you——

[Ex. King.]

——When ev'ry thing is green,

Must poor *Cleantha* only wither, and

Ne'er know a Spring? Was I made only high,

Like *Rhodope*, and *Hemus*, or the *Alps*,

To dwell with everlasting Winter? to wear Snow,

When every Valley is adorn'd with Roses?

Well, I must die; then I may also be

Happy as other Folks; the Grave looks wisely,

Like my Fortune, there I shall not see

Poor Villagers more blest in Love than I;

And there I shall be able to make appear

Cleantha and *Endymion* equal are:

Then possibly some of *Cleantha's* Earth

May prove a little Flower, and look fresher,

Than when it was a part of a great Princess.

Enter Urania.

Uran. Madam! the Queen expects your Highness.

Clean. I'll wait on her——

[Exit Cleantha.]

Uran. *Endymion* is return'd! what shall I do,

To be at once both Just and Civil too?

If I could satisfy *Endymion's* Love,

I shou'd unjust to great *Theander* prove;

That Prince, who to so mean a thing as I,

(Bred in a little Cottage) did bestow

His noble Heart, which is a Present fit

For any Princess fruitful *Greece* can boast of;

From whom if I could give my Love, I would not.

Why did I give my Promise then last Night?

And yet the generous *Endymion*

Will sure forgive me, when he knows the Cause:

He's here. Heav'n forgive me; what I'm forc'd to!

Enter

Enter Endymion.

End. Madam! I come upon my Knees to beg your Pardon.

Uran. My Lord, it is not well to mock me further,
You have deluded me enough already;
Thus we, that are so easie to bestow

Our Love, the greatest Treasure we possess,
Are still neglected by ungrateful Men;

But I had thought to 'have found more Truth in you.

End. Madam! 'twas my Allegiance forc'd me from you.

Uran. Those Men, who dare offer such Injuries,
Never want Boldness to excuse their Crimes.

End. Had I refus'd to obey my King's Command,
You could not think me worthy of your Love. (*own.*)

Uran. (*Aside*) He speaks a truth, I ought, but dare not
What a fond Fool was I, to be so forward

In trusting a Court Lord, or to believe
You e'er would marry one of my mean Fortune?

End. Dear *Urania*, I appeal to th' Gods,
Who're honour'd, when they're witnesses to truth.

Uran. Make no more Vows, I am not to be deceiv'd again;
I was too foolish to believe your last: Farewel, my Lord.

(*Aside.*) The Powers above forgive me. [*Exit Uran.*]

End. How much unlike *Urania* is this Passion,
Who us'd to be all calm and gentle still?

And sure would be so, did not my unlucky Stars,
That never meant me good, incline her to this Anger.—

Enter Neander.

Nean. Your Servant, my Lord!

End. 'Curse on this vain Pop——— [*Ex. Endym.*]

Nean. Are you so stout? Farewel——— Well! I wonder
whom the Devil intends I shall marry with. I have been
a Servant, as they call't; that is, I have ly'd, sworn, and
spent Money upon every Lady about the Court, and still
am as far from having one of them as the very st Eu-
nuch is; nay, more; for they say, Eunuchs have a Trick
now-a-days to please the Ladies exceedingly.—— I was
in most hopes of *Evadne*, and love her best: but the old
Priest forbids her to see me, or speak with me; here she
comes!—— I will force her to hear me———

Enter

Enter Evadne in haste.

Dear Apple of my Eye! why this haste? thou hast wounded me, and then thou fly'st me.

Evad. There is a sufficient Reason for't.

Nean. Must then *Neander* die?

Evad. My Reason is Obedience.

Nean. Obedience to a Priest! we have liv'd to a fine Age, to be govern'd by that Tribe, i'faith.

Evad. That Priest is my Father.

Nean. Ay, and an incomparable Father too! that will chuse no Husband for you, but a heavy-headed Fool, that is afraid to swear, thinks most old Women Witches, and believes that dead Folks walk.

Evad. Let me go: why do I talk with this vain Piece of Frippery?

Nean. Well, I perceive, you will hear no more of your Servant——

[*Ex. Evad.*

What Sot in all *Arcadia*, but this old bald Hackney Priest, would not marry his Daughter to my Estate, tho' I were the errantest Coxcomb in *Greece*? So he might have said, his Daughter, my Lady such a one, and talk of her Gentlemen Ushers, her Pages, and her Women, who would care whether her Husband were a Philosopher or no? poor *Evadne*, thy Mother dy'd too soon for thee; she, good Woman, would have made a hard shift to have sat the upper end of my Lord *Neander's* Table, to have had Occasion to have made up a fine Mouth, and have said to *Evadne*, Daughter, you don't help my Lord, &c. Well! I'll be aveng'd on some body for this.

Enter Geron.

Ger. For my Wife, I have secur'd her under two double Locks and Keys; the Devil's in't if she breaks Prison now: I'll keep her from these publick Meetings. She, like a Strumpet, was mad to be at this Entertainment of the Shepherds.

Nean. Here's a Fellow in a worse Condition with a Wife, than I am for want of one.

Ger. Hell take this Lord! must I still see him, where'er I go——My Lord, your most obedient Servant.

Nean.

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Nean. Geron! how is it?

Ger. How is what? but let it be how it will, I care not.

Nean. How does your Wife?

Ger. Furies seize this damn'd Lord! ——— [Aside.
My honour'd Lord! my Wife is at your Lordship's Service.—Plague on him, he has made, I believe, too bold with her already — Is she here — I shall be undone, cuckolded, abus'd; what will become of me? I am sure I lock'd her fast.

Enter King, Queen, Clean, Uran, Evad, Phro, Endym.
Priest, and all the Court.

Queen. Geron! let me once more hear of this ill Usage of your Wife, and I'll banish you the Court.

Ger. A Curse on her, must she appeal to the Queen too! [Aside.

King. Have you spoke with the Princess?

Priest. I have, Sir; and when I prest her to it, she confest to me she lov'd *Endymion*, tho' at first she was unwilling to own it.

King. What a Misfortune is this to me? some speedy Care must be taken — But come, let us take our Places, and hear what these Shepherds will afford us.

Queen. I am infinitely pleas'd with 'em, they are the happiest innocentest People in the World.

SCENE draws, and Shepherds and Shepherdesses are discover'd lying under the Shades of Trees; at the Appearance of the King and Court, one arises and sings as follows, *In Stile recitativo.*

I.

*S*hepherds, awake; the God of Day does rise,
Bedeck'd with all the Glories of the Skies,
And round about scatters his Heat and Light,
And dazzles all our Sights.

[Here they rise, and bow to the King and Court, and one sings on,

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In vain the Persians heretofore
 Did their dull God of Light adore,
 Since we have one can give us more:
 By whose bright Influence we enjoy
 (What other Nations toil for long)
 Life without Labour, full of Joy,
 And free from all Oppressor's wrong.

Cho. { Here our own proper Flocks of Sheep
 of 2. { We may in pleasant Safety keep.

Here a perpetual Spring does cloath the Earth,
 And makes it fruitful with each Season's Birth;
 In this fair Climate every Day
 Is fresh and green as May;
 And here no Beauty can decay.

Cho. { Thus, thus live we,
 of 3. { As the Elements free;
 Each Day and each Night
 Is crown'd with Delight,
 Without either Envy or Strife:
 This is the jolly Shepherd's Life.

II.

Free from all Cares, in Pleasant Shades,
 And fragrant Bow'rs, we spend the Day;
 (Bow'rs, which no Heat, nor Cold invades,
 Which all the Year are fresh and gay)
 Each does his loving Mate embrace,
 And in soft Pleasures melts the Hours away;
 So innocently, that no Face
 Of Nymph or Shepherd can a Guile betray:
 And having Ease, the Nurse of Poetry,
 We sing the Stories of our Loves,
 As Chaste as Turtle-Doves,
 Free from all Fear and Jealousie,
 From every envious Eye:

For ev'ry Man possessor but his own.
 No Shepherd sighs, nor Shepherdess does frown;
 No Ambition here is found,
 But to be crown'd
 Lord or Lady of the May;
 And on the Solemn Day
 For Singing to have praise,
 Or for inditing to deserve the Bayes.
 ————— Thus, thus live we, &c.

III.

In the cool Evening, on the Lawns we play,
 And merrily pass our time away.
 We dance, and run, and pipe, and sing,
 And wrestle in a Ring:
 For some gaudy Wreaths of Flowers,
 Cropt from the fruitful Fields and Bowers,
 By some pretty Nymphs compos'd,
 By their fair Hands to be dispos'd
 To those ambitious Shepherds, who
 With Virtuous Emulation strive to do
 What may deserve the Garlands; and (obtain'd)
 Are prouder far than Princes, that have gain'd
 In fight their Valour's Prize,
 Or over stubborn Nations Victories;
 Whilst in th' adjoining Grove the Nightingale
 Does tell her mournful Tale,
 And does our Pleasures greet,
 With each Note,
 So sweet, so sweet, so sweet
 From her pretty juggling, juggling Throat:
 It does each Breast inspire
 With loving Haas and wish Poetick Fire.
 Thus, thus live we, &c.

IV.

We live aloof from Destiny,
 (That only quarrels with the Great;)
 And in this calm Retreat,

(Content

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(Content with Nature uncorrupted) we
 From splendid Miseries of Courts are free;
 From Pomp, and Noise, from Pride, and Fear,
 From Factions, from Divisions clear,
 Free from brave Beggary, smiling Strife:
 This is indeed a Life.

No flaws in Titles vex our Cares,
 Nor quarrel we for what's our own;
 No noise of War invades our Ears,
 We suffer not the Rage of Sword, or Gown.

Our little Cabbins stronger are
 Than Palaces, to keep out Woes;
 Nor ever take we Care
 To fortify 'gainst any Foes,
 But little Showers of Rain, or Hail,
 Which seldom do this Place assail.
 Thus, thus live we, &c.

Here the Shepherds and Shepherdesses take Hands round,
 and Dance, as they sing the following Song; and at
 the end of the Song they fall into the Figure they must
 Dance in.

I

Thus all our Life long we are frolick and gay,
 And, instead of Court-Revels, we merrily play
 At Trap, and at Keels, and at Barlibreak run,
 At Coss, and at Stool-ball; and when we have done
 Cho. { These innocent Sports, we laugh, and lie down,
 { And to each pretty Lass we give a Green-gown.

II.

We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry
 The Partridge, the Hare, and the Pheasant, our Quarry;
 The nimble Squirrels with Cudgels we chase,
 And the little pretty Lark we betray with a Glass;
 And when we have done, we laugh, and lie down,
 And to each pretty, &c.

III. A.

III.

*About the May-pole we dance all around,
And with Garlands of Pinks and of Roses are Crown'd;
Our little kind Tributes we cheerfully pay
To the gay Lord, and to the bright Lady of the May:
And when we have done, &c.*

IV.

*With our delicate Nymphs we kiss and we toy;
What all others but dream of, we daily enjoy;
With our Sweet-hearts we dally so long, till we find
Their pretty Eyes say that their Hearts are grown kind:
And when we have done, we laugh, and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a Green-gown.*

Enter a Messenger.

King. What means this Messenger?

Mess. Great Sir, Theander now has gain'd in Theffaly
A perfect Conquest over all our Enemies;
Having o'erthrown them in one fatal Battle,
He has reduc'd them to Obedience.

King. The Powers above be prais'd:
Let me know the Particulars.

[happy News!

Uran. (to her self.) How am I transported with this
My Heart is yet too narrow for my Joy:
My Prayers were heard, the brave Theander's safe,
And comes in Triumph too.

Mess. He bid me say, he will be here to-Morrow ere
Night, and then he'll give your Majesty a full Account
of all the War.

[Morrow?

Uran. (to her self.) And shall I see the God-like Man to-
Let me contain my self a little.

End. Madam! Are you resolv'd still to persist in Cruelty?

Uran. Endymion, forgive me——

[Aside.

Sir, I acquainted you with my Resolutions.

King. This Evening we will celebrate the Victory,
And give the Gods our Thanks and Praises for't.

[Exeunt all but Urania and Cleantha.

Uran.

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Uran. I am privately told by *Evadne*, that her Father has discover'd your Highness's Love to the King, and that the King has secretly resolv'd to banish *Endymion*.

Clean. O Gods! banish *Endymion*? desire *Evadne* to come to me.

Uran. I will———

[*Ex. Urania.*

Clean. Wretched *Cleantha*! is thy Love a crime,
A Crime to him thou lov'st? must it be ruin
To a Person, if thou but affectest him?
Have I some Plague, that I must thus destroy
Whom I embrace? or is my Destiny
Grown Paradoxical, and proves my Love
To be true Hatred?———

O Death! thou art not half so cruel yet
In thy Destructions of the Prosperous,
As in not killing Wretches, that would die.

Enter Endymion.

End. *Urania* does not well to treat me thus:
I took no leave of her, but I have told her
The Reasons why my Love forbid it me,
Yet she persists in Cruelty.

Clean. He's here.———

His Countenance betokens Grief.

End. To be thus angry, and accuse me of
Slighting a poor deluded Maid,
In ipight of all my Vows of Love to her——
The Princess still is gracious to me:
I had best entreat her to perswade my now
Provok'd *Urania*—— She's here;
But she's alone: I dare not interrupt her Thoughts.

Clean. Good morrow, my Lord.

End. Your Pardon, Madam, if unthought of I
Have rush'd on your Retirement.

Clean. Your Presence will better it.

'Pray what News from *Argos*?

End. Madam, the Report brought last Night to Court
Had nothing in't of Truth: I found all quiet,
But only for th' Disturbance, which we made
Our selves, by our Arrival in the Night.

Clean.

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Cleem. I am glad, my Lord, your Danger was no more.

End. You oblige me, Madam, to undergo
Much greater Danger for your Highness, than
This could have prov'd.

Cleem. My Lord! you have already
Serv'd me, beyond what I can recompence.

End. Madam! 't has been your Higness's Pleasure still
To honour with too great Respects the little
Merits of your mean Servant, who's advanc'd,
When numbred in the lowest Rank of those,
That have been fortunate to do you Service.

Cleem. You add still to my Debts, my Lord, yet are
No ways injurious, since you make me rich
In having such a noble Creditor:

But pray, my Lord, tell me, (as one concern'd
Much in your Fortunes) what's the Cause
Your Lordship has not worn of late that Rest
Upon your Looks, which heretofore appear'd?

End. Madam, it is for you to wear that Rest, who are
Plac'd in that upper Region, where there is
No Wind; but a little Bark, i'th' midst
Of a great Sea, subject to every Wave,
And every gust of Wind, can ne'er pretend
To this blest State.

Cleem. My Lord, you have some Grievs that are particular.

End. For my Troubles, Madam,
Alas! their Objects would appear so small
To your great Eye, you'd think I did affront you,
Shou'd I dare say them to you. Could the Lyon
In his Midnight-walks hear some poor Worms
Complain for want of little drops of Dew,
What Pity could that noble Creature have,
Who never wanted small things, for those poor
Ambitious? yet these are their Concernments,
And but for want of these they pine and die.

Cleem. I hope, my Lord, what is your Trouble may
Not be augmented by my knowing it:
Else I shall never think ought small, that can
So much affect you; nor beneath my Cure,

To

To seek to remedy what gives you Pain.

End. Great Princess! you undo me with your Honours:
My Blood turns all to Blushes, Madam;
I must obey your Highness's Commands,
And thank you for 'em too, since in your Knowledge
Of what afflicts me, is Remedy.

Clean. What will he tell me? Heav'n! he knows I love him! [*Aside.*]

End. Madam, I long have lov'd——

Clean. Lov'd whom?

End. The fair *Urania*, who attends your Highness.

Clean. [*Aside*] Forgive me, poor *Endymion*, when I say
What I, of all the World, ought least to say:——
Indeed, my Lord, I never could have guess'd [*To him.*]
Your Melancholy had so mean a Cause:
I could not think you would so far dishonour
Your Family and Name, to love
So low a Person.

End. Madam! I well know,
Urania was a Shepherdess, and born
In a low Cottage, 'mongst those little People,
Whom Honour seldom visits; but yet she,
Like to a Star mistaken of its Sphere,
Grew so conspicuous 'mongst those dimmer Lights,
That brave *Theander* had no sooner spy'd her,
But he became all Wonder, and thought her a fit
Present for your Highness; an Advancement
Few Families can boast of.

Clean. But her Birth is mean.

End. You cast your Eyes upon her from the heights
Of Birth, and Fortune too, and see her low:
Whilst that some other Princess, born as high,
But not under so happy Stars, may think
Her Birth more Noble, 'cause more free, and less
Subject to Fate.

Clean. Wretched *Cleantes*! now *Endymion* says
Thou art unhappy——But
My Passion is now authoriz'd, and I
Must speak——Tell me, my Lord, and truly too,
Should I make it my Care to chuse you a Mistress, Fair

Fair as *Urania*, and as virtuous too,
 Extracted from a Family would give
 Lustre to yours, although it were as mean
 As hers you court now: Say, would you not leave
Urania, who does seem to slight
 All your Respects for her?

End. Should your Highness condescend to chuse
 A Torment for me, it were Impudence
 In me to chuse ought else: But that's all blest,
 Which is so like *Urania*.

Clean. So like to her?
 Her Birth is very low; perhaps her Mind
 As low as that.

End. Madam! *Urania* may
 Find thousands of more Merit than
 The poor *Eudymion*, who durst never measure
 Himself, but by the Passion he had for her

Clean. Sure 'twas his Modesty; he might have thriven
 Much better possibly, had his Ambition
 Been greater much—they oftentimes take more Pains
 Who look for Pins, than those who look for Stars.

End. Those who look for Stars must be provided
 With Arts and Glasses, and such costly things
 As humble Men must be content to want.

Clean. For Stars of greatest Magnitude you need
 Only to fix your Eyes, and they'll appear
 By their own Light, and all you have to do
 Is to receive those Beams they cast upon you.

End. [*Aside*]. What can this mean?—But, Madam, 'tis hard,
 To fix our Eyes aright upon that Part
 Of Heaven, where those Stars inhabit, if
 We have not some Directions first.

Clean. Indeed those, who look downwards, ought to be
 To look above them, to the highest Sphere;
 (For there they are) then I am apt to think
 Their task would not prove hard—My Lord, I blush
 Thus to instruct you in Astronomy

End. I'm lost in Wonder:—
 Madam, 'tis not strange,

If I am proud of what you blush at; but
 I'm sure your unbounded Wit to-Morrow
 Will with much greater Reason quite deny it.

Cleem. My Lord, you think no Woman can be constant
 To what she says a-days, but your *Urania*:
 But, till you have try'd, pray have more Charity;
 You'll after have more Faith: My Lord, Farewell.
 The Gods forgive my Breach of Modesty — [*Aside.*] [*Ex.*]

End. What have I heard!
 Was't not enough to lose my dear *Urania*,
 Unless I also did adore the Hand
 That snatch'd her from me? *Chantus* loves *Endymion*:
 But, Fool, it cannot be; ne'er may I know
 Her noble Breast harbour a thought so low. [*Exit.*]



ACT IV.

Enter Neander.

Nean. I Was (at least in my own Conceit) in Probability
 of winning the sweet *Evadne*; and now, that
 not only her ugly Father, but the Queen too should forbid
 her to see me, or speak to me; it is what I cannot, will
 not bear; Though Fate it self say, I shall do it. I am re-
 solv'd that old grey Priest, and his Mistress the Queen, shall
 be the Subjects of my Revenge; And yet I am not ambi-
 tious to shew my Valour so far, as to be hang'd for't neither—
 I think I ha't; If I can do this, 'twill be the sweetest
 Part of my Revenge, to live, and tread, and spit upon
 their Graves: I have sent for *Geron*, a Rogue fit for my
 Purpose; for he is covetous to Extremity, and I have
 Gold to bribe him, and which is lucky above my Wilhes,
 the Priest and Queen have cheek'd him lately, and coun-
 tenanc'd his Wife against him; which torments him so,
 that I believe he would be glad to be hang'd on any
 Terms. — Here he is.

Enter

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Enter Geron.

Ger. Consume him, he is here——

Neen. Dear Geron, let him embrace thee, that, perhaps, is thy best Friend.

Ger. Perhaps! with a Curse to him—— [Aside.]

No, my Lord, you are a Friend to my Wife.

Neen. Geron! Give me your Hand.

Ger. Would I had your Heart's-Blood.—— [Aside.]

Neen. Give me your Hand, Geron.

Ger. My good Lord! You do me too much Honour.

Neen. I beg your Pardon heartily, that I presum'd to countenance your ugly, impertinent, ill-natur'd, vain Wife against you; you, that are so worthy an honest Knight; it was Ignorance of her and you made me do it: I protest it was.

Ger. What the Devil does he mean by this?—— [Aside.]

Neen. Upon my Honour, Geron, it was; had I not been a Stranger to her ill Qualities——

Ger. I am afraid you know 'em too well—— [Aside.]

Neen. I should never have encourag'd her in her Insolence to you——

Ger. What does all this tend to?—— [Aside.]

Neen. For I am well satisfy'd, a Man, especially an old Man, that has had Experience of the Vanity of the World, ought to have an absolute Dominion over his Wife.

Ger. My Lord, this is a Truth I would you had acknowledged sooner; for my abominable Wife, instead of being humbled, is encourag'd by the Court.

Neen. I know, though too late now, your Wife is froward, foolish, petulant, wanton, proud, expensive, disobedient, ungrateful.——

Ger. 'Tis too true—— [Aside.] But a Plague on him, I am afraid he has made shift with her with all these Faults—— My good Lord——

Neen. What says my dear Friend? Give me leave to call you so:—— [Aside.] Whom I would not give two Drachins to save from a Gibbet.

Ger. I would fain be satisfy'd of one Scruple.

Nean. Speak it.

Ger. I beseech your Lordship, be not angry——

Nean. My dear *Geron*, I cannot be with thee.

Ger. My Lord! Were you never a little familiar, or so, with——

Nean. Whom?

Ger. My Wife, my Lord, in private? I mean, in a civil Way.

Nean. I am not to interpret your Meaning; but, upon my Honour, I was never alone with her in my Life; nor ever will I be, if I can avoid it——

Ger. Is your Lordship in earnest?

Nean. Upon my Honour, *Geron*.

Ger. Honour! That's a Word for some, who call themselves Men of Honour, to borrow Money with; it is a Tenure they Mortgage, as often as they do their Lands, and forfeit the Mortgage too; and yet they would have both their Honours and Estates pass for Security, as if there were no Incumbrance upon either. *[Aside.*

Nean. Dost thou distrust me, Friend? I could never endure her, she's so ugly, so abominably ugly.

Ger. So ugly, my Lord! I did not think you would have abus'd my Wife thus; so ugly! I'd have your Lordship know, there is not her Fellow in the Court——
'Pox on her, she's but too handsome for me.

Nean. Nay, pr'ythee, *Geron*, be not offended; my Nature is so just to all my Friends, that their Wives, though ne'er so beautiful, appear to me deformed; and if thou doubtest my Friendship, make tryal of me; let me know how I can serve thee.

Ger. I humbly thank your Lordship——Sure he must be in earnest; but I'll try:—My Lord, you have an Interest here; the Queen and Priest have given me so severe Rebukes about my damnable Wife, that they have encourag'd her to be ten times more troublesome and insolent than ever; my Life is now become a Torment to me.

Nean. And wilt thou tamely put up this Injury?

Ger. I would it were in my Power to help it.

Nean.

Neas. It is, Man——

Ger. What says your Lordship?

Neas. It shall be; and I'll join with thee in the Revenge.

Ger. Now do I hope he'll plot some Treason, that I may accuse him, and beg his Estate for't.

Neas. I will propound to him, but if I see him waver in the Business, I'll make the first Accusation, and hang him for't. [*Aside.*]—— *Geron.* in short, I am not injur'd less than you; the Queen and Priest have crost me in my Love, and kept the fair *Evanne* from my Embraces; the only Thing I hop'd for Pleasure in.

Ger. My Lord, I know the Story.

Neas. If you will join with me, and help me to effect my Revenge, you will not only be reveng'd your self, but I will give you twenty Talents to boot.

Ger. Twenty Talents! A delicious Sum, how I could embrace 'em!

Neas. We may contrive some Way to make the King jealous of the Priest and Queen; thou know'st the Queen extremely favours that old Priest.

Ger. 'Tis for his Piety she esteems him so.

Neas. Piety! hang him!—— But however we may design it so, that that Piety may look like Treason.

Ger. As how, my Lord?

Neas. Let us contrive some private Meeting for them in yonder Grotto, that may look suspiciously; then bring the King to see it: join with me, and thou shalt have the Talents, Man.

Ger. I am very fearful; but twenty Talents!—— a Revenge to boot—— Ha!—— I'll venture it.

Neas. Have Courage, Man—— which Heaven knows is a Thing I neither have, nor desire to have. [*Aside.*

Ger. Your Lordship has prevail'd, and now I'll put you in a Way: As I was watching my Wife's Haunts, I overheard the Queen and *Endymion*, saying, that the King had forc'd *Urania* to appoint a private Meeting with him in the Grotto; and the Queen resolv'd to supply her Place, to keep the King from his intended Crime.

Neas. What then?

Ger. We may feign a Tale to the Queen, that the King has this Night resum'd his Desires, and that *Urania* has promis'd it in earnest.

Neau. But *Urania* will contradict that—

Ger. No; she ask'd the Princess Liberty to leave the Court a Day or two, for some private Business or other; and is now absent.

Neau. Excellent, *Geron*! But how shall we carry this Story?

Ger. My Wife, who shall still be ignorant of the Matter.—

Neau. Admirably invented! Thou shalt have the Talents. Besides, if thy Wife should discover thee or me, if she be question'd, we'll face her down in't, and she shall hang for't.

Ger. That Argument prevails with me more than the Talents: Whether she betrays us or no, we'll do that, my Lord.

Neau. With all my Heart, excellent *Geron*: For the Priest, thou shalt go to him, and subtilly perswade him, that the Queen has made an Appointment to meet me in the Grotto; and that I, to avoid Suspicion, am to be in Woman's Cloaths.

Ger. My Lord, he'll ne'er believe it.

Neau. Do thou confirm it by ten thousand Oaths.

Ger. That will be dangerous.

Neau. Not at all. But think on the Talents, and the Death of thy Wife, Man: Thou may'st persuade the Priest to meet her, to prevent it, in a Woman's loose Habit, and then bring the King to see them.

Ger. But the Priest will soon undeceive the King.

Neau. No, no, fear not that; the King will be so enrag'd, 'tis ten to one he kills them both without Examination; if not, you and I, who will be the first Accusers, will swear 'em both down in't. Think upon Revenge and Profit.

Ger. My Lord, I'll do't, about the time of this Evening Sacrifice for the Victory of *Theander*.

Enter Endymion with a Guard.

Ger. What means this?

Neau.

Neon. O! *Endymion's* banish'd; and this Guard is to convey him out of the King's Dominions; let him be hang'd and he will ——— let us about our Business ———

[*Ex. Geron and Neon.*]

End. May I not see the Princess, for whom I am banish'd, before I go?

Officer. No, no: along, Sir.

1 *Sold.* Pray, Sir, go a little faster.

2 *Sold.* Pr'ythee let the Gentleman alone; soft and fine goes far; and the Gentleman considers he has far to go.

End. Farewel then, brave *Cleantha*; may'st thou never Once think *Endymion* suffers for thy sake; And farewel, dear *Urania*; I will love thee On those hard Rocks I now must dwell upon.

Officer. What's this muttering? along, Sir.

2 *Sold.* Good Gentleman! He's loth to leave the Princess, I warrant him.

Enter Cleantha.

1 *Sold.* Here she comes.

End. The Princess! ——— Great Princess, pardon My glorious Sufferings; forgive me that I ever saw the Light, or liv'd a Minute: That you are injur'd thus by him, whose Being Is not worth your meanest Thought. [Kneels.]

Clean. Ah, my Lord, affront me not. Rise, brave *Endymion*; 'Tis my Misfortune: Thou art too low already.

End. Fortune made me low, to be advanc'd by a Hand More worthy than her own. [Rises.]

Clean. My noble Lord! I have undone you! What can I give you now, In Recompence of Liberty, and all The Pleasures you must lose In a sad Banishment, for her, who only Can be afflicted at your Sufferings?

End. Madam, you have enough to give, to pay So mean a Debt, if you will call it one, A thousand times.

Clean. Name it, and take it, dear
Endymion, though it be my Life.

End. Madam,

Then grant me this Request: Use every Art
To make your Hours as blest, as I shall pray
They may be many; and never let a Thought
E'er represent to your Remembrance more
Unfortunate *Endymion*: Then shall I be,
Among the Desolations of my Fortune,
Happy, to think the brave *Cleantha*'s happy,
And wears a Crown, and lives ador'd: What then,
Tho' I live in an obscure Banishment?

Off. Sir, this is what was forbidden us to permit you;
You must away, Sir——— [*Takes him by the Arm.*]

Clean. Impudent Villain, dar'st thou interrupt a Person
I am talking with?

Off. Yes, Madam; when I have the King's Commands
to do it.

End. Madam, these Persons do their Duty; they are
the Hands of Fate, that pull me from you — Sacred
Princess, all that is Bliss attend you———

[*He kneels to kiss her Hand.*]

Clean. My Lord, farewell.

Take this Ring, and remember me:
Know that *Cleantha* loves you, and will never
Be happy, 'till *Endymion* makes her so.

End. I cannot doubt but Heaven will prosper what's
So like it self: Blest Princess, take my Prayers;
Heav'n thinks not fit t' entrust me with ought else.

Clean. Farewel, and with thee all my Happiness!

Off. Come, Sir, when will you go?

End. Thus Fate directs me, what I now must do,
To serve my Shepherdess, and Princess too.
Endymion falls; but so the first he dies

A Lover, to the last a Sacrifice. [*Ex. Endym. with Guards.*]

Clean. Heav'n! Heav'n! where was thy Mercy then,
When thou mad'st Life so great a Pain, and Death
A Sn? Did'st thou create great Souls; but to
Afflict them with thy greater Power?

If by my Power

With the King I cannot get him recall'd,
I'm resolv'd privately to follow him; and spend
My Days with him, that has my Heart.

Enter Phronesia.

[Grief?

Phro. Madam! Why does your Highness thus submit to

Clean. Have I not Reason for't?

Phro. Madam, your Highness shou'd study to forget
Endymion now.

Clean. Forget him! (foolish Woman) I sooner shall
Forget that I have Eyes, forget I have
A Memory. Shall brave *Endymion* live
In Banishment for me, and I forget him?
Sure thou would'st mind me of him, if I should.

Phro. Well, Madam, I wish your Highness does not
Remember him too much; I'm glad you are
Alive yet, for my Part.

Clean. Indeed I speak, and do the Offices of Life;
But say, *Phronesia*,

Did'st never see a Tree, cut down i'th' Spring,
A while put forth his Buds and Leaves, as if
He had been alive, until that Sap was spent,
Which he had suck'd from his Life-giving Root,
And then he wither'd?

Enter King and Queen.

King. How do you, Nicce?

[Lover.

Queen. We are come to visit you, in the absence of your

Clean. Your Majesties do always do me honour. [nour,

Queen. Indeed you ought to thank those, who do you ho-
When you forget to do it your self.

King. *Cleantha*! you're too wise, I hope, to be
Afflicted at *Endymion*'s banishment.

Clean. Sir, whatsoe'er my Troubles are, as they
Are my own, so I shall endeavour not
To make 'em any other's.

King. You ought to look
To th' Justice of the Action, and be satisfy'd.

Clean. Indeed there's little Mercy in't; it that be
Most Just, that is most Cruel, this is so.

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King. The Action I have done is just: I thought it so,
And I have done it; and you must be patient.

Clean. Your Majesty may please to know, that I shall
Have that regard to my self, as not to suffer
My impatience to be troublesome to others.

King. You grieve for *Eudymion*, when all *Arcadia*
Rejoyses at the Victory of *Theander*,
Which this Evening we shall Celebrate
With Sacrifices, and with other Rites;
For whom we will prepare a publick Triumph.
Compose your self, and let not others see
Your shame.

Clean. My Shame they ne'er
Shall see; call it my Glory, so it is. [*Aside.*]

Enter Pyrrhus.

Pyr. Sir, the Sacrifice is ready for the Altar,
And the Priests wait your Royal Presence, for
The Execution.

King. Niece! think on what I've said, and follow us.

[*Ex. King and Pyr.*]

Queen. Come, dear *Cleantha*, pr'ythee be not sad;
The Prince of *Macedon* will be fitter for
Your Noble Blood, which is deriv'd from Kings.

Clean. And some other will be fitter for him
Than I, unless he likes a broken Heart.
Besides, the Prince is contracted already to
The Queen of *Thrace's* eldest Daughter.

Queen. She's long since dead

Clean. Who can tell that, Madam? I am apt to believe;
If she 'had her Kingdom yet, the Prince would find
Her out.

Enter Phronesia.

Queen. What News with you?

Phro. News, that does import your Majesty.-----

[*Whisper.*]

Enter Geron.

Ger. Madam, the Queen and your Highness are ex-
pected at the Temple; this will be a Night of Joy.

Clean.

Clean. That brings me nought but Sorrow; the Name
Is odious to me, since *Eudymon's* gone. [of Joy]

Queen. Art thou sure of this, *Phronesis*?

Phro. Yes, Madam; doubt it not.

Queen. The Gods amend all once more, I'll prevent it:
But first I'll to the Temple. — Come, *Cleantha*.

Ger. What, have you told the Queen what I enjoyn'd
you?

Phro. I have, and she's resolv'd to circumvent him:
Come to the Temple, haste. — [Ex. *Phro.*

Ger. Thus far it goes well; I have with many Oaths
and Protestations confirm'd the Priest in the Belief that
Neander, in Woman's Cloaths, is this Night to meet the
Queen: It takes admirably — the Talents are my own;
and this Wife of mine is dead already. [Ex.]

The SCENE changes to the Temple.

After the Sacrifice there is a Consort of Martial Musick;
and two or three of the *Salm*, or Priests of *Mars*, sing as
follows.

I.

ALL Praises to the God of War,
Who in our Battels gives Success,
By whom we now Victorious are,
Who does not only us with Conquests bless,
But 'tis his Pow'r, that gives us Peace.

Arcadia now may safely thus enjoy,

Thessalians cannot thus destroy:

For brave *Theander* has our Foes oppress,

And by his Noble Toyls procur'd our Rest.

II.

In vain they did their headless Force oppose

Against such Courage, and such Conduct too;

Such as requir'd more strong and numerous Foes,

Fit for his Noble Fury to subdue.

Oh! how he thunder'd in the Van!
 Godlike he threaten'd, and did more than Man:
 His Glorious Rage did then impart
 A Flame into the coldest Heart;
 All by his great Example did appear
 To fight their Dangers, and disclaim their Fear.
 He ought to none his Laurel to submit,
 But to our Patron Mars, the Cause of it.

III.

Now th' Armies meet, and vigorously engage,
 (Each Man reeking with Sweat, with Blood besmear'd)
 The boist'rous Seas in all their wildest Rage
 Were ne'er so rough as then that Field appear'd.

The Clangor of the Trumpets sounds,
 The roaring Drums thunder aloud;
 Some hawl with Anguish of their Wounds;
 Whilst others hollow in the Crowd.
 A Cloud of Arrows flies; Spears, Javelins break,
 Horses by neighing do their Courage speak;
 The clattering Swords against the Shields rebound,
 And all this Noise the echoing Hills resound.

IV.

This dreadful Valley overflows with Blood,
 Streaming from Fountains of fresh bleeding Veins;
 Horses with Humane Gore make up the Flood,
 And undistinguish'd with their purple Stains,

Besmear the Valley every where:
 While brave Theander, void of Fear,
 So generously fought,
 That he at length the rash Thessalians taught
 That all Resistance was but vain,
 And could of him nothing obtain,
 But serv'd but to prolong their Pain.
 Then they themselves and useless Weapons yield,
 With all the Spoils and Trophies of the Field.

Chorus { Thus brave Theander has our Foes oppress;
 { And by his Noble Toys procur'd our Rest.

[Marchal Dance.
 King.

King. 'Tis very well; Come, Madam.

Queen. Sir, I must have some few Minute's Discourse with this good Priest, and then I'll wait on you.

King. Hasten then, do not defer your Joy; I'm sure it cannot trouble you to see this Night dedicated to your belov'd Theander. [Exit King, *maient* Queen and Priest.

Queen. My Joy is rather too intemperate.
Poor Prince! little dost thou think I am Acquainted with thy Guilt, and thy too great Unkindness. O Holy Father! this Night the King Afresh has kindled his foul Lust, he has Once more tempted Urania; and I hear She is seduc'd in earnest, and this Day has seem'd To leave the Court, on purpose to avoid Suspicion.

Priest. Ye Gods! that I should ever live to see The Queen, that was so spotless in her Honour, Perverted thus! What Fury or Devil does this? [Aside:

Queen. Sir, 'Pray give me your wise Counsel, as you still have done.

Priest. What an abject thing Dissimulation is! below one of her Birth to suffer, much less use.

Queen. Father, what say you?

Priest. I know too well already what she'll do.--- [Aside. I'll try her---Madam, do as you did before; And, though you cannot cure this feverish Love, Anticipate all further Crimes.

Queen. I did resolve to do it.

Priest. I knew that but too well already; the Gods forgive you: With Neander too, the vainest Trifle of the Court! How am I afflicted! [Aside.

Queen. Well, Sir, I'll away, and strive to hide my Resentment, the better to carry on my Design.

Priest. Heaven bless you, Madam,---to her---[Exit Queen. And make you see your Crime [To himself.

In it's own horrid Shape, e'er you attempt it.
And yet she bears it with so much Assurance,
I could believe her Innocent: Yet why
Should *Genon* dare to invoke all the Gods,
To testify 't? if it be false, what can

Provoke

Provoke him to this Villany? If true,
 She never will acknowledge it to me.
 What e'er it be, 'tis worth my venturing
 To be undeceiv'd.

[Exit]

SCENE III.

Enter King, Geron and Pyrrhus.

King. Is't possible? my Queen an Adulteress? It cannot be. Be sure, Sir, if you accuse her falsely, ye shall not only die, but linger out a wretched Life in Torments.

Ger. Sir! if I lye, let me have what Death, the wittiest Cruelty can invent.

Pyr. I am amaz'd! the Queen, and Priest in Woman's Cloaths! strange Circumstance! To meet in the Grotto, this Night! sure 'tis impossible.

Ger. Sir, I am content to die for't, if you see not your self, all this to-Night.

King. In the mean time, you'll be content to be secur'd?

Ger. Sir, with all my Heart.

King. Guard! take *Geron*, and secure him till further Order.

Enter Guard, and seizes him.

Pyr. Sir! this dreadful News amazes me.

King. Ah, *Pyrrhus*! in this very Grotto I met *Urania*, and forgot the Queen; Tho' then I thought her faithful, And as free from any Carnal Thoughts; As are departed Souls in th' other World.

Pyr. The Gods grant this Meeting prove no worse, Than that did.

King. O Heav'n! methinks I see them already in their Lust; yet sure it cannot be! If I find this Accusation false, it had been better for this Fellow he never had been born.

Pyr. Sir, you may yet prevent it.

King. I may for this time; but I will not harbour That Devil Jealousy within my Breast, For all this World can give me: I'm resolv'd To see the Certainty my self; and if It prove untrue, my Queen shall live with Freedom.

As

As she has ever done, in all my Thoughts,
And her Accuser fall her Sacrifice:
But if she can forget her former Virtue,
I can take as much Pleasure to see her Blood
Drop from the fatal Sword, as e'er I did
To see it blushing on her Cheek, when first
I thought her modest.
Look! where they come-----

Enter Queen and Priest.

Let us withdraw; it may be we shall
Discover something.

Priest. And nothing is more common
Than this; which is thought not a Sin, because
It seems an Impulse of Nature.

King. Hear'st thou, *Pyrrhus*? I am distracted!

Queen. The King.

Priest. All Happiness attend your Majesty.

King. I must contain! How do you, Madam?

Queen. Always happy, whilst your Majesty is so.

King. And what are you discoursing of?

Queen. Nothing but Good, with this good Person.

King. What's that you talk of, which is not Sin, [sure,
Because an Impulse of Nature?-----

Queen. What do you mean, Sir?

Priest. I know not how we came by chance to speak
How little Wantonness is thought a Sin,
Because it seemeth an Impulse of Nature:
Whereas the Virtuous still fix their Eyes
On the Command, not the Temptation;
And think't enough, if what Heav'n gives as Law
Be possible, although not natural.

(Aside.) I would I had no Cause to have said it to her.

King. 'Tis well put off---I shall never hold--- *[Aside,*
To hear this Hypocrite---I must leave you--- *[Trouble.*

Queen. I'll wait upon your Majesty, if it may not be a

King. To you it may be--- *[Ex. King,*

Queen. I see he's unwilling to disappoint *Urania*-----

[Ex. Queen.

Priest. No; she's rather unwilling to disappoint *Neander*-----

Her—well, for all her Cunning, I'll prevent her: My Lord, farewell— [Ex. *Priest*.]

Pyr. If I dar'd to disobey my Prince, I could Prevent this Tragedy; but what Kings Please to command requires Obedience, not Examination: When they once have judg'd, 'Tis want of Judgement if we dare to judge, too—

Enter King.

King. *Pyrhus*! I had forgot one thing; thou know'st the Prince is expected here to-morrow, And I believe he'll be here early too: It will Be necessary his coming be retarded, 'Till the Business be done, that I may know With what Face to receive him, after all The glorious Actions he has done. I would not for a World he should arrive Before th' Examination be over. [*ness*:]

Pyr. It will be an unhappy Entertainment for his High- Would your Majesty have me go my self?

King. If thou canst handsomely, do it, and be back early in the Morning; it is but riding all Night: in the Morning I shall want you.

Pyr. I shall do it with much Ease, if it be your Majesty's Pleasure.

King. I leave you to frame an Excuse to the Prince.

Pyr. I'll go immediately; I hope I shall meet better News to-morrow— [Ex.]

King. I fear it:

Thus we with them in plotting do consent;
But they plot Crimes, and we plot Punishment:
And little think they in how small a time,
Poor Fools! my Justice shall o'ertake their Crime,
Men were too happy, if they understood,
There is no Safety but in being Good. [Ex.]

A C T.



ACT V.

Enter Basilus the King.

King. UNfortunate *Basilus*! yet durst I judge
Those happy Essences, that dwell in Light,
And cannot err; I should be apt to say
My Punishment exceeds my Crime: For that
Went never further than th' Intention, and

Enter Pyrrhus.

My Sufferance is real—*Pyrrhus*, undone!
My Eyes are Witnesses; I saw them both
Enter the Grotto,

Pyr. The Priest in Woman's Cloaths!

King. All's true; the Queen has been already
Examin'd by the Council: All she says
Is, that she's innocent; but will not say
The Cause, which mov'd her to an Action so
Suspected, tho' she dy'd for't: But such, *Pyrrhus*,
Are never innocent, who are asham'd
To vindicate their Deeds, when their Lives are
At Stake.

Pyr. Your Majesty was not present?

King. No; I leave them totally to Justice; I shall
Make the Law their Judge.

Pyr. But, Sir! what says the Priest?

King. I now expect to hear th' Examination;
It has been very long, two Hours at least.
It's bad enough for certain; here it comes.

Enter a Lord of the Council.

My Lord, you have been long; but I expect
No good; and therefore care not, if you had
Been longer.

Lord. Sir, before I can satisfy your Expectations,
I must humbly pray you will be pleas'd to pardon

The

The intreating your Answer to a Question,
On which all we have done depends.

King. What's that?

Lord. I may seem too insolent: But the whole Truth
Of all th' Examination does depend
Upon't; that is, whether your Majesty
Did not one Night command a little Lady,
That waitsupon the Princess, one *Urania*,
T' attend you in that Grotto, where
The Queen and Priest were seiz'd on?

King. I did.

Lord. And she was there?

King. She was.

[the Queen?

Lord. Is your Majesty assur'd it was she, or might it be

King. Ha! Her Whispers were like the Queen's: *Pyrrhus*
knows I told him so.

Lord. Be happy then, Great Prince;
Your Queen is innocent; your Priest is holy:
And *Geron* and *Neander* only are
The Criminals.

King. Are you assur'd of this?

Lord. Yes, Sir, it was the Hellish Contrivance of *Ge-ron*
and *Neander* brought them both together.

King. Why did not the Queen reveal this?

Lord. She rather would have dy'd, than have disclos'd
your Summons to *Urania*; which, with your Majesty's
Pardon, she's pleas'd to call your Dishonour.

King. My Lord, it was; but pray relieve my Wonder,
And tell me the whole Story.

Lord. Sir, in this Confession of *Geron* and *Neander*,
and *Phronesia*, which we, (having found them tripping in
some Part of the Story) by threatening Tortures have ex-
torted from 'em, Your Majesty may fully read the Sto-
ry of the Innocence of the Queen and Priest, and of the
Guilt of these barbarous Wretches. [Orbs,

King. Bless'd Heaven! how are thy Ways just like thy
Involv'd within each other! yet still we find
Thy Judgements are like Comets, that do blaze,
And fright, but die withal; whilst all thy Mercies

Are

Are like the Stars, which oft-times are obscur'd,
But still remain the same behind the Clouds.

Pyr. May all your Doubts and Fears thus terminate.

Lord. Thus are you shaken, to be more confirm'd.

King. Send for *Urania*, *Pyrrhus*! she shall wear
This Day the just Rewards of Virtue: I
Will visit my brave Queen, who rather chose
To die unjustly as a Criminal,
Than I should justly be so term'd;
For which I will proclaim my Fault, since she
Will have the Glory of concealing it.

Enter Evadne.

Evad. The King seems pleas'd, as he has Reason.

King. My Lord! let the Council remove
Into the Hall, where before all the Court
I'll bring my Queen in Triumph, there to hear
Her base Accusers sentenc'd. — [Ex. all but Evadne.

Evad. I was told I should find *Cleantha* here —
Why did I beg to leave my Cell,
(Where I did never injure any one)
To see this Place, and in so little time
To do more Mischief, than whole Generations
Can parallel? how much
Had it been better I had ever dwelt
In those Retirements, where small Sins seem great,
And great Devotions small, than to be here,
Where the Blood of Queens and Priests had like
To have been sacrific'd to the Malice of
Wicked Men? (had not the Gods taken the Cause
Into their Hands) — Madam, the Queen.

Enter Cleantha.

Commanded me to wait on your
Highness, with the good News of her Innocence
Being fully clear'd.

Clean. I did expect no less: the Gods had been
Unjust, to have left such Virtue in Distress;
They had injur'd too themselves, as well as her:
For should such Innocence as hers not be
Protected, their Altars would be empty;

'Tis

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'Tis Justice makes 'em Deities. I should be
O'erjoy'd at this, if any thing could make
Me so, when my *Endymion* mourns.

Evad. Madam, I beseech you, moderate your Grief,
At least conceal it in this time of Joy;
The Queen desires your Company too: your Highness
Therefore will do well to hide your Passion.

Clean. As well may Frames of greatest Cities be
Conceal'd from neighbouring Villages, as I
Can hide my Love and Grief: But I will wait
Upon her Majesty; She knows my Afflictions
But too well already. —————

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter at the other Door Marshal with a Guard, and Neander,
Geron, and Phrontesia.*

Marsh. Come away, make haste; is it fit the King and
Council should stay for you, or you for them?

Nean. They may let my Business alone, if they please:
I am not in such haste to have it dispatch'd.

Ger. Well! I shall be hang'd; but I hope you shall be
hang'd with me, my damn'd Wife.

Phro. No, you old Rascal; I am with Child, you
Villain; all the Court knows that well enough: I shall be
spar'd, for I have an Interest among them.

Ger. Ay, too much; 'tis that has brought me to this.

Marsh. Come on, or I'll make you come on; what are
you muttering there? my Lord, come on.

Nean. Well, well! Lord, you are so cholerick, you
won't give a Man leave to say his Prayers a little, that
never did before.

Marsh. Come on. —————

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lords of the Council, and seat themselves; a Guard of
Soldiers with Neander, Geron, and Phrontesia, conducting
them to the Bar; then the King leading his Queen crown'd,
with a Royal Robe on her; after them the Priest, Clean-
tha, and Attendants.*

Thus from the Prison to the Throne
Virtue comes to claim her own;

And

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And now appears

Upon the Throne a Star,

Who lately at the Bar

Stood with no other Jewels but her Tears.

Great Queen,

Great Queen,

Who ever was so well contents

To suffer, and be Innocent,

To suffer, and be Innocent?

Enter a Gentleman leading Urania.

King. The fair *Urania*, Madam; I must this day

Do Honour to this Virgin; and (since it is

To Noble Natures a more pleasing Task

To give Rewards to Virtue, than Punishments

To Vice) I'll in the first Place shew

How lovely Justice looks, when we are good;

And only Sin makes her seem terrible.

Urania! come near.

Gent. Ah, great King,

Urania's Place, I fear, will be nearer

The Bar, than the Throne.

Clean. How's this?

King. What mean'st thou?

Gent. See, Sir, see

Those Cheeks, that lately Beauty wore, now pale
With Guilt.

King. Her Crime?

Gent. She is with Child.

Clean. It is impossible; she cannot dissemble so much
I'll engage my Life, she's innocent. [Virtue.

King. How know you this?

Gent. Sir, being sent in haste by my Lord *Pyrrhus*
To bring her to your Majesty, by Chance

I learn'd of one of th' Servants of the Princess,

Near to what Place he thought she was.

I made enquiry there, at a small House

I was acquainted at; the Woman told me;

She thought she I enquir'd for was in the House;

[And

And asking of me many Circumstances,
She told me it was surely she: but told me too,
As a great Secret, that she was with Child,
But that she said she was marry'd;
As did her Mother, who this Morning left her.
At this I went to *Urania*, who confess'd it;
But would not tell me who her Husband was;
And was very loth to come with me, though
I told her your Majesty had sent for her.

King. And is this Truth, *Urania*?

Lord. Speak to the King.

Uran. 'Tis true.

King. And who's your Husband?

Lord. Be not ashamed to name your Husband, Madam;

'Twill be your Shame, if you name none.

Uran. I'm not ashamed to name him, but afraid——

King. Who is't? speak.

Uran. I dare not disobey, and by my Lord
Am authoriz'd to name him, when
My Honour shall be question'd; who's more tender
Of that, than of his own.

Lord. Name him.

Uran. It is the great *Thunder*.

Queen. The Prince!

King. What, are you marry'd to the Prince?

Marry'd to *Thunder*?

[*Rises in a Fury.*]

Uran. O Pardon me, great King,
That I refus'd not to be taken from
A Cottage, to the Bosom of a Prince,
On such Conditions, as we dar'd to call
The Gods to witness.

King. Whether she be his Wife,
Or only does affirm it, though she were
More to me than my Eyes, she should
Die, e'er I sleep.

Clean. Upon my Knees I beg,
Great Sir, you will recall this hasty Sentence;
It is the Prince's Fault, not hers.

King.

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King. I will hear
No Intercessions — by th' Honour of a King,
I swear it — The Prince in some few Hours
Will be in Town; — If what she says be false,
This News shall be his Welcome: But if true,
'Tis fit his coming be too late to save her.

Uran. Ah, Great Prince, pity the distressed, who has
No Friend to plead her Cause; all I affirm
Is truth; *Theander* is my Witness, see

[Takes a Letter out of her Bosom.]
That noble Name; this I receiv'd from him
Not three days since. *[King reads it, and gives it the Queen.]*

King. 'Tis so; but know, *Urania*,
My Crown would prove too heavy for your Off-spring,
Fit only for Cottages; it will behove you to
Prepare for Death this Day, within two Hours.

Queen. Sir, hold!

Queen. I beseech your Majesty —

King. I charge you on your Loyalty to hold;
I swear again, this Day, within two Hours,
I'll see her Head off. Marshal, take her hence;
Let all things be prepar'd.

Uran. Is there no Mercy then? Heav'n help me!
Nothing lies heavy on me but the Thoughts
Of parting with *Theander*.

Queen. Poor *Urania*! I'll follow, and speak some Comfort
To her, to prepare her for her Death.

King. My Lords, had not this Accident befall'n me,
I had been too blest: Wile Heav'n does see't as fit
In all our Joys to give us some allays,
As in our Sorrows Comforts: when our Sails
Are fill'd with happy'winds, then we need most
Some Heaviness to ballast us: I am afflicted
For poor *Urania*; — but the Gods have sure
Rewards in Death for those, who fall not for
Their Crimes; but through a kind of sad Necessity.
Bring in the rest of the Prisoners.

1 Lord. This Sentence on *Urania* is severe.

2 Lord. But just; for by our Law whoever marries
the

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the Heir to the Crown, without the Consent of King and Council, is to suffer Death.

Enter Marshal, with Geron, Neander, and Phronesia.

King. I am to proceed now to a far more willing Task, the sentencing of those most wicked Persons at the Bar.

Nean. Sir! for Heaven's Sake, Mercy, Mercy!

I beg it on my Knees; O spare my Life!

1 Lord. Silence.

Nean. Upon my Honour, Sir!—

King. So great a Villain, and talk of Honour!

Nean. O spare me! I am not fit to die! Mercy, mercy!—

King. You're more unfit to live, I do adjudge you—

Nean. Hold, hold, great Sir!

2 Lord. Stop his Mouth, till the Sentence be past.

King. *Neander* I condemn to lose his Head to-morrow, which I will have plac'd over his Lodgings. Take him away.

Nean. Oh! that ever I was born to see this day!—oh, oh!—

[Ex. Marsh. and Neander.]

Ger. Must I be cut off in the Flower of my Age! Mercy, Mercy, Sir! I was provok'd by my Lord *Neander*.

[Marsh. returns.]

King. Peace, Hell-hound! I do adjudge *Geron* to be hang'd, then cut in Pieces to-morrow, and to be cast among Dogs to be devour'd.

1 Lord. Take him hence.

Ger. Oh, oh! yet if that Strumpet be condemn'd too, 'Twill be some Comfort to me.—

[Ex. Marsh. with Geron.]

Phro. What will become of me?

King. For *Phronesia*!—

Phro. O Sir! I am with Child; I am with Child; I beseech you, Sir, kill not that within me; make me not miscarry.

2 Lord. Woman, be silent.

Phro. A Woman, and be silent! it is impossible. I must speak; I cannot die, I must not die, I cannot endure it.

King. You shall not die, but suffer perpetual Banishment; what she did, was by command from her Husband.

Phro.

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Phro. 'Thank your Majesty! I am glad to live, if it were for nothing but to see my Husband die.

King. Thus now I hope to expiate the Thoughts I've had of my Chaste Queen, and Holy Priest, Through these Men's Wickedness; and teach the World That such, who dare be Traytors to their King, Do on themselves the certain'st Ruin bring.

Queen. I pity those poor Wretches!

King. Come, Madam;

I must now go to see that done, which will Be much the saddest Sight I ever saw:

But the Prince will be so suddenly in Town,

I must see it dispatch'd forthwith. — *[Exeunt omnes.]*

Enter Neander, Geron, and Phronesia in Prison.

Nea. My Head cut off? I have not Patience to think on't! Oh miserable, wretched Man! Oh my Head!

Phro. Your Lordship will not look so gracefully without a Head, though it be none of the best.

Nea. Peace, wicked Woman!

Ger. O vile Woman! 'tis you that have brought me to this! must I be cut in Pieces?

Phro. Truly, loving Husband, you must, and be given to Dogs too; but they'll have but ill Commons of you, you will be so mighty tough; besides, you have so many Diseases, that if you were divided into as many Pieces as there are Hairs in your Beard, each Morsel would own a several Malady: For my Part, I would not advise any Dog, that I have a Kindness for, to taste of you, for fear of endangering his Health.

Ger. O thou abominable filthy Hag, if thou wert to be serv'd so first, it would not trouble me.

Phro. O Sir, you would have drawn me in, but I shall live to tread upon your Grave: You know it were ill Manners for me to be hang'd before my Husband. But how does your Lordship? will you have some Greek-wine to comfort your cold Stomach? you'll die with the Fear on't else before to-morrow Morning: but I beseech you, my Lord, do not forget, if you do live till then, to have a Nose-gay, and a pair of white Gloves, with clean

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Linnen too, for the Execution: Men of Quality are always very cleanly, when they go to be hang'd.

Nean. O! What will become of me? I shall never be able to endure it. Oh! you old Cowardly Sot! this comes of your confessing; Rogue.

Ger. For this I may thank your villainous Design, with a curse to you; I was only drawn in.

Nean. You deserv'd to be hang'd, Rascal, and will be so.

Ger. 'Twill be some Comfort to me to have a Lord suffer with me; but 'twould be more Honour to me, if that Lord were a wiser Man.

Nean. O! you old Dog! that I could come at you.

Ger. That I could payson you with my Breath: but that would put you out of your Pain, which is your immoderate Fear.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Peace be here!

Phro. You come as seasonably as can be, for the Traytors are at Civil War.

Priest. Away, Woman, and interrupt them not.

Phro. I will not take my Leave on you, for I intend to see my dear Husband again, at least before you be cut into Messes. Farewel. [Ex. Phro.]

Priest. I am now come to speak to you as dying Men.

Nean. Ay, ay, you old Rascal *Geron*, whom may I thank for that?

Ger. A villainous Lord, that corrupted a poor innocent Man as I was: A curse on him for drawing me in.

Nean. A curse upon an old cowardly Rogue, to let his Fear betray us.

Priest. Come, 'tis not now a Season to quarrel with one another, but to make peace with the Gods: I am come to prepare you for your Deaths; and first, *Neander*, I begin with you.

Nean. Pray, Sir, begin with him, he needs it most; he has always been the most perfidious, impious Wretch.

Ger. I need it most? I scorn to be prepar'd any more than

than your self, if you go to that, with that ugly, pocky Whore-Master's Face of your own.

Nean. Sir, it's no matter what he says; he has as much Malice to good Men, as Whores have to honest Women.

Priest. I must first begin with you, my Lord.

Ger. Look there, he knows who has most need on't.

Nean. Peace, Wizard, peace! do you say this to me?

Priest. Peace, stupid Wretches, I command you; and confess, and repent of your most horrid Crimes.

Nean. Well, Sir, I have done; and I do confess from the Bottom of my Heart——O you old dry, raw-bon'd, wretched, decrepit Cuckold you, to bring me to this!

Priest. Heaven! what Impiety is this?

Ger. Ay, Sir! You see his Devotion: O Villainous wicked Man!

Priest. Sir! hold your Tongue.—My Lord, 'tis time now to be sensible of your sad Condition.

Ger. Ay, Sir, so it is; if you knew as much as I do of his Wickedness, you'd say so.

Nean. Well, Sir, I do confess—I'll torment the Rogue. [*Aside.*] I have many Sins to repent of——First——I have been naught with that old Fellow's Wife.

Priest. The Gods forgive you.

Ger. What do I hear? Hell and Furies!

Priest. Do you repent of it?

Nean. Yes, Sir; it was a horrid Crime.

Ger. O Villain! I'll be reveng'd of him; It was a horrid Crime indeed; 'twas Incest, for he is my Son; about five or six and twenty Years ago his Mother and I were a little familiar.

Priest. O impious Men! You are too near of Kin in Wickedness.

Nean. He, like a Villain, brought his Wife to me, and drew me in; Oh wretched Pimp!

Priest. Hard-hearted Wretches! will nothing awake you?

Enter Marshall.

Marsh. Sir, *Urania* is just ready to go to Execution; and you are expected to assist her.

Priest. Poor Lady! I'll wait on her. Gentlemen, consider your turns are next. — [*Ex. Priest and Marshall.*]

Neander. } O! What will become of me? [*They roar aloud.*
Ger. }

Neander. What will become of you, you Rascal! What will become of me? I am a Lord; you old Dog.

Ger. A villainous Wretch! what care I for a Lord? What will become of me! — [*Exeunt Geron and Neander.*]

Enter Urania (in White, with Guards; Musicians cloath'd in White, and other Attendants in a solemn Procession) led between two Gentlemen in Mourning; As they go, this Song is sung, to a solemn Tune.

Lovers, Lament, Lament this fatal Day,
 When Beauty's sweetest Bud is snatch'd away.

Unhappy Nymph, that could so wretched prove,

To suffer so for such a noble Love;

A Love, which was her Glory, not Offence!

The Gods will sure reward such Innocence,

Within those ever-springing Groves, where she

Shall from disasters in her Love be free;

Whither her lov'd Theander shall repair,

In her eternal Joy to claim his Share.

There appears a Scaffold cover'd with Black, and Urania led between two Gentlemen in Black: The King looks to see the Execution [above.]

King. Poor *Urania*! Did I not fear the Prince's coming, I could not see so sad a Spectacle: But I'll retire a little.

[*Two Gentlemen lead up Urania to the Scaffold; and she, having wip'd her Eyes, speaks to the People.*]

Ura. Did any thing but my own Innocence Lie now at stake, I should not dare to speak Before so many Persons; (but though I

Must

Must quite despair of Mercy in this World,
I hope I may find Charity, and that
The Good will credit a poor dying Person,
Altho' she bring no Witness but her Vows)
All I am now condemn'd for is my Birth,
Which seems indeed a Misery, but not
A Crime; for if it were, I could not help it:
My Poverty must be reliev'd with Death.
But though I can

Find no Forgiveness in the World, I'm glad
I find it in my self: I freely can
Forgive whoever have injur'd me; and this
Is some ease to me, though perchance the Living
Do little heed the Pardons of the Dead.

Gent. Poor Lady! my Heart mourns for her.

Uran. I do not know I e'er did harm to any:
Only my Lord *Endymion* I did once
Delude, to save my Life; would Heav'n I had not.
But he is merciful to others, though
He has met with little for himself.

Eund. If Pity, poor *Urania*, could do thee good,
Thou hast enough on't.

Uran. I do confess I'm marry'd to th' Prince;
But he will witness for me, 'twas th' Effect
Of his own Choice: I ne'er presum'd
To think it, till he told me't should be so;
Since when, how faithful I have been to him,
Witness, oh Heav'n! and all those Pow'rs, that dare
Acquit whom Kings condemn; and tho' for this
I now must suffer Death, I cannot wish
I had not done't since 'twas the Prince's Pleasure,
Whom to contradict to me were worse than Death.

Gent. Alas! I pity her, her Case is too severe.

Uran. And yet I feel

That Death is bitter, 'tis an Enemy
Looks cruelly on those, who have no Friends:
'Tis hard to undergo the greatest Task alone.

But 'tis my Fate, and Heav'n must be obey'd
—— 'Tis a long Hazard that we run in Death,

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And a short Warning rather does disturb
Than fit us for it; were it not for this,
I could be well content to close these Eyes,
That have of late beheld so little Pleasure.

Marth. She draws Tears from my Eyes; I was not wont
To be so soft.

Uran. But I too long
Detain you with Complaints, whose Business is
To see me die. Live happy, brave *Theander*;
May all thy Sorrows die with thy *Urania*;
And all those Joys live with thee, which she took
In thy Contents. — May'st thou be happy in
A Princess, great as thy own Merits, bright
As thy own Eyes, and virtuous as
Are all thy Thoughts; and may she honour thee
As truly, as thy poor *Urania* did.

Execu. Are you ready, Madam?

Uran. Who is this?

Gent. Madam, 'tis your Destiny.

Uran. O, it is he.

Sir, you can instruct me what I am to do;
I never yet saw any Body die.

Gent. Madam, you must kneel.

Uran. How will he strike?

Gent. With all the Mercy that he can.

Execu. When you have ended all you have to say,
Pray kneel with your Face that way, and give
Some Sign when I shall strike.

Uran. I will.

Execu. I cannot stay to see't; Farewell, dear *Urania*. —
[Exit *Execu.*]

Uran. When I am dead, pray, Sirs, suffer none
But my Mother to fit me for my Grave;
She will be careful of me, she will pay
Holy Devotions for me, and bedew
With pious Tears that Face she still has lov'd;
And may the Gods give Comforts in her Sorrows;
And all those Stars, which have been hard to me,

Be

Be merciful to her — May my Misfortune
Work in her only a more true Content,
In the low Sphere she so securely moves in.

Execu. I think, she'll ne'er have done prating; they all
keep such a Coile, when they come to die! Wou'd the
King wou'd please to forbid all Speeches upon Scaffolds.

Uran. Sirs! Farewel; pray present
My humble Service to my noble Princess,
With Thanks for all her Favours in my Life,
And Charity in Death — blest'd Gods, assist me, — [*Kneels.*
Pray expect the Sign.

Execu. I shall. —

Enter in haste Parthenia, Urania's Mother.

Parth. Stay, stay the fatal Blow.

King. What's this?

Parth. A miserable Mother come to save her only Child.

King. Executioner, do your Office.

[*One of the Gentlemen lays hold of the Executioner.*

Parth. Great King, dread Sovereign, hear,
Hear a distress'd Mother, hear for their Sakes,
That at your Death must hear you.

King. What will you say?

Parth. My Child is Innocent.

King. Do your Office, Executioner.

Parth. O stay, stay, great King; *Urania* I
A Princess born, her Father was a King.

King. What say you?

Parth. *Urania's* Father was a King,
Great, but unfortunate; the King of *Thrace*.

King. It is impossible! The King of *Thrace*?
And what are you?

Parth. Great King, I'm now your Subject,
My Name *Parthenia*, and my Habitation
A little Cottage: But I once was known
By th' Name of *Cleopatra*, and was Wife
To *Pyrocles*, the virtuous Prince of *Thrace*:
Of whom all that remains, besides his Fame,
Is this poor Child; for whom I beg your Mercy,

Not to extinguish with one Stroke all that
The Strokes of Fate have left among the Ruins
Of a late glorious Family.

King. Her Language
Bespeaks her something else than her Habit :
'Tis strange ——— but how do you make this good,
Which you affirm? ——— How came you to *Arcadia*?

Parth. Will your Majesty be pleas'd to hear my Story?
I shall be brief.

King. Speak on;
But if you speak not Truth, you shall partake
Your Daughter's Fate.

Parth. Let it be so:
I shall not now repeat the long Misfortunes
Of my unhappy Prince, by that dire War
His rebel Subjects rais'd against him, through
His too great Goodness; These Reports enough
Already have afflicted all good Ears,
And all good Hearts: I only now shall tell you,
When he had acted out his Tragedy ———

King. That we have all heard.

Parth. Next they came
To his Relations; how they did betray
And butcher divers of them, all have heard,
And I have felt; I having then remaining
Of all my Children but two Daughters, whereof
One, being fourteen Years of Age, was before our Ruin
Contracted to the Prince of *Macedon* (and is since dead :)
The other this poor Child (then but some few Months
old)

And knowing how soon Kingdoms
Grow weary of th' Unfortunate,
Resolv'd for Safety to retire
To some small Place, such as my narrow Fortune
Could make my own, and there to buy my Peace
With my Obscurity. Hither then I came,
Invited by the Peace of this bless'd Region,
And purchas'd the small Cottage where I live,

And

And learn'd to change a Scepter for a Sheep-hook;
And thus I bred my Child.

King. But stay!

Is't probable in all that time you should not
Acquaint *Urania* with her Birth?

Parth. I never did;

Not willing to disturb those sweet Contents
She took, in being all she hop'd to be,
And all she understood: she felt no Care;
And with more Pleasure govern'd her small Flock,
Than her unhappy Father his great Kingdom.

King. *Pyrrhus*, she does not speak amiss; and has
Methinks the Look and Mien of a Woman of Quality.

Parth. But Heav'n, that oft
Affronts the highest Probabilities,
And gratifies by Ways, that were ne'er thought of,
In this low Ebb, when all my Hopes were grown
More prostrate than my Fortune, does begin
To dawn upon me, and instruct me, those
Are nearer it, who kneel in humble Cells,
Than such as stand on Tiptoe on high Towers.
For now *Theander* makes *Urania* more
A Princess, than a Kingdom could, by courting
Her as a Shepherdess; and shews the World,
That more than Chance conduced to her Greatness.

King. Why did you not tell *Theander* the whole Truth?

Parth. Sir, he marry'd her at Court, and I knew not of

it,

Till he was gone to th' War in *Thessaly*:

For Witness of all this, I do invoke

Those Pow'rs, who never testify Untruths;

And here produce those small Remains of Greatness

Misfortune yet hath left me; see, Sir, here

[*She shews several rich Jewels.*]

That so fam'd Jewel, which so many Kings

Of *Thrace* have worn, and with such Veneration

Have still preserv'd, on an old Prophecy that

This should preserve the *Thracian* Family.

King. Pyrrhus! 'tis all true; Go tell the Queen and Princess this. [Ex. Pyrr.]

I need no Testimony but those Words,
All Queens might blush to hear from Cottagers:
But is it possible so mean a Place
So long should hold great *Cleopatra*!

Parth. Know, great Prince (and know it too
From one, who has experimented Greatness)
When I had satisf'd my self in my
Endeavours of regaining my lost Rights,
And saw 'em all unprosperous, (as if
Heav'n long enough had giv'n one Family
The Privilege to govern others)
I was as well content to be the first
Must learn to act with common People,
As he, who first was call'd from them to rule.

King. Great Queen,
The Prophecy is now fulfill'd. That Jewel
Will serve to satisfy the World as much
Of all you say, as your own Words have me:
And thus preserves the *Thracian* Family.

[Embraces *Urania*.]

Dear Daughter! still be happy, and forgive
Our Ignorance; I cannot love thee better,
Than at that very time I did condemn thee;
I could as well have sentenc'd my two Eyes:
And pardon me, dear Sister, if I first [Salutes *Cleopatra*.]
Ask'd pardon, where I most did need it.
Call the Queen, and tell *Cleantha*, *Urania* is alive.

Parth. Now, my dear Daughter, thou art safe within
Uran. Madam, it only did belong to you, [my Arms.]
Who gave me Life, thus to preserve it too.

[Trumpets within.]

King. What's this?

Gent. The Prince is come.

King. What will *Thrasander* say, to see his dear
Urania thus arriv'd at his Return?

Uran. He'll say you're merciful.

Enter

Enter Queen, Cleantha, and Pyrrhus.

King. Madam, see here Great Cleopatra,
And call her Sister; take, *Cleantha*,
Her thou hast wept for: *Pyrrhus* has told you all.

Enter Theander.

My Son! never more welcome! never
Did more Joy spring from more Sorrow.

[The Prince fixes his Eyes on Urania.]

Thean. Bless me, dread Sir! What Scene does entertain me?
Are your Joys exprest by Sacrifice?

King. *Theander*, take, take thy *Urania*;
And wonder not at any thing but her. *(quefts.)*

Thean. My Triumphs are more dreadful than my Con-

Queen. My Son, be happy in thy best Choice;
Let not thy wonder make us longer languish.

Thean. Madam, I'll believe,
And hope in time to understand — dear Cousin —

[Goes to salute Cleantha.]

Cleop. Sir, when you first have done
Your Duty to the Queen of *Thrace*, your Mother,
Then to your *Urania*, I shall be thankful for
The Honour you too early wou'd vouchsafe me.

Thean. I must obey, what Heaven knows when I
Shall understand — *[Salutes Cleopatra:]*
This is an earlier Tribute than I thought *[To Urania.]*
To pay your Lips: (my dear *Urania*) But why dost thou
conspire

To my Distraction? why this Habit, and why these Tears?

King. Heav'n bless you both,
And may your Loves increase still with your Days:
May you be fresh as Spring, as Autumn fruitful,
And know no Winter of Adversity;
And may the Gods, that have done Wonders in your Loves,
Do Wonders in th' Effects of it.

Thean. Sure this is all a Vision! am I awake?

Enter Priest.

Priest. A Day full of Wonders!

King. A Day all Miracle!

How Merciful is Heav'n! who would be bad,

When

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When Virtue's thus rewarded in Distress?

Teem. Cousin, your Pardon,—— [Salutes Cleantha.
Happy is this meeting;—— [To all.

I am oblig'd for all the Joy I see
Start out of Sorrow now at my Return.

Clean. Heav'n give you Joy of your *Urania*.

Thean. You have oblig'd me, Madam, that you've dealt
So gently with your Servant.

Clean. She ne'er had been esteem'd so, had you thought
Me worthy of your Counsel, Sir; but now I shall en-
deavour

To repay her all those Services I have receiv'd from her.

Thean. She's still your Servant, Cousin.

Clean. (*Aside.*) How can there be such Joy, when brave
Endymion lives in unjust Banishment?

Thean. I long to ease my Wonder, and to know
The Story of great *Cleopatra*, how
She's been so long obscur'd to all the World
But to her self.

King. We'll find a Scene for that,
Less like the Face of Sorrow; 'tis enough,
Urania is a Princess; and, had Fortune
In ought, but in her Blindness, been like Justice,
Had worn the Crown of *Thrace*,) only my Daughter,
My dear *Urania*, ask me on this Place,
I to have injur'd thee, what I shall do
To expiate my Ignorance of thy Worth:
Ask what thou wilt, I'll not deny it. (dence to ask it.

Uran. I want not a Request, had I but Merit and Confi-

King. If you do not ask it, you choose the perfect Way
to disoblige me.

Uran. It is *Endymion*'s Liberty; Pardon, Sir, the Boldness
You're pleas'd to give me, and the Gratitude
I hope I ne'er shall lose.

King. You have my Word, do with it what you please;
I'll give you Order for't.

Thean. Your Pardon, Sir,

If your Commands already are obey'd;
Endymion is return'd. I met him, ere
He was imbarqu'd, and having been inform'd, From

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From my *Urania*, of all his Cares for her,
I stay'd him, hoping from your Goodness to
Obtain his Pardon. For the Love *Cleantha*
So truly bears him, I've no more to say
Against it, than against my own I had
For my *Urania*, when I thought her less:
And since the Gods have made her Great for me,
'Twill be but gratitude in me to do
Some of their Business for them, and reward
So brave a Virtue as *Endymion* owns,
And make him great for his *Cleantha* too.

Cleas. Is *Endymion* return'd? O happy Hour!

Thean. The War in *Thessaly* has found an happy end,
And there I've left

Those Hands, that made that Scepter stoop, who now
Want but a Scene to do new Wonders in;
And this may prove rebellious *Thrace*, if you, Sir,
Think fit I wear that Crown *Urania* gives me;
In this Conquest the brave *Endymion*
Shall be my Second; what shall I not expect from
Such Virtue and such Valour, when they meet?

King. I have of late receiv'd such Mercies, that
I cannot think of any thing, which looks
Like Cruelty. Therefore wonder not
All, that you ask, so soon is granted you.
Cleantha, take then your *Endymion*; be
More blest in him, than Greatness e'er could make you.

Queen. And now you're doing Works of Mercy, Sir,
I beg for the sake of this glorious Day,
Which is a Day of Mercy to us all,
That *Geron* and *Neander* may not die,
But suffer Banishment for Life.

King. What you propose, has much of Piety;
I'll not deny't: and now I've one Request
To you, my honour'd Priest, your leave
That *Pyrrhus*, my best Confident, may serve
The fair *Evadne*.

Priest. You oblige me, Sir, to make me see
My poor *Evadne* is so much your Care;

It shall be mine: she still shall think that best
Your Majesty is pleas'd to chuse for her.

Enter Endymion.

Thean. Endymion! Why so slowly to thy Joys?
Reap here the Fruits of Gratitude and Mercy.

[Endymion kneels and kisses Cleantha's Hand.]

Clean. Welcome, my Lord. *[ment.]*

Queen. My Lord, you're welcome from your Banish-

King. You've only now this Lady's Leave to ask,
For any Thing you'd have.

End. I'm happy in your Royal Mercy, Sir,
And hope in time to be so too in hers.
Madam, I hope your Highness has the Charity
To pardon your poor Servant, who was the
Unwilling Occasion of so much Injury
To so noble a Princess.

Clean. You need not fear
Your Sentence, when *Cleantha* is your Judge.

King. Let's all away, and satisfie our selves with what
We've so long travail'd with; and let the World
Learn from this Story, those that are virtuous
Cannot be long in Clouds: Innocence conceal'd is the
Stoll'n Pleasure of the Gods, which never ends
In Shame, as that of Men does oft, but like
The Sun breaks forth, when he has gratify'd
Another World, and to our Eyes appears
More glorious through his late Obscurity.

Friest. The impious here a while may find some Rest;
But in the End the Good are only blest. *[Exeunt Omnes.]*

EPI.



EPILOGUE.

AS a young Merchant, who had 'scap'd of late
The Wreck of all his Wealth, and his own Fate,
When that comes home which he had giv'n for lost,
Would fain preserve what had so dearly cost;
Wish other Men he ventures little Shares,
In other Bottoms, but not all his Wares;
Preserving still wherewith to put to Sea,
Again, if what he has ventur'd Shipwreck'd be:
So our Advent'rer, who not long since past
Through these most dang'rous Seas with Storms o'ercast,
And brought his little Vessel home at last,
Unwilling now to meet another Shock,
Has in this Bottom ventur'd some small Stock:
Which if you suffer to come safely home,
It may encourage him, in time to come;
But if you sink this Vessel, yet he will
Keep on a little Trade a going still.
He says, you cannot break him, if you do;
But (whatso'er he says) I beg that you
To us will be good-natur'd, but this Day,
And pardon all the Errors in our Play.



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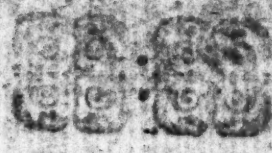
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THE
VIRTUOSO.

A
COMEDY,

As it is Acted by

Their MAJESTIES Servants.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

VIRI

COMEDY

BRITISH

AMERICAN

THEATRE

AND THE

Printed in the Year MDCXX



To the Most Illustrious PRINCE

WILLIAM,

Duke of Newcastle, &c.

May it please your GRACE,



So long as your Grace persists in Oblig-
ing, I must go on in Acknowledging;
nor can I let any Opportunity pass of
telling the World how much I am
favoured by you, or any Occasion slip
of assuring your Grace, that all the
Actions of my Life shall be dedicated to your Ser-
vice; who by your Noble Patronage, your Gene-
rosity and Kindness, and your continual Bounty,
have made me wholly your Creature; nor can I
forbear to declare, that I am more obliged to your
Grace than to all Mankind. And my Misfor-
tune is, I can make no other Return, but a Decla-
ration of my grateful Resentments.

When I shew'd your Grace some part of this
Comedy at *Walbeck*, being all that I had then
written of it, you were pleased to express your
great liking of it, which was a sufficient Encou-
ragement

Epistle Dedicatory.

agement for me to proceed in it; and, when I had finish'd it, to lay it humbly at your Feet. Whatever I Write, I will submit to your Grace, who are the greatest Master of Wit, the most exact Observer of Mankind, and the most accurate Judge of Humour, that ever I knew: And were I not assured of the Greatness of your Favour, I should be afraid of the Excellency of your Judgment.

I have endeavour'd in this Play of Humour, Wit, and Satyr, which are the three things (however I may have fallen short in my Attempt) which your Grace has often told me are the life of a Comedy. Four of the Humours are entirely new; and (without Vanity) I may say, I ne'er produced a Comedy, that had not some natural Humour in it not represented before, nor I hope ever shall. Nor do I count those Humours, which a great many do; that is to say, such as consist in using one or two By-words; or in having a fantastick, extravagant Dress, as many pretended Humours have; nor in the Affectation of some *French* Words, which several Plays have shewn us. I say nothing of impossible, unnatural Farce-Fools, which some intend for Comical, who think it the easiest thing in the World to write a Comedy, and yet will sooner grow rich upon their ill Plays, than write a good one: Nor is downright silly Folly a Humour, as some take it to be, for 'tis a meer natural Imperfection; and they might as well call it a Humour of Blindness in a blind Man, or Lameness in a lame one: Or as a celebrated *French* Farce has the Humour of one, who speaks very fast, and of another, who speaks very slow: But natural Imperfections are not fit subjects for Comedy, since they are not to be laugh'd at, but pity'd. But the artificial Folly of those,

Epistle Dedicatory.

those, who are not Coxcombs by Nature, but with great Art and Industry make themselves so, is a proper object of Comedy; as I have discoursed at large in the Preface to the *Humourists*, written five Years since. Those slight circumstantial things mention'd before are not enough to make a good comical Humour; which ought to be such an Affectation, as misguides Men in Knowledge, Art, or Science, or that causes defection in Manners and Morality, or perverts their Minds in the main Actions of their Lives. And this kind of Humour, I think, I have not Improperly described in the *Epilogue* to the *Humourists*.

But your Grace understands Humour too well not to know this, and much more than I can say of it. All I have now to do, is, humbly to dedicate this Play to your Grace, which has succeeded beyond my Expectation, and the Humours of which have been approved by Men of the best Sense and Learning. Nor do I hear of any profest Enemies to the Play, but some Women, and some Men of Feminine Understandings; who like slight Plays only, that represent a little Tattle-sort of Conversation, like their own: but true Humour is not liked or understood by them, and therefore even my attempt towards it is condemned by them. But the same People, to my great Comfort, damn all Mr. *Johnson's* Plays, who was incomparably the best Dramatick Poet that ever was, or, I believe, ever will be; and I had rather be Author of one Scene in his best Comedies, than of any Play this Age has produc'd. That there are a great many Faults in the Conduct of this Play, I am not ignorant; but I (having no Pension but from the Theatre, which is either unwilling, or unable, to reward a Man sufficiently for so much Pains as correct Comedies

Epistle Dedicatory.

medies require) cannot allot my whole time to the writing of Plays, but am forced to mind some other business of Advantage. Had I as much Money, and as much Time for it, I might perhaps write as correct a Comedy as any of my Contemporaries. But I hope your Grace will accept of this with all its Imperfections; which, since the Royal Family have receiv'd favourably, I have all my Aim, if it be approved by your Grace, who are, next to them, in the greatest Esteem and Observance of,

My LORD,

Your Grace's most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

London, June 26.

1676.

Tho. Shadwell.

PROLOGUE.

YOU came with such an eager Appetite
To a late Play, which gave so great Delight,
Our Poet fears, that by so rich a Treat,
Your Palates are become too delicate.
Yet since y' have had Rhyme for a relishing Bit,
To give a better Taste to comick Wit.
But this requires expence of Time and Pains,
Too great, alas, for Poet's slender Gains.
For Wit, like China, should long buried lie,
Before it ripens to good Comedy;
A thing we ne'er have seen since Johnson's Days:
And but a few of his were perfect Plays.
Now Drudges of the Stage must oft appear,
They must be bound to scribble twice a Year.
Thus the thin thread-bare Vicar still must toil,
Whilst the fat lazy Doctor bears the Spoil.
In the last Comedy some Wits were shown;
In this are Fools, that much infest the Town.
Plenty of Fops, Grievances of the Age,
Whose nauseous Figures ne'er were on a Stage.
He cannot say they'll please you, but they're new;
And he hopes you will say he 'has drawn 'em true.
He's sure in Wit he can't excell the rest,
He'd but be thought to write a Fool the best;
Such Fools as haunts and trouble Men of Wit,
And, spite of them, will for their Pictures sit.
Yet no one Coxcomb in this Play is shown,
No one Man's Humour makes a Part alone,
But scatter'd Follies gather'd into one.
He says, if with new Fops he can but please,
He'll twice a Year produce as new as these.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Nicholas Gimcrack, The Virtuoso.

Sir Formal Trifle, The Orator, a florid Coxcomb.

Snarl, An old pettish Fellow, a great Admirer of the last Age, and a Declaimer against the Vices of this; and privately very vicious himself.

Sir Samuel Hart, A brisk, amorous, adventurous, unfortunate Coxcomb; one that, by the Help of humorous, nonsensical By-words, takes himself to be a great Wit.

Longvil, In Love with Miranda. } *Gentlemen of Wit*

Bruce, In Love with Clarinda. } *and Sense.*

Swimming Master.

Hazard.

Lady Gimcrack, Wife to the Virtuoso.

Clarinda, In Love with Longvil. } *Nieces to the*

Miranda, In Love with Bruce. } *Virtuoso.*

Flirt, the Virtuoso's Whore.

Figgus, Snarl's Whore.

Betty, Clarinda's Chamber-maid.

Bridget, Lady Gimcrack's Maid.

Porter to Sir Nicholas.

Ribbon-Weavers, Sick and Lame People, Porter, Servants, Masqueraders.

SCENE LONDON.

THE



THE VIRTUOSO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

BRUCE *in his Gown, reading.*

BRUCE.

THOU great *Lucretius*! Thou profound Oracle of Wit and Sense! Thou art no trifling-landscape-Poet; no fantastick Heroick Dreamer, with empty Descriptions of Impossibilities, and mighty sounding Nothings. Thou reconcilest Philosophy with Verse, and dost almost alone demonstrate that Poetry and Good Sense may go together.

[Reads.] *Omnia enim per se Divam Natura necesse est
Immortali esse summam cum pace fruatur,
Sermota à nostris Rebus, sejunctaque longè.
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periculis,
Ipsa suis pollam opibus, nihil indiga nostri,
Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.*

Enter Longvil.

Long. *Bruce*, Good-morrow; what great Author art thou chewing the Cud upon? I look'd to have found you with your Head-ake, and your Morning Qualms.

Bruce. We should not live always hot-headed; we should give our selves Leave sometimes to think.

Long. *Lucretius!* Divine *Lucretius!* But, my Noble *Epicaurean*, what an unfashionable Fellow art thou, that in this Age art given to understand *Latin*?

Bruce. 'Tis true, *Longvil*, I am a bold Fellow to pretend to it, when it's accounted Pedantry for a Gentleman to spell, and where the Race of Gentlemen is more degenerated than that of Horses.

Long. It must needs be so: for Gentlemen care not upon what Strain they get their Sons, nor how they breed 'em, when they have got 'em: The best of 'em now have a kind of Education like Pages; and you shall seldom see a young Fellow of this Age, that does not look like one of those overgrown Animals newly manumitted from Trunk-Breeches.

Bruce. Some are first instructed by ignorant, young, household-Pedants, who dare not whip the Dunces, their Pupils, for fear of their Lady-Mothers; Then, before they can Construe and Parse, they are sent into *France*, with ferdid illiterate Creatures, call'd dry'd-Nurses, or Governours; Engines of as little Use as Pacing-Saddles, and as unfit to govern 'em as the Post-Horses they ride to *Paris* on: From whence they return with a little smattering of that mighty universal Language, without being ever able to write true *English*.

Long. O but then they'll value 'em for speaking good *French*.

Bruce. Perhaps good *French* may be spoken with little Sense; but good *English* cannot,

Long. Thou art in the right: But then there are a sort of Hopeful Youths, that do not travel; and they are either such as keep Company with their Sisters, and visit their Kindred, and are a great Comfort to their Mothers,

and

and a Scorn to all others; or they are Sparks, that early break loose from Discipline, and at sixteen forthwith set up for Men of the Town.

Bruce. Such as come drunk and screaming into a Play-House, and stand upon the Benches, and tofs their full Perriwigs and empty Heads, and with their shrill unbroken Pipes cry, *Damme, this is a damn'd Play; Pr'ythee let's to a Whore, Jack.* Then says another with great Gallantry, pulling out his Box of Pills, *Damme, Tom, I am not in a Condition; here's my Turpentine for my Third Clap:* When you would think he was not old enough to be able to get one.

Long. Heaven be praised, these Youths, like untimely Fruit, are like to be rotten before they are ripe.

Bruce. These are sure the only Animals, that live without thinking: A Sensible Plant has more Imagination than most of 'em.

Long. 'Gad, if they go on as they begin, the Gentlemen of the next Age will scarce have Learning enough to claim the Benefit of the Clergy for Man-slaughter.

Bruce. The highest Pitch our Youth do generally arrive at, is to have a Form, a Fashion of Wit, a Routine of speaking, which they get by Imitation; and generally they imitate the Extravagancies of witty Men drunk, which they very discreetly practice sober; but in so clumsy and awkward a Way, that methinks it should make witty Men out of Love with their Vices; as 'Prentices wearing Pantaloons would make Gentlemen lay by the Habit.

Long. These are sad Truths: But I am not such a Fop to disquiet my self one Minute for a thousand of 'em.

Bruce. You have Reason; say what we can, the beastly restless World will go its own Way; and there is not so foolish a Creature as a Reformer.

Long. Thank Heaven, I am not such a Publick-spirited Fop, to lose one Moment of my private Pleasure for all that can happen without me.

Bruce. Thou art a Philosopher; And now thou talkest of private Pleasure, what think'st thou of our Adventure with *Clarinda* and *Miranda*, the *Virtuoso's*, Sir *Nicholas Grim-*

Crack's Nieces? See the danger of going to Church, *Longvil*; I advis'd thee against it: 'twas a fine Curiosity, and has cost us dear.

Long. Did ever I think we two should be caught any way in a Church?

Bruce. 'Tis a little strange that we, that have run together into all the Vices of Men, of Wits and Gentlemen, should at last together fall into the Vice of Fools and Country-Squires, Love.

Long. We that have wonder'd at all other amorous Coxcombs, must now laugh at one another. I am amaz'd at thy Passion for *Clarinda*.

Bruce. And I no less at thine for *Miranda*. There's Witchcraft in't, to love where there's such apparent Difficulty: For *Virtuoso* is as jealous as an *Italian* Uncle; His Jealousie, helpt by the Vigilancy and Malice of that impertinent Strumpet his Wife, keeps 'em from all manner of Address. Letters they have receiv'd from us, and we can have no Answer: what the Devil's left for us to do in this Case?

Long. Fall down and worship me! I have found out the noblest Tool to work with, and the most excellent Coxcomb that Nature e'er began, or Art e'er finish'd.

Bruce. Thou revivest my dying Hope. Who is't?

Long. A Rascal, that is *Virtuoso's* Admirer, Flatterer, and great Confident, the only Man he'll trust his Nieces with, who has discover'd to me that he has a Passion for your *Clarinda*.

Bruce. Curse on him! But a Rival's a very improper Instrument.

Long. But this is a Rival so conceited of his own Parts, that he can never be jealous of another's. He is indeed a very choice Spirit; The greatest Master of Tropes and Figures, the most *Ciceronian* Coxcomb, the noblest Orator breathing; He never speaks without Flowers of Rhetorick: In short, he is very much abounding in Words, and very much defective in Sense; Sir *Formal Trifle*.

Bruce. He's an Original indeed, the most Florid Knight alive: I have some little Knowledge of him.

Long.

Long. I have persuaded him that you and I are the greatest Philosophers, and the greatest Admirers of the *Virtuosa* and his Works that can be: This has already produc'd that good Effect, that *Sir Formal* has this Morning been with me from his noble Friend *Sir Nicholas*, to invite me to come to his House to see a Cock-Lobster dissected, and afterwards to dine with him; and will be here with the same Message to you.

Bruce. How I applaud thy Wit! But why wouldst not thou communicate thy Design before-hand?

Long. I was resolv'd to surprise thee with it, if it took; and to conceal it, if it did not.

Enter Bruce's Footman.

Foot. Sir, *Sir Samuel Henry* has sent you Word, he will come and give you a Visit.

Bruce. There's an Ass, an Original of another Kind; one that thinks that all Mirth consists in Noise, Tumult, and violent Laughter: At once the merriest and the dullest Rogue alive — One that affects a great many Nonsensefical By-words, which he takes to be Wit, and uses upon all Occasions.

Long. But the best Part of his Character is behind; he is the most amorous Coxcomb, the most designing and adventurous Knight alive; a great Masquerader, and has forty several Disguises to make love in; and has been the most unlucky Fellow breathing in that and all other Adventures. He has never made Love where he was not refus'd, nor wag'd War where he was not beaten. Here he is.

Enter Sir Samuel.

Sir Sam. Tom. Bruce, Good-morrow to thee. Dear *Jack Longvil*, how dost do? 'Faith, I wish'd you with me last Night; we were a Knot of merry Rogues of thirteen or fourteen of us got together, sung, and tore, and roar'd, and ranted i'gad all Weathers, and drunk and laugh'd Dagger o'sheath, I vow to gad: We were upon the high Ropes, i'faith. Hey poop — troll — come aloft Boys — ha, ha, ha. Ah Rogues, that you had been with us, i'faith. Ha, ha, ha.

Bruce. 'Faith, and wou'd we had.

Sir Sam. I'gad, Boys, we'd have paid you off. We swing'd it away, i'faith: We were so merry, o'my Conscience, you might have heard us half a Mile.

Long. What a divine Hearing was that!

Sir Sam. 'Faith, I was pure Company, I was never on a better Pin in my Life. There was one of the Company wou'd needs pretend to be a Wit, forsooth; but i'faith, Boys, I run him down so, the Devil take me, he had not a Word to throw at a Dog about Business. Whenever he was impertinent, I took him up with my old Repartee; Peacey said I, *Tace* is *Latin* for a Candle; and when-e'er he began again, *Tace* is *Latin* for a Candle again, said I. Thus I run him down, with a Hey poop! Whoo! ha, ha, ha! he had not a Word, not one Word, I vow to gad. Ha, ha, ha!

Long. [to *Bruce*.] As this Fellow thinks all Mirth consists in Noise, so he thinks all Wit is in running a Man down, as he calls it; not considering that Impudence does that better.

Sir Sam. 'Faith I was very frolick; and there came a Fellow abruptly into our Company: I whipt up to him. Hey! slap! dash! gave him a kick in the Arse to drink, and made Pilgarlick go ten times faster down Stairs than he came up, i'faith, Boys.

Bruce. But this may cost you a Challenge, *Sir Samuel*!

Sir Sam. Challenge! i'gad, if he does challenge me, I'll run him through the Lungs about that Business. He shall not only blow out a Candle with his Wound, but the Sun shall shine through him. Pox! he's a raw Fellow, he does not know what 'tis to have a Tawel drawn through his Bddy.

Long. This Fellow's Brains, like some Bottle-beer, fly all into Froth.

Bruce. So brisk and dull a Rogue I never saw.

Sir Sam. Come, 'faith we are choice Lads, and should make much of one another. I have indeed to-night an *Intrigue* with a Lady; I am to venture in a Disguise. I give a Masquerade, you know, and I hope will be there; but

but to-morrow Night, 'saith, I'll be very drunk about Business. Ha, Boys! ha! ha!

Enter Bruce's Footman.

Foot. Sir, one Sir Formal Trifle bids me tell you, he's come to pay his *Devoir* to you: He charg'd me to use that Expression; I know not what he means by it.

Bruce. 'Twas very quaintly exprest: Desire him to come up.

Sir Sam. Oh! I have often seen him at Sir Nicholas Gimmercrack's House, the *Virtuoso*; 'saith, of a grave Fellow, he's a very ingenious Rogue, and i'gad he has a fine Way with him ———

Lang. I never knew any Man that had a Way with him, (as they call it) that was not a Coxcomb.

Sir Sam. He has a notable Vein of Oratory, a Brave Delivery; and when he is in the Humour, i'gad he'll speak finely, finely, very finely. ———

Enter Sir Formal Trifle.

Sir Form. Gentlemen, I humbly kiss all your Hands in general; but, Sir, yours in a more particular Manner.

[To Bruce,

Bruce. Sir Formal, your most humble Servant; you do me a great deal of Honour in this Visit.

Sir Form. Sir, I never could admit a Thought within the slender Sphere of my Imagination, that could once suggest to me the not meeting with a good Reception from a Person, that is so strictly obliged by, and so nicely practis'd in, the severer Rules, and stricter Methods of Honour, as you are.

Bruce. Sir, you oblige me with your fair Character.

Sir Form. Upon my Sincerity, I wholly eschew all Oratory and Compliments, with Persons of your Worth and Generosity: And though I must confess, upon due Occasions I am extremely delighted with those pretty spruce Expressions, wherewith Wit and Eloquence use to trick up humane Thoughts, and with the gaudy Dress that smother Pens so finely cloath them in, yet I never us'd the least Tincture of Rhetorick with my Friend; which I hope you'll do me the Honour to let me call you ———
I think I am florid ———

Sir *Sam.* I told you, 'faith, he'd speak notably; he has a Silver Tongue.

Long. O yes! a Golden one!—What would such Coxcombs do, if there were not greater to admire them? This Sir *Formal* is call'd a well-spoken Man, with a Pox to him——

Bruce. Sir, I shall think my self honoured with the Title of your Servant.

Sir Form. It is so much to my Advantage, that I do assure you, Sir *Formal Trifle* shall never give Mr. *Bruce* any occasion to believe, that he will omit any Opportunity of avowing himself to all the World, to be the most humble and obedient of his Servants. Sweet Mr. *Longvil*, having already this Morning paid my Devoir to you, I shall at present only tell you that, which I hope is no News to you, to wit, that I am your most humble Servant. — There I think I was concise and florid. [*Aside.*]

Long. You do me too much Honour.

Bruce. Is there so great a Rascal upon Earth as an Orator, that would slur and top upon our Understandings, and impose his false Conceits for true Reasoning, and his florid Words for good Sense?

Long. Your Bully, with his false Dice and Box, is an honestest Man.

Sir Form. [*to Sir Sam.*] Truly, Sir, I am afflicted at the late falling out between Sir *Nicholas* and your noble self, which has deprived me of so frequently enjoying the Honour of kissing your fair Hands there.

Sir Sam. O Lord, Sir, your Servant, your Servant: 'faith, I am very sorry for't too. But I shall be glad to wait upon you, and drink his Health in a Glass of *Burgundy*, and be very merry about Business: He's a fine Person 'faith, though he does not care much for Wit.

Sir Form. And now, Mr. *Bruce*, after these little Digressions, which my particular Esteem of every Person in this Presence has engag'd me to, I am to inform you, that my noble Friend Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack* does by me invite you with your Friend, being Philosophers, and consequently his Admirers, to come to his House this Fore-

Fore-noon, to see the Dissection of a little Animal, commonly called a *Chichester Cock-Labster*; and afterwards to take a Dish of Meat, and discourse of the noble Operation, and to sport an Author over a Glass of Wine.

Sir Sam. Ha! this will prove for my Design.

Long. Give me your Orator for Dispatch. What a flourish the Rogue has made to invite us to Dinner!

Bruce. Sir, I will not do my self the Injury to fail two such Ingenious and learned Men as *Sir Nicholas* and your self.

Sir Form. Alas! Sir, I! I am but his Shadow, his humble Admirer; but I will undertake for him, Fame has not promised more of him to your Expectation, than he will perform to your Understanding. Trust me, he is the finest speculative Gentleman in the whole World, and in his Cogitations the most serene Animal alive: Nor a Creature so little, but affords him great Curiosities: He is the most admirable Person in the *Meletemiques*, viz. in Reflections and Meditations, in the whole World. Not a Creature so inanimate, to which he does not give a Tongue; he makes the whole World Vocal; he makes Flowers, nay Weeds, speak eloquently, and by a noble kind of *Prosopopœia* instruct Mankind.

And, Sir, tho' I ignore not what the envy of Detractors have express'd of him, yet, in short, I opine him to be the most curious and inquisitive Philosopher Breathing; and I will let him know you intend to wait on him. Within two Hours he will show! 'tis his time of Operation.

Bruce. We will not fail.—What an Employment has this Fool under him! He is the *Chorus* to his Puppet-show.

Long. I would rather be Trumpeter to a Monster, and call in the Rabble to see a Calf with six Legs, than shew such a Blockhead.

Sir Sam. Pray, Sir, commend me heartily to *Sir Nicholas*, and tell him, Faith and Troth I am sorry my Wit should offend him; and I shall henceforth endeavour to be as dull as I can, to merit his Esteem. I confess, I was

a little too airy and brisk about that Business: But faith I am his most humble Servant, and have a Sword and Arm at his Service, and 'gad will draw it against any Man breathing, in Defence of his Person and Philosophy; and so let him know from Sir Samuel.

Sir Form. I shall perform your Commands, and doubt not but to do you Service in it. Gentlemen, again I kiss your Hands. [Exit.

Long. Sir Samuel, how came your Wit to offend the Virtuoso?

Sir Sam. Faith, I was very well there; but, you know, I am an airy brisk merry Fellow, and facetious: and his grave philosophical Humour did not agree with mine. Besides, he does not value Wit at all; he won't be pleas'd with you, I assure you.

Bruce. Why so?

Sir Sam. Why, he did not like me at all; he's an Enemy to Wit, as all Virtuoso's are.

Bruce. Sure, if he had lik'd Wit, he would have lik'd you.

Sir Sam. That I think, without Vanity. But you must know, I pretended to *Miranda*.

Long. Pox on him, what says he?

Sir Sam. And not to boast, I found my Love would have had a good Reception; but her malicious Sister, *Clarinda*, discovered my Intriguo, and Sir *Nicholas* forbid me his House upon that Business.

Bruce. What Exception had he against you?

Sir Sam. Why faith, he would not dispose of his Niece to a Wit, he said.

Long. A Wit! faith, he might as well have call'd thee a *Dromedary*.

Sir Sam. Peace, I say; *Tace* is *Latin* for a Candle. Ha, ha, ha. You know I can run you down. In short, he said, I was a Wit, a flashy Wit. But if you have any Kindness in the World for me, you might help me in this Intriguo.

Bruce. How so?

Sir

Sir Sam. Now you are invited, let me wait on you in a Livery for one of your Footmen. I have forty several Periwigs for these Intrigues and Businesses: 'gad, if you will, whip, snap-dash—I'll bring this Business about, as round as a Hoop.

Bruce. Pr'ythee, *Longvil*, let him go, that we may make sport with him, and abuse the Rogue damnably.

Long. 'Sdeath! what, bring him to my Mistress!

Bruce. Canst thou be jealous of so silly a Rascal?

Long. 'Tis ill trusting the fantastick Appetites of Women; they are subject to the Green-sickness of the Mind, as well as that of the Body: One makes them love Fools and Blockheads, as the other does Dirt and Charcoal.

Bruce. She's a Woman of Wit; besides, let him wear your Livery, and by your Prerogative you may kick your Rival all this Day, if he should be sawcy, which he will certainly be.

Long. That Consideration prevails with me.

Sir Sam. What say you, Boys? Is it not an admirable Intrigue?—Hah!

Long. *Sir Samuel*, there is some Difficulty; but to serve you, we can refuse nothing: You shall do me the honour to wear a Livery of mine: I have new ones come home this Morning; my Man will give you one.

Sir Sam. If I do not do my Business, *Jack*, I am the Son of a Tinder-box.

Long. Well! pray, Mr. Tinder-box, go about it quickly.

Sir Sam. 'Gad I'll do it instantly, in the twinkling of a Bed-staff. Ha, ha, ha,

Bruce. In the twinkling of what?

Sir Sam. Hey! pull away, Rogues; in the twinkling of a Bed-staff: a witty way I have of expressing my self. I'll away.

[Exit.

Long. Was there ever so senseless a Fop? Words are no more to him, than breaking Wind, they only give him vent; they serve not with him to express Thoughts, for he does not think.

Bruce. A Wit! a flashy Wit! a flashy Wit! What a dull fellow! Villain

Villain is this *Virtuoso*? But prythee take all Occasions to kick this flashy Wit much; he'll give thee enow.

Long. Pox on him, he has read *Seneca*: He cares not for kicking; he never 'scap'd kicking in any Disguise he ever put on.

Bruce. Nor in any of his own Habits neither. But I'll in and dress me. [Exit.

Enter Miranda and Clarinda in the Garden.

Miran. Were ever Women so confin'd in England, by a foolish Uncle, worse than an *Italian*? But that I should be loth to speak ill of the dead, I should think my Father was not *Comtes Mentis*, when he made his Will, to bequeath us to the Government of a *Virtuoso*, only because his first Wife was our Aunt.

Clarin. A Sot, that has spent 2000*l.* in Microscopes, to find out the Nature of Eels in Vinegar, Mites in a Cheese, and the blue of Plums; which he has subtilly found out to be living Creatures.

Miran. One, who has broken his Brains about the nature of Maggots, who has studied these twenty Years to find out the several sorts of Spiders, and never cares for understanding Mankind.

Clarin. Shall we never get free from his Jealousie, and the Malice of his Impertinent Wife?

Miran. Though he be jealous of us, yet he's as tame a civil *London* Husband to his Wife, as she can wish——who certainly Cuckolds him abundantly.

Clarin. She hates us in her Heart, because she thinks we see too much. To be confin'd, and to such Impertinence too, puts me beyond all Patience.

Miran. 'Twill make Dogs curs'd to be ty'd up, and sure 'twill provoke free-born Women more.

Clarin. We should have as good Company in a Goal; for none but Quacks and Fools come hither: and one of the worst of 'em is my foolish florid Coxcomb Sir *Formal*.

Miran. He has banish'd my Coxcomb, Sir *Samuel*; a brisk airy Fool, that there is some Diversion in. He had as many Tricks as a well-educated Spaniel, would fetch

fetch and carry, and come over a Stick for the King; He had some Tricks of a Man too, and may pass Muster among the young gay Fellows of this Town; and could sing all the new Tunes and Songs at the Play-houses.

Clarín. And we are troubled with an old Fellow here in the House; his Uncle *Swarl*, a great Declaimer against the Vices of the Age, a clownish blunt Satyrical Fellow; a hater of all young People, and new Fashions.

Miran. But he is such a froward testy old Fellow, he should be wormed like a mad Dog.

Clarín. We try his Patience sometimes; but I am pleas'd to hear him abuse the *Virtuoso* his Nephew, who bears all in hope of his Estate. *Swarl* is a Fellow spares no body, always speaks what he thinks, and does what he pleases. But yet, *Miranda*, there's a worse Misfortune than all this, that we two should, in a Church, when we should have been thinking of something else, fall in Love with two Men of Wit and Pleasure, who are too much Men of the Town to think of Marriage, we being too little Women of the Town to think of any other Love.

Miran. We have Fortunes good enough to lure them to Matrimony, if that were all; but the worst part of the Story is, he, whom I love, is in love with you, and your Man makes Addresses to me, as their Letters tell us. And even these Men we cannot see, but at Church, or at a Play-house, when we are guarded by our malicious watchful Aunt.

Clarín. If we could but see these Men privately, there yet might be some Hopes; we might each of us use our Lover scurvily, and him we love we might charm with Kindness; for they are Men that have known the Pomps and Vanities of this wicked World too much, to love a Face only.

Miran. If we could bring this about, I would stand out at nothing that might procure our Freedom; the Mischief is, if we rebel, *Virtuoso* will allow us nothing out of our Fortunes, till we come of Age.

Clarín. Then we must e'en live upon the credit of a Reversion,

Reverſion, as ſome young Fellows do, that with their Fathers hang'd: I warrant thee, we'll find Credit,

Miran. And loſe our Reputations: WE have much ado to keep 'em, as we are.

Clarin. Let what will come on't, I am reſolv'd to break out: He ſhould ſooner ſtop a Tide than my Inclinations.

Miran. Oh! if our Knight-Errants and we agree up on the Point, they'll ſoon deliver us diſtreſſed Damſels from our enchanted Cattle.

Enter Smart and his Man.

Smart. 'Tis a fine Morning: Fetch me a Pipe of Tobacco and a Match, into the Garden. *[Exit Man.]*

Clarin. Here's old *Smart*, he has call'd for his Tobacco too: He ſmoaks all Day, like a Kitchen-Chimney.

Miran. Pr'ythee let's teaze him a little; 'tis the greateſt Pleaſure we have. Morrow, Unkle.

Smart. How now, you Baggages! what do you abroad thus early? you uſed to be ſtewing a-Bed till eleven a Clock, like paltry lazy Cockatrices, that are good for nothing, by the Maſs: you'll make excellent Wives, Cuck- old your Husbands immoderately: you mind nothing but prinking your ſelves up. A wholeſome good houſewife Country Wench is worth a thouſand of you, in Sadneſs.

Miran. You have a courſe Stomach, and to ſuch a one a Surloin of Beef were better than a Diſh of Wheats Ears.

Smart. A Man muſt have a luſty Stomach that has a mind to any of the Town-Ladies; they have ſo many Tricks to diſguiſe themſelves, waſhing, painting, patching, and their damnd ugly new-fashion'd Drefſes, that a Man knows not what to make on 'em, by the Maſs. Beſides, I have not heard that their Reputations are famous all over the World.

Clarin. You are an old-fashion'd Fellow, Unkle, and think no Drefſes handſome; but that which Ladies wore at the Coronation of the laſt King.

Miran. And think no Ladies honeſt, but your old formal Creatures, that were in Faſhion in the Year 1640, and

and censure all Ladies that have freedom in their Carriage.

Snarl. Freedom, with a Pox! ay, 'tis Freedom indeed; But the last Age was an Age of Innocence, you young Slets you; now a Company of Ill-firts, haunting vain Cockatrices, take more Pains to lose Reputation, than those did to preserve it. I am afraid the next Age will have very few, that are lawfully begotten in't, by the Mafs. Besides, the young Fellows are like all to be effeminate Coxcombs, and the young Women Strumpets, in Sadness; all Strumpets, by the Mafs.

Clarim. You are a fine old Satyr indeed; 'twere well, if you decry'd Vices for any other Reason but that you are past them.

Snarl. You pert Baggages, you think you are very Handsome now, I warrant you. What a Devil's this Pound of Hair upon your paltry Frowles for? what a pox are those Patches for? what are your Faces sore? I'd not kiss a Lady of this Age, by the Mafs; I'd rather kiss my Horse.

Miran. Heaven, for the general good of our Sex, keep you still in that Mind.

Snarl. Some Ladies with Scabs and Pimples on their Faces invented Patches; and those, that have none, must follow: just as our young Fellows imitate the French; their Summer-fashion of going open-breasted came to us at *Michaelmas*, and we wore it all Winter; and their Winter-fashion of buttoning close their strait long-waisted Coats, that made them look like Monkeys, came not to us till *March*, and our Coxcombs wore it all Summer. Nay, I'll say that for your comfort, the young fashionable Fellows of the Town have as little Wit as you have.

Clarim. You had a better Opinion of our Sex sure in your youth; were you never in Love?

Miran. O yes, with himself always.

Snarl. Never with any such as you, I thank Heaven; I was never such an Ass: I'd not be such a Puppy for the World, in Sadness.

Clarim. Pish! you are an old insignificant Fellow, Nunkle;

kle; such as you should be destroyed like Drones, that have lost their Stings, and afford no Honey.

Snarl. Marry come up, you young Slut! are you so liquorish after the Honey of Man? in Sadness, this is fine.

Miran. You have no Pleasure but drinking and smocking, and riding with your Gambadoes on your little pacing Tit, to take a Pipe and drink a Cup of Ale at *Hamstead* or *Highgate*.

Snarl. Prythee, you prating Slut, do not trouble me with your Impertinence. What Pleasure can a Man have in this coxcomby scandalous Age? in sadness, I am almost ashamed to live in't, by the Mass.

Clarim. Then die in it, as soon as you can, if you do not like it.

Miran. Methinks, though all Pleasures have left you, you may go see Plays.

Snarl. I am not such a Coxcomb, I thank God: I have seen 'em at *Black-Fryers*. Pox, they act like Poppets now, in Sadness. I, that have seen *Joseph Taylor*, and *Lowen*, and *Swanstead*! Oh, a brave roaring Fellow, would make the House shake again! Besides, I can never endure to see Plays, since Women came on the Stage. Boys are better by half.

Enter Snarl's Man.

Clarim. But there are a great many new Plays.

Snarl. New ones! yes, either damn'd insipid dull Farces, confounded toothless Satyrs, or plaguy rhiming Plays, with scurvy Hero's, worse than the Knight of the Sun, or *Amadis de Gaul*; by the Mass. Pish, why should I talk with such foolish Girls? Here, Sirrah, give me my Pipe of Tobacco, with the Match. So——— [He smokes.

Go now, and fetch me a lusty Tankard of Ale, with Nutmeg and Sugar in't———

Miran. Prythee do thee fling away his Cane, and I'll break his Pipe; which will almost break his Heart——

Clarim. Agreed. Fie, Nunkle, is this your Breeding, to take nasty Tobacco, and stink much before Ladies?

Miran. Away with it.

[Clarinda flings away his Cane, Miranda breaks his Pipe.

Snarl.

Snarl. 'Sdeath! you sawcy Jades, what's this? I'll thrum you; 'twas well you flung away my Cane, you young Sluts; in Sadness I'd ha' made my Bamboo fly about your Jackets else, by the Mass. Ha! 'tis not broken all to Pieces.

[While he is stooping for his Pipe, one flings away his Hat and Periwig, the other thrusts him down.]

Ounds! you young Jades, I'll maul you, you Strumpets, you damn'd Cockatrices: I'll disinheret my Nephew, if he does not turn you out of Doors, you Crocodiles.

Clarinda. That's it we'd have; we'll weary you both of your Lives, till you bring it about.

Snarl. You young Jades, you Strumpets!

[Exit Snarl, looking for his Hat and Periwig.]

Miran. Let's away; he'll beat us.

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir Form. Ladies, whither so gay, and in such haste? Is *Sir Nicholas* here?

Miran. No, no. *Clarinda*, come away.

[He lays hold on Clarinda.]

Sir Form. Let me first violently ravish a Kiss from your fair Hands; I had this Morning, ere I went out, tender'd you my Service of this Day, had I not opin'd I should too early have disturb'd your Beauty. But, Madam, you ignore not, that those venturous Blossoms, whose over-hasty Obedience to the early Spring does anticipate the proper Season, do often suffer from the Injuries of severer Weather, unless protected by the happy Patronage of some more benign Shelter.

Clarinda. Farewell, I am in haste—

Sir Form. Her Departure favours somewhat of abruptness—

Enter Snarl.

Snarl. Strumpets! Jades!

Sir Form. Sweet Mr. *Snarl*, had my Eyes sooner encounter'd you, I had more early paid you the Tribute of my Respect, which I opine to be so much your due, that though I ignore not that you are happy in having many Admirers, yet—

Snarl.

Snarl. 'Ounds! if I be not revenged on these Cockatrices—

Sir Form. Yet I say, none of 'em is endued with a more zealous Heart to do your Service, than your most humble Seryant, *Sir Formal Trifle.*

Snarl. Pox! What do you trouble me with your foolish Rhetorick?

Sir Form. What is it so disorders the Operative Faculties of your noble Soul? But, I beseech you, argue you me not of Oratory; though I confess it to be a great Virtue to be florid; nor is there in the whole World so generous and Prince-like a Quality as Oratory—

Snarl. Prince-like! Pimp-like, in Sadness. I never knew an Orator, that was not a Rascal, by the Mass. Orators are foolish flashy Coxcombs, of no Sense or Judgment, turn'd with every Wind; they are never of the same Opinion half an Hour together, nor ever speak of the Opinion they are of. Pox o' your Tropes and Flowers.

Sir Form. Sir, upon my Honour, you mistake me still. I assure you I am a Person—

Snarl. Whom I hope to see hang'd—

Sir Form. O Sir, you are in a merry Humour: but, in good earnest, there is not a Person in the whole World, that is a greater Admirer of your politer Parts than my self.

Snarl. Shaw! pox of Admirers; piss! what care I whether you be or no. Pr'ythee, piss! you are very troublesome, in Sadness.

Sir Form. Well, Sir, you will have your pretty Humours, you're disposed to be merry.

Snarl. Merry! O you Jack-pudding! merry, quoth a! 'Ounds you lie—

Sir Form. Sir, I have often intrugated you to avoid Passion; it drowns your Parts, and obstructs the Faculties of your Mind; while a serene Soul like that which I wear about me, operates clearly, notwithstanding the Oppression of Clay, and the clog of my fordid humane Body.

Snarl. In Sadness, would you were hang'd, that your serene Soul might be free from your fordid humane Body; tis a very fordid one, by the Mass.

Sir

Sir Form. O Sir, I will retire, and take away all Occasions of your uttering things, that, *reversè*, are more injurious to your self, than reflecting on me. I take my leave, Sir. *[Exit.]*

Snarl. You do well in so doing, by the Mass. It's a fine Life I live here! I am tormented with a couple of young ramping Slots; and then there's my Nephew's Wife, the most impertinent foolish Creature breathing. Then my Nephew is such a Coxcomb, he has study'd these twenty Years about the nature of Lice, Spiders and Insects; and has been as long compiling a Book of Geography for the World in the Moon. Did he not give me my Board for nothing, in hopes of my Estate, I'd not stay here. — But above all Villains, and tedious insipid Blockheads, this Sir Form is the greatest; he is the most intollerable Plague I have: I could

With any Fools but Orators dispense,

Who love Words so, they never care for Sense.



ACT II.

Enter Longvil, Bruce, and Sir Samuel; (Sir Samuel in the Habit of Longvil's Footman.)

Bruce. **WE** are here to our Wives; and neither the Virtuoso, nor his Master of his Ceremonies within: If we could but meet with the Ladies now —

Sir Sam. Ay, if the Ladies were but here — you should see how I would show my Patience. Whip-slap-dash. I'd come up roundly with Miranda, 'faith Boys —

Long. A Pox to this Fellow, he'll be intolerable: I see there's no tampering with that Edge-tool call'd a Fool —

Sir Sam. I am disguis'd Cap-a-pe to all Intents and Purposes; and if any Man manages an Intrigue better than I,

I will never hope for a Masquerade more, or expect to Dance my self again into any Lady's Affection, and about that Business. Come aloft, Sir Samuel, I say, —

Bruce. But, sweet Sir Samuel, if you discover your self, you will be turn'd out of the House, and we for Company.

Sir Sam. Let me alone; Pox, if I should be discover'd, I'll bring you off as round as a Hoop, in the twinkling of an Oyster-shell. But, 'gad, I cannot conceal my self from my Mistress; my Love and Wit will break out now and then a little about the Edges, or I shall burst, Faith and Troth.

Long. Yonder come the Ladies. — Good Sam, keep your Distance.

Sir Sam. My Distance! why, the Ladies are by themselves; I'll present you to 'em, I'll introduce you. Come along, pull away, Boys. Now, my Choice Lads. Hey poop, come aloft, Boy — hah —

Long. Do you hear, Sir Samuel, act the Footman a little better, or by Heaven I'll turn you out of my Livery.

Sir Sam. What a pox! you are upon the High-Ropes now. Prythee, *Longell*, hold thy Peace, with a whip-stitch, your Nose in my Breech: I know what I have to do, mun — Do you think to make a Fool of Pilgarlick?

Long. By Heaven, Pilgarlick, I'll cut your Throat, if you advance beyond your Post — Stand Centry there.

Bruce. If you do not, Sam, you'll find your Master very Cholerick, honest Sam.

Sir Sam. Cholerick! what a pox! care I? how shall I shew my Parts about this Business, if I should stand here? 'Pshaw, prythee hold thy Peace.

Enter Clarinda and Miranda.

Long. Sirrah, stand there, and mind your waiting — Dam-me, stand still —

Sir Sam. What a Pox does he mean now? O' my Conscience and Soul he has been a drinking hard this Morning, and is half-Seas over already.

Long. Ladies, your humble Servant.

Bruce.

Bruce. How long have we pray'd to Heaven for this Opportunity of kissing your Hands! ———

Clar. I see then you can be devout upon some Occasions.

Long. We shew'd our Devotion sufficiently the first time we saw you; 'twas in a Church, Ladies ———

Mir. Lord! that it should be our Fortune to see you in a Place so little used by you!

Clar. I warrant you, they came hither as they do to a Play-house, bolting out of some Eating-House, having nothing else to do in an idle Afternoon.

Mir. 'Tis a Wonder they do not come, as the Sparks do to a Playhouse too, full of Champaign, venting very much Noise, and very little Wit.

Long. Whatever your Intentions are, I am sure, it is a very wicked thing for you to go to Church.

Mir. How so, Sir?

Bruce. Why, to seduce zealous young Men, as we might have been, but for you.

Clar. Your Zeal will never do you hurt, I warrant you.

Long. You, for your Part, committed Sacrilege, and robb'd Heaven of all my Thoughts.

Mir. That's strange; for I assure you, none of mine e'er stray'd towards you.

Long. I am glad to find you can be so very zealous: They, that can be so very violent in that higher Sort of Zeal, will often be so in a lower ——— I am glad to see my Mistress violent in any Passion; 'tis ten to one Love will have its turn then.

Bruce. You could not but observe my great Zeal to you, Madam; had I soar'd ne'er so high, you would have lured me down again.

Clar. Alas, Sir, you never soar so high, but any Lure will bring you down with a swoop, I warrant you.

Mir. You are he, that have pester'd me with your *Billets Doux*; Your fine little fashionable Notes ty'd with Silk?

Long. Yes, I have presented several Bills of Love upon you, and you would never make good Payment of any of em.

all! *Mir.* Would you have one answer a Bill of Love at sight? that's only for substantial Traders: young Beginners dare not venture, they ought to be cautious.

Long. Not, when they know him to be a responsible Merchant they have to deal with.

Mir. Such, who keep a Correspondence with too many Factories, venture too much, and are in danger of breaking.

Clar. My Sister's in the Right: 'tis more danger trusting Love with such, than Money with Goldsmiths, & specially considering most Men are apt to break in Womens Debts. I have received several honourable Summons from you, if I would have accepted the Challenges.

Bruce. I only provoked you fairly into the open Field; and, 'gad, I wonder you had not Honour enough to answer me.

Clar. You would have drawn me into some wicked Ambush or other; Matrimony or worse, I warrant you.

Sir Sam. What a pox do these Fellows mean? I shall stand here, till one of 'em has whipt away my Mistress about Business, with a *Hixius Doxius*, with the Force of *Raparte*, and this, and that, and every thing in the World.

[Offers to go to Clar.]

Long. Why Sirrah, Rascal!

Sir Sam. Ay, 'tis no matter for that. Madam! —

[Pulls Mir. by the Sleeve:]

Long. You impudent Dog! [Long. kicks him.]

Sir Sam. Psha! Psha! I care not a Farthing for this. This is nothing; I am harden'd, I have been kill'd and beaten to all Intents and Purposes an hundred times, about Intrigues and Business. Madam, Madam, don't you know me?

Mir. What impudent sawcy Footman's this?

Bruce. Poor silly Rogue! he must be beaten into good Manners.

Sir Sam. Ha, ha, ha, that's good, I faith! Poor silly Rogue! that's well. Ha, ha, ha. But all these Kicks, and these Businesses, and all that, we Men of Intrigue must bear.

Long. *Pr'ythee, Long,* do not play the Fool; but let me discover my self. *Long.* Sirrah, be gone; or I'll beat you most infinitely. *Madam,* let us not trifle away those few happy Minutes Fortune lends us Lovers. We know your Straights, and how few Opportunities we are like to have; and therefore let me tell you, in short, I am most desperately in love with you.

Sir Sam. O Traitor! What says he? I must discover my self quickly about this Business, or whip flap. I shall be bobbed of my Mistress in the twinkling of a Bedstead.

Mir. 'Tis true; our Opportunities are like to be rare; but I'll improve this so well, we shall need no more — Good Sir, let it not transport you too much: For I do assure you, I am extremely and desperately out of Love with you, and shall be so as long as I live.

Long. Say you so, Madam? and are you absolutely and violently resolv'd upon this?

Mir. I am.

Long. Faith, Madam, I am glad to hear on't. I never knew a Woman absolutely resolve upon any thing, but she did the contrary.

Bruce. I hope, you'll not take Example by your hard-hearted Sister, to nip so hopeful a Love in the Bud; but nourish it, and 'twill in time bring forth Fruit worth the gathering.

Clar. It shall produce none for me; it's a dangerous surfeiting Fruit, and I'll ha' none on't.

Sir Sam. I'll sing a Song that I used to entertain them with; and that will discover me. I shall be even with these impudent Fellows.

[Sings]

She trips like a barren Doe, &c.

Long. 'Sdeath! What does this Rascal mean?

Bruce. Pox on him; he sings worse than an old Woman's spinning.

Clar. How's this? I have heard that charming Voice: 'tis very like a Coxcomb's that used to come hither, one Sir Samuel Hearty.

Sir

Sir Sam. Peace, Bury peace, Coxcomb! she never was so much in the wrong in her Life: she was always malicious against me, because I could not love her, poor Fool——Coxcomb! whip-stick, your Nose in my Breech——
Bish. *went out*

Bruce. Hang him, let him discover himself.

Mir. 'Tis he sure——What Project's this? he was ever a great Designer.

Sir Sam. I can hold no longer. Madam, have you lost your Senses?

Long. 'Sdeath, this Rascal puts me beyond all Patience. Impudent Villain—— [Kicks him.]

Sir Sam. Ay, ay, it's no Matter for that, it's no Matter for that: I can bear any thing for my Mistress. Don't you know me yet?

Clar. 'Tis he: I'll make as if I did not know him, and we'll have excellent Sport with him.

Mir. Hold, Sir; by your favour, I am resolv'd to speak with him, and know the Meaning of this.

Long. Sirrah!

Sir Sam. Psha! prythee hold thy Tongue; *Tace* is *Latin* for a Candle, I say again. I knew I should screw her up to the Tune of Love——Now do you know your faithful Servant, *Sir Samuel*?

Mir. I do. But have a Care; if my Sister discovers you, you are undone.

Sir Sam. I warrant you, I'll be as secret as a Cockle.

Mir. I am sorry you have been so exceedingly beaten and kick'd, Sir.——

Sir Sam. Psha! Psha! it's nothing, nothing. Come, come——'tis well it's no worse——Come, if any Man in *England* out-does me in passive Valour about Intrigues, I am the Son of a Tinder-box——

Mir. Have a care; she suspects something——

Sir Sam. Ay, let me alone——

Clar. What sawcy impudent Footman's this? Correct his Insolence, and send him hence; I like not his Face——

Mir. The Truth is, the Rascal is sawcy; but he'll learn better Manners.

Sir

Sir Sam. Good! how the Rogue's Love makes her dis-
semble! Ah, cunning Toad!

Long. 'Search, you Dog! I'll learn you better Man-
ners; get you gone. [Kicks him.

Sir Sam. Pox on you! you over-act a Master, and
kick too hard about Business—

Long. Do you hear, you nonsensical Owl? be gone out
of the Garden, or by Heaven I'll run my Sword in your
Guts—

Bruce. Hold, *Longvil*, do not kill him; 'twill be some-
thing uncivil—

Sir Sam. Uncivil! What a pox do you talk? Uncivil!
Why, 'twill be Murder, mun. Uncivil! quoth a—
Well, I must be gone with a Cup of Content, to the
Tune of a damn'd beating, or so— This is a fine nimble
Piece of Business, that a Man cannot make love to his
own Mistress. But I'll come upon him with a *Quare*
Impedit, and a good lusty Cup of Revenge to boot.

[Exit *Sir Sam.*

Clar. We have discover'd your Fool. Do you want a
Fool, that you must bring such a one as *Sir Samuel* along
with you?

Mir. Perhaps they thought themselves not able to di-
vert us, and brought him to assist them—

Long. Faith, Ladies, if you make tryal of us, if
we be not able to divert you, you shall find us very wil-
ling.

Bruce. I am sure, if we do not divert you from your
cruel Resolutions, we are the most undone Men, that ever
sigh'd and look'd pale for Ladies; yet—

Clar. I do not doubt but some Ladies, such as they are,
may have made you look pale and wan.

Mir. But a civil Woman could never yet come near
your Hearts, or alter your Faces.

Long. The greatest Generals do not 'scape always un-
wounded; you have done my Business, Madam.

Bruce. I have held out a long time against the Artillery
of Lady's Eyes; but a random Shot has maul'd me at last.

Clar. That cannot be; you were the greatest Mutineers against civil Women that could be.

Mir. Always shewing your Parts against Matrimony, and defending the tawdry ill-bred fluttering Wenches o'the Town.

Long. That may be, Madam; we are taken off.

Bruce. Ay, Madam; we are taken off.

Clar. There's no trusting you: For though you seem to be taken off, as you call it, yet you'll stick fast to your good old Cause.

Mir. A Man often parts with his Honesty, but never with his Opinion, for a Bribe——

Enter Lady Gimcrack and Sir Samuel.

L. Gim. Mr. *Bruce* and Mr. *Longvil* in the Garden with my Nieces, say you! Young Sluts! do you snap at all the Game that comes hither? What are they discouraging off?

Sir Sam. Why to the Tune of Love, Madam; what should young Gentlemen and Ladies talk of else?

L. Gim. O impudent Gill-firts! cannot one young Gentleman 'scape 'em? Are they making Love to my Nieces, say you?

Sir Sam. Yes, that they are, Madam, with a belter-skelter, whipdash, as round as a Hoop: what should they do else? I'll retire——

[Exit.]

L. Gim. That's Mr. *Bruce*; a fine, frait, well-bred Gentleman, of a pleasing Form, with a charming Air in his Face: The other Mr. *Longvil*, who has a pleasing Sweetness in his Countenance, an agreeable Straitness, and a grateful Composure and Strength in his Limbs. I am distracted in my Choice on whom to fix my Affections. Let me see, which shall I like best? Mr. *Bruce* is a fine Person really, and so is Mr. *Longvil*: And so is Mr. *Bruce*, I vow, and so is Mr. *Longvil*, I swear. In short, I like 'em both best; and these fluttering Sluts shall have none of 'em.

Clar. Pr'ythee, Sister, let's change our Men, and then we sh. ll be troubled with no Love from 'em——

Mir.

Mir. Agreed. But if we be, it is shifting of our Torment, and that's some Ease. But hold, we are undone; here's my Aunt.

L. Gim. Gentlemen, your Servant. So, Nieces, you are soon acquainted with young Gentlemen, I see. It will in Modesty besit you to retire.

Long. We heard Sir *Nicholas* was at home, and took the Liberty of a Turn in the Garden.

Bruce. Where by Accident we found these Ladies, who have done us the Honour to entertain some Discourse with us —

L. Gim. They are always ready to shew their little or no Breeding; you must pardon them, they are raw Girls —

Clar. Thank Heavens; we have not had the Age and Experience of your Ladyship.

Mir. We will leave your Reverend Ladyship to shew your great Wisdom and Breeding.

L. Gim. How now, you pert Sluts? [*Ex. Clar. and Mir.* Gentlemen, you are not to take Notice what these idle Girls say concerning my Age: for I protest, Gentlemen, I exceed not twenty two, upon my Honour, I do not.

Long. That's well; I remember her a Woman twenty Years ago. [*Aside.*

Bruce. 'Tis true. [*Aside.*

'Tis impossible your Ladyship should be more.

Long. You are in the very Blossom of your Age.

L. Gim. O Lord, Sirs! now, I swear, you do me too much Honour. Yet had I not had some Cares in the World, and, the truth on't is, been marry'd somewhat against my Will, I might have look'd much better. But 'tis no Matter for that, I'm disposed of —

Bruce. This is to let us know she does not care for her Husband.

Long. She means to trust one or both of us.

L. Gim. Yet I confess, Sir *Nicholas* is a fine solitary Philosophical Person. But my Nature more affects the vigorous Gaiety and Jollity of Youth than the fruitless Speculations of Age.

Long. Those fitter for your Youth and Blood, But may we not have the Honour we were promised, of seeing Sir Nicholas?

L. Gim. The truth on't is, he is within, but upon some private Business: But nothing shall be reserved from such accomplish'd Persons as you are. The truth on't is, he's learning to swim.

Long. Is there any Water hereabouts, Madam?

L. Gim. He does not learn to swim in the Water, Sir.

Bruce. Not in the Water, Madam! How then?

L. Gim. In his Laboratory, a spacious Room, where all his Instruments and fine Knick-Knacks are.

Bruce. A Swimming-Master! this is beyond all Precedent——He is the most curious Coxcomb breathing——

[*Aside.*

L. Gim. He has a Frog in a Bowl of Water, ty'd with a Packthread by his Loins; which Packthread Sir Nicholas holds in his Teeth, lying upon his Belly on a Table; and as the Frog strikes, he strikes; and his Swimming-Master stands by, to tell him when he does well or ill.

Long. This is the rarest Fop that ever was heard of.

Bruce. Few Virtuoso's can arrive to this Pitch, Madam. This is the most curious Invention I ever heard of.

L. Gim. Alas! he has many such. He is a rare Mechanick Philosopher. The College indeed refus'd him; they envy'd him.

Long. Were it not possible to have the Favour of seeing this Experiment?

L. Gim. I cannot deny any thing to such Persons. I'll introduce you.

[*Exit.*

SCENE opens and discovers Sir Nicholas learning to swim upon a Table, Sir Formal and the Swimming-Master standing by.

Sir Form. In earnest, this is very fine: I doubt not, Sir, but in a short space of time, you will arrive at that Curiosity in this watery Science, that not a Frog breathing will exceed you. Though, I confess, it is the most curious
of

of all amphibious Animals (in the Art, shall I say, or rather Nature of Swimming.)

Swim. Mast. Ah! Well struck, Sir *Nicholas*; that was admirable, that was as well swom as any Man in *England* can. Observe the Frog. Draw up your Arms a little nearer, and then thrust 'em out strongly—Gather up your Legs a little more——So, very well—Incomparable——

II

Enter Bruce, Longvil, and Lady Gimcrack.

Bruce. Let's not interrupt them, Madam, yet, but observe a little this great Curiosity.

Long. 'Tis a noble Invention.

L. Gim. 'Tis a thing the College never thought of.

Sir Nich. Let me rest a little to respire. So; it is wonderful, my noble Friend, to observe the Agility of this pretty Animal, which notwithstanding I impede its Motion, by the Detention of this Filum, or Thread, within my Teeth, which makes a Ligature about its Loins, and though by many sudden Stops I cause the Animal sometimes to sink or immerge, yet with indefatigable Activity it rises, and keeps almost its whole Body upon the Superficies, or Surface, of this humid Element.

Sir Form. True, noble Sir; nor do I doubt but your Genius will make Art equal, if not exceed Nature: nor will this or any other Frog upon the Face of the Earth out-swim you.

Sir Nich. Nay, I doubt not, Sir, in a very little time to become amphibious: a Man, by Art, may appropriate any Element to himself. You know a great many Virtuoso's that can fly; but I am so much advanced in the Art of flying, that I can already out-fly that ponderous Animal call'd a *Bustard*; nor should any Grey-Hound in *England* catch me in the calmest Day, before I got upon Wing: Nay, I doubt not, but in a little time to improve the Art so far, 'twill be as common to buy a Pair of Wings to fly to the World in the Moon, as to buy a Pair of Wax-Boots to ride into *Sussex* with.

Sir Form. Nay doubtless, Sir, if you proceed in those swift Gradations you have hitherto prospered in, there

will be no Difficulty in the noble Enterprize, which is devoutly to be efflagitated by all ingenious Persons; since the Intelligence with that Lunary World wou'd be of infinite Advantage to us, in the Improvement of our Politicks.

Sir *Nich.* Right: for the Moon being *Domina Humidorum*, to wit, the Governess of moist Bodies, has, no doubt, the Superior Government of all Islands; and its Influence is the cause so many of us are Delirious and Lunatick in this. But having sufficiently refrigerated my Lungs by way of Respiration, I will return to my swimming —

Swim. Mast. Admirably well struck! rarely swom! he shall swim with any Man in *Europe*.

Sir *Form.* Hold, Sir *Nicholas*; here are those Noble Gentlemen and Philosophers, whom I invited to kiss your Hands; and I am not a little proud of the Honour of being the grateful and happy Instrument of the Necessitude and familiar Communication, which is like to intervene between such excellent Virtuoso's.

Bruce. We are Sir *Nicholas*'s and your most humble Servants.

Long. We shall think our selves much honoured with the Knowledge of so celebrated a Virtuoso.

Sir *Nich.* You are right welcome into my poor Laboratory; and if in ought I can serve you in the way of Science, my Nature is diffusive, and I shall be glad of communicating with, such eminent Virtuoso's, as I am let to know you are.

Long. We pretend to nothing more than to be your humble Admirers.

Sir *Form.* All the ingenious World are proud of Sir *Nicholas*, for his Physico-mechanical Excellencies.

Sir *Nich.* I confess I have some Felicity that way; but were I as præcelling in Physico-Mechanical Investigations, as you in Tropical Rhetorical Flourishes, I would yield to none.

Long. How the Asses claw one another! [*Aside.*]

Bruce. We are both your Admirers. But of all quaint Inventions, none ever came near this of swimming.

Sir

Sir Form. Truly, I opine it to be a most compendious Method, that in a Fortnight's Prosecution has advanced him to be the best Swimmer of *Europe*. Nay, it were possible to swim with any Fish of his Inches.

Long. Have you ever try'd in the Water, Sir?

Sir Nich. No, Sir; but I swim most exquisitely on Land.

Bruce. Do you intend to practise in the Water, Sir?

Sir Nich. Never, Sir; I hate the Water, I never come upon the Water, Sir.

Long. Then there will be no use of Swimming.

Sir Nich. I content my self with the speculative Part of swimming, I care not for the Practick. I seldom bring any thing to Use; 'tis not my way. Knowledge is my ultimate End.

Bruce. You have Reason, Sir; Knowledge is like Virtue, its own Reward.

Sir Form. To study for Use is base and mercenary, below the serene and quiet Temper of a sedate Philosopher.

Sir Nich. You have hit it right, Sir. I never studied any thing for Use but Physick, which I administer to the poor People; you shall see my Method.

Long. Sir, I beseech you, what new Curiosities have you found out in Physick?

Sir Nich. Why, I have found out the use of Respiration, or Breathing, which is a motion of the Thorax and the Lungs, whereby the Air is impell'd by the Nose, Mouth, and Windpipe into the Lungs, and thence expell'd farther to elaborate the Blood, by refrigerating it, and separating its fuliginous Steams.

Bruce. What a Secret the Rogue has found out! [*Aside*]

Sir Nich. I have found too, that an Animal may be preserved without Respiration, when the Wind-pipe's cut in two, by follicular impulsion of Air; to wit, by blowing Wind with a pair of Bellows into the Lungs.

Long. I have heard of a Creature preserved by blowing Wind in the Breech, Sir.

Sir Nich. That's frequent. Besides, tho' I confess I did not invent it, I have performed admirable Effects by

transfusion of Blood; to wit, by putting the Blood of one Animal into another.

Sir Form. Upon my Integrity, he has advanced Transfusion to the Achme of Perfection, and has the Ascendant over all the Virtuosi in point of that Operation. I saw him do the most admirable Effects in the World upon two Animals; the one a Domestick Animal, commonly call'd a *Mangy Spaniel*, and a less Famellick Creature, commonly call'd a *Sound Bull Dog*. Be pleas'd, Sir, to impart it.

Sir Nich. Why, I made, Sir, both the Animals to be Eminent and Recipient at the same time: after I had made Ligatures as hard as I could, for fear of strangling the Animals, to render the Jugular Veins turgid, I open'd the Carotid Arteries and Jugular Veins of both at one time, and so caused them to change Blood one with another.

Sir Form. Indeed that which ensued upon the Operation was miraculous; for the *Mangy Spaniel* became sound, and the *Sound Bull-Dog* Mangy.

Sir Nich. Not only so, Gentlemen, but the *Spaniel* became a *Bull-dog*, and the *Bull-dog* a *Spaniel*.

Sir Form. Which, considering the civil and ingenious Temper and Education of the *Spaniel*, with the rough and untaught Savageness and Ill-breeding of the *Bull-dog*, may not undeservedly challenge the name of a Wonder.

Bruce. 'Tis an Experiment you'll deserve a Statue for.

Enter Clarinda, Miranda, and Sir Samuel.

Clarin. Sir, I must beg your Pardon for my Intrusion: but I have found out such a Practice upon my Sister, as will nearly concern you to prevent it.

Sir Sam. What does she mean now?

Sir Nich. Against *Miranda*, say you?

Clarin. This Foot-man has brought a Letter, and has been tempting her, from that vile Man, *Sir Samuel Hearty*. There 'tis.

Miran. 'Tis no matter for her Persecution. Be confident of me; you can endure any thing——

Sir Sam. Ay, any thing, the most substantial beating under

under the Sun. I have had a pretty Parcel o' Kicks already about this Business: but as long as I find Love, I care not for kicking.

Long. A Pox o' this Rascal! he'll undo us——

Sir Nich. This is a Villain indeed, to tempt my Niece from that Knight; why he is a Spark, a Gallant, a Wit o' th' Town; the greatest Debaucher of Youth, and Corrupter of Ladies in *England*.

Sir Sam. The Rogue has hit me to a Cow's Thumb; he's as cunning a Fellow as any is within forty Shillings of his Head.

Sir Form. The Man indeed has spruce, polite, mercurial, and pretty concise Parts; but he's a little too volatile and flashy: he would make a fine Person, if he were but solid.

Sir Sam. Good! solid! wou'd he so? That's as dull a Fellow as a Man would wish to lay his Leg over. [*Aside.*]

Long. I confess he is my Foot-man, but shall be no longer so; let him be soundly pump'd and toss'd in a Blanket.

Sir Nich. Truly, it is an Injury beyond all Sufferance; and, with your leave, I'll have him so exercised. Call in my People.

Sir Sam. Hold, hold, Sir! what do you mean? *Sir Samuel* desired me to deliver this Note; and he's a Person I am much beholden to, that's all I know o' th' Matter; only that he is a fine Gentleman, and a witty facetious Person, as any wears a Head.

Long. Here! where are my Servants!

Enter Servants.

Sirrah! strip that Rascal's Coat over his Ears.

Sir Sam. Hold, hold, *Longoil!* what are you mad? I shall catch cold in the twinkling of a Bedstaff, Man.

Sir Nich. Do you hear, let him be taken, and first pump'd soundly, and then toss'd in a Blanket.

Long. Impudent Rascal! away with him.

Miran. Pump him soundly, impudent Fellow!

Sir Sam. Ah, my pretty little dissembling Rogue.

[*Aside.*]

Sir

Sir Nich. See it done to purpose, and then turn him out of Doors.

Sir Sam. What a Devil shall I do? but she loves me still. Come — 'tis well 'tis no worse — my Intrigue goes on rarely — [They hale him out.

Clarim. Let's see the Execution.

Miran. Come on, let's see how generously he suffers.

[Ex. Clar. and Mir.

Sir Nich. But now to return to my Transfusion.

Long. That was a rare Experiment of transfusing the Blood of a Sheep into a Mad-man.

Sir Nich. Short of many of mine. I assure you, I have transfus'd into a human Vein 64 Ounces, *Haver-du-pois* Weight, from one Sheep. The emittent Sheep dy'd under the Operation, but the recipient Mad-man is still alive; he suffer'd some Disorder at first, the Sheep's Blood being Heterogeneous; but in a short time it became Homogeneous with his own.

Sir Form. Ha! Gentlemen, was not this incomparable? but you shall hear more.

Enter Snarl.

Sir Nich. The Patient, from being Maniacal, or raging Mad, became wholly Ovine, or Sheepish; he bleated perpetually, and chew'd the Cud: He had Wool growing on him in great Quantities, and a *Northamptonshire* Sheep's Tail did soon emerge or arise from his Anus, or humane Fundament.

Snarl. In Sadness, Nephew, I am ashamed of you; you will never leave Lying and Quacking, with your Transfusions and Fool's-tricks. I believe, if the Blood of an Ass were transfus'd into a Virtuoso, you would not know the Emittent Ass from the Recipient Philosopher, by the Mass.

Sir Nich. O Uncle! you'll have your way; — he's a merry Gentleman.

Snarl. Pox! merry! Pr'ythee leave prating and lying; I am not merry, I am angry with such Coxcombs as you are.

Sir

Sir Form. Well, Sir, you are very pleasant, and will have your facetious pretty Humours.

Snarl. You are the Zany to this Mountebank.

Sir Nich. Pray, Uncle, interrupt us not. To convince you, Gentlemen, of the Truth of what I say, here is a Letter from the Patient, who calls himself the meanest of my Flock, and sent me some of his own Wooll. I shall shortly have a Flock of 'em; I'll make all my Clothes of 'em, 'tis finer than Beaver. Here was one to thank me for the Cure by Sheep's blood just now——

Snarl. O yes! he did not speak, but bleated his Thanks to you. In Sadness, you deserve to be hanged. You kill'd four or five, that I know, with your Transfusion——

Sir Nich. Sir, alas! those Men suffered not under the Operation, but they were Cacochymious, and had deprav'd Viscera, that is to say, their Bowels were gangreened.

Snarl. Pish! I do not know what you mean by your damn'd Cacochymious canting; but they died, in Sadness. Pr'ythee make haste with your canting and lying, and let's go to Dinner; or you shall quack by your self——

Long. A pleasant blunt old Fellow!

Bruce. He's in the wrong in abusing Transfusion: for excellent Experiments may be made in changing one Creature into the Nature of another.

Long. Nay, it may be improved to that height, to alter the Flesh of Creatures that we eat, as much as grafting and inoculating does Fruits——

Sir Nich. 'Tis very true; I do it, I use it to that end.

Snarl. Pox! let me see you invent anything so useful as a Mousetrap, and I'll believe some of your Lies. Pr'ythee, did not a Fellow cheat thee with Eggs, which he pretended were laid with Hairs in them, and you gave him ten Shillings a-piece for the Eggs, till I discover'd they were put in at a Hole, made by a very fine Needle?

Sir Form. Well, Mr. *Snarl*, you have the prettiest way of drolling. Gentlemen, pray let me recommend him to you, he's a fine facetious witty Person indeed.

Snarl.

Snarl. You recommend me! Prythee, damn'd Orator, hold thy Tongue. In Sadness you are a foolish flashy Fellow——

Bruce. We shall be glad of the Honour to know you.

Snarl. I desire no Acquaintance with any young Man of this Age, not I.

Long. Why so, Sir?

Snarl. Why they are vicious, illiterate, foolish Fellows, good for nothing but to roar and make a Noise in a Play-house, to be very brisk with pert Whores in Vizards, who, though never so ill-bred, are most commonly too hard for them at their own Weapon, *Reparlie*—— And when Whores are not there, they play Monkey-tricks with one another, while all sober Men laugh at them.

Bruce. They are even with them, for they laugh at all sober Men again.

Long. No Man's happy but by Comparison. 'Tis the great Comfort of all the World to despise and laugh at one another.

Snarl. But these are such unthinking Animals, and so weary of themselves, they can never be alone; always complaining of short Life, yet never know what to do with the time they have.

Bruce. This snarling Fellow's sometimes in the right.

Snarl. The top of their Education is to snatter *French*. For in *France* they have been to learn *French* Vices to spend *English* Estates with; with an insipid Gaiety, which is to be slight and bright, very pert and very dull.

Sir Nich. Sir, I beseech you be civilier to my Friends.

Snarl. I am transported with Passion against the young Fellows of this Age.

Long. Old Fools always envy young Fools.

Snarl. They are all forward and positive in things they understand not; they laugh at any Gentleman that has Art or Science, and make it the Property of a well-bred Gentleman to be good for nothing, but to make a Figure in the Drawing-room, set his Perwig in the Glass, smile, whisper, and make Legs and foolish Faces for

for an Hour or two; without a Word of Sense, in Sadness.

Bruce. The snarling Rogue's very tart upon the Youngsters.

Long. When the Pleasures of Wine and Women, the Joys of Youth, leave us; Envy and Malice, the Lusts of Age, succeed 'em——

Snarl. Besides, they are all such whoring Fellows, in Sadness, I am asham'd of 'em. The last Age was an Age of Modesty——

Bruce. I believe there was the same Wenching then: only they dissembled it. They added Hypocrisie to Fornication, and so made two Sins of what we make but one.

Long. After all his Virtue, this old Fellow keeps a Whore. I'll tell you more on't.

Sir Nich. I hope you'll pardon the rough Nature of my Uncle, who spares no body. Now if you please, Gentlemen, we'll retire. I am sorry I cannot perform the dissection of the Lobster, which I promis'd. My Fishmonger, that serves me for that Operation, has fail'd me: but I'll assure you it is the most curious of all Testaceous or Crustaceous Animals whatsoever.

Sir Form. But we will read an Author, and sport about a little *Greek* and *Latin* before Dinner. The one is a noble refection of the Mind, as the other is of the Body.

Long. We wait on you.

Sir Nich. After Dinner we will have a Lecture concerning the Nature of Insects, and will survey my *Microscopes*, *Telescopes*, *Thermometers*, *Barometers*, *Pneumatick Engines*, *Stenographonical Tubes*, and the like——

Bruce. We are infinitely obliged to you, Sir.—But all this does not edifie with our Mistresses. *Longvil!*

Long. We must find a way to get rid of these insipid Fools. I have a way to get rid of the Lady.

Sir Form. Gentlemen, we most humbly attend your Motions.

Bruce. We wait on you. [Exit Omnes.]

ACT



A C T III.

Enter Longvil and Miranda.

Long. **D**EAR Madam! tender the Life and Welfare of a poor humble Lover.

Miran. What! a fashionable Gentleman of this Age, and a Lover! it is impossible! They are all Keepers, and transplant tawdry things from the *Exchange* or the *Play-house*, and make the poor Creatures run mad with the Extremity of the Alteration; as a young Heir, being kept short, does at the Death of his Father.

Long. I was never one of those, Madam: Nothing but Age and Impotence can reduce me to that Condition. I had rather kill my own Game, than send to a Poulterer's. Besides, I never eat tame Things, when wild of the same Kind are in Season. I hate your coop'd cramb'd Lady; I love 'em as they go about, as I do your Barn-door Fowl.

Miran. 'Tis more natural indeed.

Long. But had I been ne'er so wicked, you have made such an absolute whining Convert of me, that forgetting all Shame and Reproach from the Wits and Debauchees of the Town, I can be a Martyr for Marrimony.

Miran. Lord! that you should not take warning! Have not several of your married Friends, like those upon the Ladder, bidden all good People take warning by them?

Long. For all that, neither Lovers or Malefactors can take it; one will make Experiment of Marriage, and the other of Hanging at their own sad Costs: Neither of the Executions will e'er be left off.

Miran. They are both so terrible to Women, 'tis hard to know which to chuse.

Long. If you Ladies were willing, we Men are apt to be civil upon easier Terms.

Miran.

Miran. No; those Terms are harder than the other.

Long. You are so nimble, a Man knows not which way to catch you.

Miran. Once for all, I assure you, I will never be catch'd any way by you.

Long. Do not provoke Love thus; lest he should revenge his Cause, and make you doat upon some nauseous Coxcomb, whom all the Town scorns.

Miran. Let Love do what it will, I neither dare nor will talk on't any longer.

Long. You are afraid of talking of Love, as some are of reading in a Conjuring-Book, for fear it should raise the Devil.

Miran. What ever you can say, will as soon raise one as the other in me. But I must take leave of you and your Similes. My Uncle will want you.

Long. Will you not in Charity afford me one Interview more this Afternoon?

Miran. Provided I hear not one Word of Love, and my Uncle and Aunt be secure; I shall be in the Walk on the East-side of the Garden an Hour hence. But, by your leave, I shall meet another there—

[*Aside.*
Exit *Miran.*]

Long. A thousand Thanks for the Honour. Yonder come *Bruce* and *Clarinda*; I'll retire—

[Exit *Long.*]

Enter *Bruce* and *Clarinda*.

Bruce. I have taken more Pains to single you out, than ever Wood-man did for a Deer.

Clarinda. If the Wood-man were no better a Marks-man, the Deer would be safe for all his singling. Besides, I am not so tame to stand a Shot yet, I thank you—

Bruce. Lovers are quick Aimers, and can shoot flying.

Clarinda. Not, if they fly so fast as I shall from you.

Bruce. Come, I see this way will not do; I'll try another with you. Ah, Madam! change your cruel Intentions, or I shall become the most desolate Lover; that ever yet, with Arms a-cross, sigh'd to a murmuring Grove, or to a purling Stream complain'd. Savage! I'll wander up and down the Woods, And carve my Passion on the Barks of Trees,

And

And vent my Grief to Winds, that, as they fly,
Shall sigh and pity me.

Clarín. How now! What foolish Fustian's this? you talk like an Heroick Poet.

Bruce. Since the common downright way of speaking Sense would not please you, I had a mind to try what the Romantick way of whining Love could do.

Clarín. No more of this. I had rather hear the talking of Gossips at an Upsitting, or Christning; nay, a Phanatick Sermon; or, which is worse than all, a dull Rhiming Play, with nothing in't but lewd Hero's huffing against the Gods.

Bruce. Why, I'll try any sort of Love to please you, Madam: I'll shew you that of a gay Coxcomb; with his full Plumes strutting and rustling about his Mistress, like a Turkey-cock, baiting her with brisk airy Motion, and fashionable Nonsense, thinking to carry her by dint of Periwig and Garniture, or by chanting some pretty foolish Sonnet of *Phyllis* or *Cælia*; or, at best, treating her with nothing but ends of Plays, or second-hand Jest, which he runs on Tick with witty Men for, and is never able to pay them again.

Clarín. No; there are too many of these fine Sparks you talk of, who perhaps may be very clinquent, slight and bright, and make a very pretty Show at first; but the Tinsel-Gentlemen do so tarnish in the wearing, there's no enduring them.

Bruce. But I am of good Metal, Madam, and so true, that I shall abide any Touch-stone, even that of Marriage.

Clarín. But it's an ill Bargain, where I must buy my Metal first, and touch it afterwards.

Bruce. You shall touch it first, Madam; and if you do not like it, I'll take it again, and no harm done.

Clarín. No: I'll take care there shall be no harm done. Pray divert this unseasonable Discourse of Love, for I will never hear on't more. Farewell. I see my Lady *Gimmerack* in the Garden.

Bruce. Let me but beg to have one Treaty more with you this Afternoon: If I convince you not of the Error of your

your hard Heart, I must submit and be miserable.

Clarim. If you love to hear the same thing again, I will declare it to you an Hour hence in the green Walk on the other side the Wilderness——Farewell——But, by your leave, you shall find another in my Place. [*Exit Clarim.*]

Enter Lady Gimcrack at another Door.

Bruce. Your Ladyship's humble Servant! I have been taking the fresh Air in the Garden, Madam.

L. Gim. I am come with the same Intention, and am happy in the Company of a Person, who is so much a Gentleman.

Bruce. Your Ladyship does me too much Honour.

L. Gim. By no means, Sir; your Accomplishments command Respect from all Ladies. I doubt not but you have been happy in many Ladies Affections——

Bruce. What will this come to? [*Aside.*]

L. Gim. But Women will be frail, while there are such Persons in the World, that's most certain.

Bruce. Your Ladyship's in a merry Humour, to rally a poor young Gentleman thus.

L. Gim. Far be it from me, I swear; your Perfections are so prevalent, that were I not in Honour engag'd unto Sir Nicholas (and Honour has the greatest Ascendant in the World upon me) I assure you I wou'd not venture my self alone with such a Person; But Honour's a great matter, a great thing, I'll vow and swear.

Bruce. You Ladies will abuse your humble Servants; we are born to suffer.

L. Gim. Lord, Sir, that you should take me to be in jest! I swear I am in earnest, and were I not sure of my Honour, that never fail'd me in a doubtful Occasion, I would not give you this Opportunity of tempting my Frailty; not but that my virtuous Inclinations are equal with any Lady's: But there is a prodigious Witchcraft in Opportunity. But Honour does much; yet Opportunity is a great thing, I swear, a great thing.

Bruce. Ay, Madam, if we use it when it offers it self.

L. Gim. How, Sir! ne'er hope for't! ne'er think on't! I wou'd not for all the World, I protest. Let not such Thoughts of me enter into your Head, My Honour will protect

protect me. I make use of an Opportunity! — I am none of those, I assure you.

Bruce. (Aside) 'Sdeath! how apprehensive she is? I shall forget the speculative Part of Love with *Clarinda*, and fall to the Practick with her. But I shall ne'er hold out that long Journey, without this or some other Bait by the way.

L. Gim. Yet, as I was saying, Opportunity's a bewitching thing. Let all Ladies beware of Opportunity, I say: for, alas, if we were not innocent and virtuous now, what use might we make of this Opportunity now?

Bruce. She's so damnably affected, and silly, 'twou'd' pall any ones Appetite but mine. Folly and Affectation are as nauseous as Deformity. *[Aside.]*

L. Gim. Should we now retire into that cool Grotto for Refreshment, the censorious World might think it strange; but Honour will preserve me. Honour's a rare thing, I swear; I defy Temptation.

Bruce. You'll not give a Man leave to trouble you with much. I have not observ'd that Grotto; shall I wait on you to survey it?

L. Gim. Ay, Sir, with all my Heart, to survey that; but if you have any wicked Intentions, I'll swear, you'll move me prodigiously; if your Intentions be dishonourable, you'll provoke me strangely.

Bruce. Try me, Madam.

L. Gim. Hold! hold! have a care what you do. I will not try, if you be not sure of your Honour. I'll not venture, I protest.

Bruce. What ever you are of mine, you are sure of your own.

L. Gim. Right, that will defend me. Now tempt what you will; though we go in, nay, though we shut the Door too, I fear nothing; it's all one to me, as long as I have my Honour about me. Come.

Bruce. Yonder comes *Longvil*, Madam.

L. Gim. For Heaven's sake remove from me, or he'll suspect my Honour.

Bruce. So, this Accident has preserv'd me honest. I am as constant a Lover as any Man in *England*, when I have

have no Opportunity to be otherwise— [Exit Bruce.

Enter Longvil.

L. Gim. Fa, la, la, la! O me, Sir! I swear you frightened me! I protest my Heart was at my Mouth. Alas! I shall not recover the Disorder a good while.

Long. What's the Matter, Madam?

L. Gim. You brought a Gentleman that's dead so fresh into my Mind, one that was the first Object of my Vows and Affections, not expecting to see you here: I vow, I thought it had been his Ghost, upon my Word.

Long. I am happy in resembling any one you could love, Madam.

L. Gim. I have long forgotten my Passion for him; but the Sight of you did stir in me a strange *je ne sais quoi* towards you: and but that I am another's now— otherwise— But I say too much.

Long. (*Aside.*) I have been too much acquainted with her Character to doubt her meaning.—Madam, you honour me so much, I cannot acknowledge it enough by my Words, my hearty Actions shall speak my Thanks.

L. Gim. Actions! O Heaven! what Actions? I hope you mean honourably: I swear, you brought all the Blood of my Body into my Face. Actions, said you! I hope you are a Person of Honour; my Honour is dearer to me than the whole World. I would not violate my Reputation for the whole Earth.

Long. Let us retire, Madam. If I do not shew my self a Man of Honour, may your Ladyship renounce me.

L. Gim. Retire! Heav'n forbid! Are we not private enough? Well, you put me more and more in Mind of my first Love, I swear you do.

Long. By your leave, *Miranda*, I can hold no longer. Though I am as true as Steel, any handsome Woman will strike Fire on me.—Let us repose a while in the Grotto, Madam.

L. Gim. O Heaven! Sir, do not tempt me. What, give my self an Opportunity! Consider my Honour, Sir, I am another's.

Long. And shall be so still, Madam; whatsoever use I shall

shall make of your Ladyship, I shall return you again, and ne'er alter the Property. Dear Madam, retire.

L. *Gim.* O Lord, Sir! what do you mean? you fright me so, I protest my Heart is at my Mouth. I am no such Person. Dear Sir, mistake me not, misconstrue not my Freedom; I wou'd not for the World——Well, I swear you are to blame now, never stir you are——But 'tis your first Fault, I can forgive you.

Long. I am sorry I have offended. But let us retire into the Grotto, and I'll make as many Acknowledgements as I can.

L. *Gim.* Well, Sir, since you are a little more civil, I am content for Discourse sake; for I love Discourse mightily——

Long. Well, I am a Rogue. Dear *Miranda*, forgive me this once.—Come, dear Madam.

L. *Gim.* I'll follow. But d'ye hear, Sir, if you be the least uncivil, upon my Honour, I'll cry out. Remember, Sir, I give you warning. Do not think on't; I swear and vow, I will; do not, I say, do not.

Long. No, no, I warrant you; I'll trust you for that. How fearful she is I should not think on't? [*Aside.*]

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir *Form.* Sweet Mr. *Longvil*, Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack* desires your noble Presence: he being now ready to impart those Secrets about Insects, which, I dare be bold to say, no Virtuoso, Domestick or Foreign, has explor'd but himself.

Long. I wait on you.

Sir *Form.* I humbly kiss your Ladyship's fair Hands.

[*Exeunt Longvil and Sir Formal.*]

L. *Gimcrack.* Shame on this unlucky Fellow! I have discovered the cross Love between my Nieces and these Gentlemen, and will make work with it.

Enter Maid to Lady Gimcrack.

Maid. Madam, here's a Letter for your Ladyship; the Messenger would deliver it to none but me.

L. *Gim.* Ha! It is from my dear *Hazard*. [*Reads.*]

Madam,

Madam, I am extremely impatient to see your Ladyship at the old Place of Affignation; as well for a great deal of Love, as for a little Business.

L. Gim. Well, I will go, though it cost me Money: I know that's his little Business. I know not why we Ladies should not keep, as well as Men, sometimes. But I shall neglect my important Affair with these two fine Sweet Persons. But that's uncertain, this is sure.

[Exit.]

Enter Snarl and Mrs. Figgup.

Snarl. How happy am I in thy Love! here I can find retreat, when tir'd with all the Rogues and Fools in Town.

Fig. Ay, Dearest! come to thine own Miss; she loves thee, Buddy, poor Buddy! Coachee, Coachee.

Snarl. O my poor Rogue! But when didst thou see thy Friend Mrs. Flint, my Nephew Gimerask's Mistress?

Fig. O shame on her! out upon her! O name her not.

Snarl. Why, what's the matter, Bird?

Fig. O filthy Creature, I cannot abide her; she's naught, she's naught.

Snarl. Why, what's the matter, Fig? what has she done to thee?

Fig. Done! I'll never forgive her, while I ha' Breath. Do not speak of her; she's a base Creature; name her not; I ha' done with her.

Snarl. Has she affronted thee, poor Rogue? I'll have her mau'd. Filthy Creature!

Fig. Ay, Birds-neys, she's a Quean. But do not thee trouble thy self with her; 'tis no matter.

Snarl. I will know what she has done to thee. In Sadness, if you do not tell me, I won't love thee, Pignie.

Fig. Well, I will; but won't you laugh at me then?

Snarl. No, by the Mass, not I.

Fig. Nay, but thou wilt, Bird.

Snarl. In Sadness, I won't.

Fig.

Fig. Why, would you think it? I wish I might ne'er stir out o' this Place, if the lewd Carrion had not the Impudence to tell me, that Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack* was a handsomer Man than thou art. No, I'll ne'er forgive her, while I ha' Breath.

Snarl. Poor Rogue! thou art a dear Creature, in Sadness.

Fig. Impudent Flirts! but, I swear, our Sex grows so vicious and infamous, I am ashamed of 'em; they have no Modesty in 'em.

Snarl. In sadness, it's a very wicked Age; Men make no Conscience of their Ways, by the Mass. In the last Age we were modest and virtuous, we spent our time in making Visits, and playing at Cards with the Ladies, so civil, so virtuous, and well-bred.

Fig. For my part, I blush at the impudent Creatures of the Town; that's the truth on't.

Snarl. So do I, in sadness. To see Villains wrong their sweet Wives, and while they keep them short, let little dowdy Strumpets spend their Estates for 'em; by the Mass, my Heart bleeds, to see so great a Decay of conjugal Affection in the Nation.

Fig. Out upon 'em, filthy Wenches; I wonder they dare shew their harden'd Faces. They are so bold, 'tis a burning Shame they should be suffered, I vow.

Snarl. Nay, the young Coxcombs are worse; nothing but swearing, drinking, whoring, tearing, ranting and roaring. In sadness, I should be weary of the World for the Vices of it, but that thou comfortest me sometimes, Buddy.

Fig. Pr'ythee, dear Numps, talk no more of 'em, I spit at 'em; but I love n'own Buddy, Mun. Pr'ydee kiss me.

Snarl. Ah poor Budd, poor Rogue! we are civil now; what harm's in this?

Fig. None, none. Poor Dear, kiss again, Mun.

Snarl. Ah, poor thing. In sadness, thou shalt have this Purse; nay, by the Mass, thou shalt.

Fig.

Fig. Nay pish! I cannot abide the Money, nor I; I love thee, thou art a civil, discreet, sober Person of the last Age.

Snarl. Ah poor little Rogue! in sadness, I'll bite thee by the Lip, i'faith I will. Thou hast incens'd me strangely, thou hast fir'd my Blood, I can bear it no longer; i'faith I cannot. Where are the Instruments of our Pleasure? Nay, Pr'ythee do not frown; by the Mass, thou shalt do't now.

Fig. I wonder that should please you so much, that pleases me so little?

Snarl. I was so us'd to't at *Westminster School*, I could never leave it off since.

Fig. Well: look under the Carpet then, if I must.

Snarl. Very well, my dear Rogue. But dost hear? thou art too gentle. Do not spare thy Pains. I love Castigation mightily——So, here's good Provision.

[Pulls the Carpet, three or four Rods fall down.

Within. Ho, there within! open the Door. 'Sdeath, I'll break it open. What Rascal have you got with you? I'll maul him.

Fig. O Heaven! This Rascal will undo me. What shall I do? 'Tis my Brother.

Snarl. In sadness, I shall be ruin'd.

Fig. Run, run, if you love me, into the Wood-hole quickly. I'll get rid of him. For Heaven's sake take the Birch along with you.

Snarl. Ah, Hectoring Rascal! we had none o' this in the last Age. Rogues! Dogs! A Man cannot be in private with a Sister, but he must be disturb'd by th' impertinent Brother, in sadness.

Fig. In! in! I'll out to him—— [Exeunt.

Enter Sir Nicholas, Sir Formal, Bruce, and Longvil.

Sir Form. I do assure you, Gentlemen, no Man upon the Face of the Earth is so well seen in the Nature of Ants, Flies, Humble-bees, Earwigs, Millepedes, Mollies, Maggots, Mites in Cheese, Todpoles, Worms, Neuts, Spiders, and all the noble Products of the Sun by equivocal Generation.

Sir

Sir Nich. I have found more curious Phenomena in these minute Animals, than in those of vaster Magnitude.

Long. I take the Ant to be a most curious Animal.

Sir Nich. More curious than all Oviparous or Egg-laying Creatures in the whole World. There are three sorts; Black, Dark-brown, and Fillamot.

Long. Right, Sir.

Sir Nich. The Black will pinch the Dark-brown with his Forceps, till it kills it upon the Place; the like will the Dark-brown do by the Fillamot — I have dissected their Eggs upon the object Plate of a Microscope, and find that each has within it an included Ant, which has adhering to its Anus or Fundament a small black speck, which becomes a Vermicle, like a Mite, which I have watch'd whole Days and Nights; and *Sir Formal* has watch'd 'em thirty Hours together.

Long. A very pretty Employment!

Sir Form. And a long time we could find no Motion, but that of Flexion and Extension: but at last it becomes an Ant, Gentlemen.

Bruce. What does it concern a Man to know the Nature of an Ant?

Long. O! it concerns a Virtuoso mightily: so it be Knowledge, 'tis no matter of what.

Bruce. Sir, I take 'em to be the most politick of all Insects.

Sir Form. You have hit it; Gentlemen, they have the best Government in the World: What do you opine it to be?

Long. O! A Common-wealth, most certainly.

Sir Nich. Worthy Sir, I see you are a great Observer; it is a Republick, resembling that of the States-General.

Bruce. Undoubtedly! and the *Dutch* are just such industrious and busie Animals.

Sir Form. Right. But now, I beseech you, be pleas'd to communicate some of your quainter Observations to these Philosophers, about those subtil and insidious Animals, call'd *Spiders*.

Sir Nich. I think I have found out more Phenomena's, or Appearances of Nature, in *Spiders*, than any Man breathing:

ing: wou'd you think it? there are in *England* fix and thirty several sorts of Spiders; there's your Hound, Greyhound, Lurcher, Spaniel Spider.

Long. But above all, your Spider Tumbler is most admirable.

Sir Nich. O Sir, I am no Stranger to't: it catches Flies as Tumblers do Conies.

Bruce. Good! how these Fools will meet a lie half-way!

Long. Great Liars are always civil in that Point; as there is no lie too great for their telling, so there's none too great for their believing.

Sir Nich. The Fabrick or Structure of this Insect, with its Texture, is most admirable.

Sir Form. Nor is its Sagacity, or Address, less to be wonder'd at, as I have had the Honour to observe under my noble Friend; as soon as it has spy'd its Prey, as suppose upon a Table, it will crawl underneath, till it arrive to the Antipodes of the Fly, which it discovers by sometimes peeping up; and if the capricious Fly happens not to remove it self by crural Motion, or the Vibration of its Wings, it makes a fatal Leap upon the heedless Prey; of which, when it has satisfied its Appetite, it carries the remainder to its Cell, or Hermitage.

Sir Nich. It will teach its young Ones to hunt, and discipline 'em severely, when they commit Faults; and when an Old one misses its Prey, it will retire, and keep its Chamber for Grief, Shame and Anguish, ten Hours together.

Sir Form. Upon my Integrity, it is true; for I have several times, by *Sir Nicholas's* Command, watch'd the Animal, upon this or the like Miscarriages.

Sir Nich. But, Sir, there is not in the World a more docible Creature; I have kept several of 'em tame.

Bruce. That's curious indeed. I never heard of a tame Spider before.

Sir Nich. One above all the rest, I had call'd him *Nick* and he knew his Name so well, he would follow me all over the House; I fed him indeed with fair Flesh-flies.

He was the best-natur'd, best-condition'd Spider, that ever I met with. You knew *Nick* very well, Sir *Formal*; he was of the Spaniel-breed, Sir—

Sir *Form*. Knew him! I knew *Nick* intimately well.

Long. These Fools are beyond all that Art or Nature e'er produ'd.

Bruce. These are the admirable Secrets they find out—

Long. Have you observ'd that delicate Spider, call'd *Tarantula*?

Sir *Nick*. Now you have hit me, now you come home to me; why, I travell'd all over *Italy*, and had no other Affair in the World, but to study the Secrets of that harmonious Insect.

Bruce. Did you not observe the Wisdom, Policies, and Customs of that ingenious People?

Sir *Nick*. Oh, by no means! 'Tis below a Virtuoso to trouble himself with Men and Manners. I study Insects; and I have observ'd the *Tarantula* does infinitely delight in Musick, which is the Reason of its Poison being drawn out by it. There's your Phænomenon of Sympathy.

Long. Does a *Tarantula* delight so in Musick?

Sir *Nick*. Oh, extravagantly. There are three Sorts, Black, Grey and Red, that delight in three several Sorts and Modes of Musick.

Bruce. That was a curious Inquisition; how did you make it?

Sir *Nick*. Why, I put them upon three several Chips in Water; then caus'd a Musician to play, first, a grave Pavin, or Almain, at which the black *Tarantula* only mov'd; it danc'd to it with a kind of grave Motion, much like the Benchers at the Revels.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Gentleman that's going for *Lapland*, *Russia*, and those Parts, is come for your Letters and Queries, which you are to send thither.

Sir *Nick*. I'll wait on him. I keep a constant Correspondence with all the Virtuoso's in the North and North-East Parts. There are rare Phænomena's in those Countries.

tries. I am beholden to *Finland, Lapland and Russia* for a great Part of my Philosophy. I send my Queries thither. Come, *Sir Formal*, will you help me to dispatch him?

Sir Form. I am proud to serve you.

Sir Nich. Be pleased to take a Turn in the Garden. When we have dispatch'd, we will impart more of our Microscopical Investigations.

Bruce. Your humble Servant ——— This is a happy Deliverance. *[Exeunt Sir Formal and Sir Nich.]*

Long. I have remov'd the Lady, by writing to *Hazard* to send for her, and keep her an Hour or two.

Bruce. And I have sent my Man to find out *Sir Nicholas's* Strumpet; as soon as he has found her, she'll send for him.

Long. For all his Virtue and Philosophy, this grave Fool will be in the Fashion too. Now if we can get rid of this wordy Fool, *Sir Formal*, we have the Ladies to our selves. In the mean time, let's to our several and respective Assignations. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Miranda in the Garden.

Mir. What shall I say to this *Bruce*? O unjust Custom, that has made Women but passive in Love; as if Nature had intended us for Cyphers only, to make up the Number of the Creation!

Enter Bruce.

Bruce. Yonder's my *Clarinda*: Now, Love, inspire me, ——— I am infinitely transported with this Honour you do me.

Mir. If I have done you any Honour, 'pray make your best on't.

Bruce. Is it you, Madam? this Honour was unexpected.

Mir. Why, whom did you expect? O! I see you are not so much transported as you thought you were.

Bruce. The Honour of your Ladyship's Company I did not expect.

Mir. Nor much care for, I see.

Bruce. 'Twere Blasphemy, if I should say so. 'Twas your Sister I expected.

Mir. My Sister! so; I am not fit for your Company, it seems.

Bruce. If I would tell you how I prize the Honour, I should invade the Interest of my Friend.

Mir. Your Friend! if you had no more Interest in him, than I'm resolv'd he shall ever have in me, he'd be the worst Friend you have.

Bruce. He's a Man of Honour, and of Wealth: And if any Man cou'd deserve you, he might.

Mir. The World is not so barren, but I have found a fitter Man: But, Sir, 'twas not my Sister; 'twas my Lady *Gimerack* you hop'd to meet here. You are a Man of Honour. The Grotto is a fine Scene of Love. The Lady not very unwilling. 'Twas well you were interrupted, Sir.

Bruce. 'Sdeath! how came she to know that? but I must bear it out [*Aside*] I cannot guess your Meaning: But I see you love your Sister well, to be jealous for her.

Mir. No, I assure you, I have no Reason to be jealous for her: For, to my Knowledge, she has irrecoverably disposed of her Heart in another Place.

Bruce. What's that? What says she? She's certainly jealous for her self then. There must be something in this. [*Aside.*

Mir. In what Confusion am I? This can never end well---What! I see you are troubled that I have told you a Secret of my Sister's, and discovered one of yours. Come, walk and consider on't.

Bruce. I am surpris'd so, I know not what to do in this Exigence. _____ [*Exeunt.*

Enter Longvil and Clarinda.

Clar. You stare about like a Hare-finder: What's the Matter?

Long. 'Faith, Madam, I expected to have met your Sister here.

Clar.

Clar. Say, you so? the truth on't is, she desired me to take the trouble off her Hands.

Long. I am sorry, Madam, she thinks it so.

Clar. You see, Sir, I am content to suffer for her sake.

Long. You have a mind to try me for your Sister, Madam.

Clar. No: I assure you, Sir, she's resolv'd never to make tryal of you her self, nor by another.

Long. What can the Meaning of this be?

Clar. Come, Sir, I will be a little plainer with you; she has dispos'd of her Heart to another, without Power of Revocation.

Long. Why wou'd she not meet me, to tell me so her self?

Clar. She thought me fitter for't: Besides, perhaps, this has given her an Opportunity to see one she likes better.

Long. I see, Madam, she has not the same Kindness for you, to lead you to one she likes so ill.

Clar. You do not know, but she may have taken as great a Trouble off my Hands, and kept me from one I like as ill, as she does you.

Long. There's nothing but Riddle in Women, they deceive as much with the Vizards of their Mind, as they do with those of their Faces——

Clar. I discover. Sir *Formal.* We must be private no longer. [As they are going out,

Enter Bruce and Miranda,

Long. So, Bruce; you are a happy Man, I see.

Bruce. You are a pleasant one, I see: You and I must come to a clearing of this Business.

Long. Ladies, we have something to impart to you; but shall be hindred by this Coxcomb, Sir *Formal.*

Clar. We must have some Consultations too with you; Sister; we'll catch him in a Trap——

Mir. Here's a Trap-door of a Vault, where my Uncle keeps his Bottles of Air, which he weighs; of which you'll hear more anon. We'll snap him in that, and then we shall have the Place to our selves.

Enter Sir Formal

Clar. Let me alone; I'll catch him.

Sir Form. Gentlemen and Ladies, some Affairs have engaged my noble Friend, Sir *Nicholas*, to borrow himself of you a while; and he has commanded me to pawn my Person, till he shall redeem it with its own —

Mir. Very quaintly express'd! We were just desiring your Company.

Clar. And we were admiring this Talent of yours, your excellent manner of speaking; and I've engag'd to give you a Subject to shew your Parts to these Gentlemen.

Sir Form. Whatever is within the Sphere of my Activity, you may command. I must confess, I have some Felicity in speaking.

Mir. Dear Sister, give him a Subject; you shall hear what Oracles hang on his Lips. 'Tis all one what Subject he speaks upon, great or little.

Sir Form. That it is, Madam; We Orators speak alike upon all Subjects—My Speeches are all so subtilly design'd, that whatever I speak in Praise of any Thing, with very little Alteration, will serve in praise of the contrary.

Clar. Let it be upon seeing a Mouse inclosed in a Trap.

Sir Form. 'Tis all one to me; I am ready to speak upon all Occasions,

Clar. Stand there, Sir, while we place our selves on each Side.

Sir Form. I kiss your Hand, Madam.—Now I am inspir'd with Eloquence.—Hem! hem!—Being one Day, most noble Auditors, musing in my Study upon the too fleeting Condition of poor humane-kind, I observed, not far from the Scene of my Meditation, an excellent Machine, call'd a Mouse-trap, (which my Man had plac'd there) which had included in it a solitary Mouse; which pensive Prisoner, in vain bewailing its own Misfortunes, and the Precipitation of its too unadvised Attempt, still struggling for Liberty against the too stubborn Opposition of solid Wood, and more obdurate Wyer: at last, the pretty Malefactor having tir'd, alas, its too feeble Limbs,

till

till they became languid, in fruitless Endeavours for its Excarceration. The pretty Felon, since it could not break Prison, and its Offence being beyond the Benefit of the Clergy, could hope for no Bail, at last sat still, pensively lamenting the Severity of its Fate, and the Narrowness of its, alas! too withering Durance: After I had contemplated a while upon the no little Curiosity of the Engine, and the Subtily of its Inventor, I began to reflect upon the Inticement which so fatally betray'd the uncautious Animal to its sudden Ruine, and found it to be the too, alas! specious Bait of *Cheshire-Cheese*, which seems to be a great delicate to the Palate of this Animal, who, in seeking to preserve its Life, O Misfortune! took the certain Means to Death; and searching for its Livelihood, had sadly encountred its own Destruction. Even so. —

Clar. Now let the Trap go. —

Sir Form. Even so, I say.

Clar. Even so, I say; have I catch'd the Orator —

[*He sinks.*

Sir Form. Help! help! Murder!

[*Below.*

Long. Let the florid Fool lie there.

Mir. I warrant him.

Bruce. He uses as many Tropes and Flourishes about a Mouse-trap, as he would in the Praise of *Alexander*.

Enter Sir Samuel in Woman's Habit.

Sir Sam. This is the subtlest Disguise to make Love in that e'er was invented: This has serv'd me upon many Intrigues. Well, she shall see, for all the Sufferings of this Day, to the Tune of Kicking, Beating, Pumping, and tossing in a Blanket, and all that, that nothing shall hinder me in my Love. Shall *Sir Samuel* be frighted from an Intrigue? No!

Long. Whom have we here?

Sir Sam. Ladies, I was commanded by my Lady *Pleasant* to wait on you with Choice of good Things, which she told me, you wou'd buy.

Mir. What's the meaning of this?

Clar. Since she came from my Lady, we must see what she would sell.

Sir Sam. I have choice good Gloyes, Amber, Orange-ry, Genoa Romane, Frangipand, Neroly, Tuberose, Jesmine, and Marshal; all manner of Tires for the Head, Locks, Tours, Frowzes, and so forth; all manner of Washes, Almond-water, and Mercury-Water for the Complexion; the best *Peter* and *Spanish* Paper that ever came over; the best Pomatums of *Europe*, but one rare, one made of a Lamb's Caul and *May Dew*---Also all manner of Confections of Mercury and Hogs-Bones, to preserve present, and to restore lost Beauty. If any out-does me in these Businessses, or have better Goods than I, I am the Son of a Tinder-Box.---O Devil! what did I say? I shall betray my self---

Mir. How's this! The Son of a Tinder-Box!

Sir Sam. Pish, I mean the Daughter of a Tinder-Box.

Bruce. This is the Rascal Sir Samuel in disguise.

Sir Sam. In the first Place try a Pair of Gloyes, Madam; don't you know me?

Mir. How shou'd I know you?

Sir Sam. Let me tell you, Sir Samuel's as true a Lover, as e'er wore a Head.

Clar. What's the meaning of this private Discourse?

Sir Sam. Pox on her Envy; she's always for a Cup of Mischief. I'll put this Note into a Glove, and that will do my Business. Slap-dash---as flat as a Flounder. I have no private Business.---Be pleas'd to try on this Glove, Madam. Do you not know me yet?---I am Sir Samuel.

Mir. What's this? a Note within it?

Sir Sam. Keep it to your self.

Clar. What Note's that? from Sir Samuel Hearty? O Heaven! This is a Bawd.

Long. A down-right Bawd, and Bawd to that Rascal.

Bruce. 'Sdeath! pull the Bawd in Pieces.

Mir.

Mir. Lay hold on the Bawd; we'll have her Carted; Seize her, 'till *Sir Nicholas* comes in; we'll have her sent to *Bridewell*, and soundly whipt there, and then carted.

Sir Sam. So! this is a fine merry Way of proceeding. I have made nimble Work on't. Let me go; or as I am an honest Woman, and labour in my Vocation—Let me go; or as I am an honest Man, I'll sue you about this Business.

Long. How's this! a Man! Nay, then I'll try a good kicking upon you.

Sir Sam. Hold! hold! What do you mean to beat a Woman? Will you make me miscarry? I am with Child, and, for ought I know, you have kill'd that within me.

Bruce. You said, as you were an honest Man.

Sir Sam. O Dunce that I am! That's a way I have of expressing my self. But I'll make you know I am a Woman.

Mir. It is my Fool, *Sir Samuel*; pr'ythee, *Clarinda*, let's put him to *Sir Formal*, and secure him till my Uncle comes; it will make excellent Sport.

Clar. Do you set him upon the Trap, it will do rarely.

Mir. One Word with you. Come this way, *Sir Samuel*. I cannot tell you how much I am afflicted for your Sufferings.

Sir Sam. Pish! it's no matter. Come, it's well it's no worse.

Mir. Now *Clarinda* ——— [*Sir Sam. sinks.*]

Sir Sam. O Murder, Murder! Who's here? The Devil?

Clar. So, now we have the Garden to our selves. Let's walk; and consult about our Affairs. ——— [*Exeunt.*]





A C T IV.

Sir Formal and Sir Samuel in the Vault.

Sir Form. I Can no longer contain my self. This Lady, join'd with Darkness and Opportunity, the Midwife of Vice, as we may so say, has so inflam'd me, that I must farther attempt her Chastity: I am confident she must be handsome; and no mean Person, by her silken Garments.—Madam, as I was saying, since we are unwittingly inclos'd in Darkness; which yet cannot be so, since enlightn'd by the Rays of your Beauty.——

Sir Sam. For all your Oratory about this Business, I cannot see my Hand, it is so dark.

Sir Form. Ah, Madam! the bright enlightner of the Day, by which all Creatures see, is yet it self depriv'd of Vision.

Sir Sam. Pox o'this damn'd Rhetorick! What will become of me? I must either discover my self, which I would not for the World; or be sent to *Bridewell*, and be whipt with a *Certiorari*: and yet methinks I have no need on't, for I have been very plentifully kick'd and beaten about this Business to-day already——

Sir Form. Let me be reveng'd on this fair Enemy, the prettiest, softest, and dissolving Hand I ever had the Honour to imprint my Kisses on;—she has inflam'd me mightily. I'll try her this way.—Do me the Honour to accept of this Purse, and the Contents thereof.

Sir Sam. I'll take the Rogue's Purse, what-e'er come on't. [*Aside.*]

Sir Form. Sweet Lady, let's make our Condition as happy as in us lies.

Sir Sam. Nay, good Sir! O Lord, Sir! What do you mean? Fie, Sir.

Sir

Sir Form. Let me approach the Honour of your Lips, far sweeter than the Phoenix Nest, and all the Spicy Treasures of Arabia.

Sir Sam. 'Tis your Goodness, Sir; but pray forbear.

Sir Form. Nay strive not; upon my Sincerity, I will.

Sir Sam. Nay, good Sir, be not uncivil; I am no such Person. Nay pish! I never saw the like; you are the strangest Man. Well, take it then. I vow, you make me blush — If I were not in apparent Danger of being whipt damnably, and missing my Masquerade, I cou'd be merry with this Fool. [Aside:

Sir Form. The Sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon thy Lips; Not all the fragrant Bosom of the Spring affords such ravishing Perfumes.

Sir Sam. O Lord, Sir! You are pleas'd to compliment! — Ah, lying Rogue! my Breath smells of Tobacco.

Sir Form. Our time may be but short, pardon the unbecoming Roughness which my Passion prompts me to. Come, my dear *Cloris*.

Sir Sam. Lord, what a pretty Name is that! I was ne'er call'd *Cloris* before.

Sir Form. Come, my dear Nymph, let us be more familiar. The solitary Darkness of the Place invites us to Love's silent Pleasures. Now, dearest *Cloris*, let us taste those Sweets —

Sir Sam. Nay pish! fie! Lord! What do you mean? What wou'd you be at? Keep off. I protest, I'll call out. Nay pish! never stir, I will.

Sir Form. Thou hast provok'd my gentle Spirit so, it is become furious, and it is decreed I must enjoy thy lovely Body —

Sir Sam. Out upon you! my Body! I defy you; I am an honest Woman, I scorn your Words. I will call out for some Body to protect my Honour.

Sir Form. Your Honour cannot suffer; none can see us; who will declare it?

Sir Sam. Out upon you! Get you gone, you Swine. I will not suffer in my Honour, I am virtuous. Help! help! a Rape! a Rape! help! help!

Sir Form. Be not obstreperous; none can hear you. You have provok'd me contrary to my gentle Temper, even to a Rape. Come, I will; I must, I faith, I must.

Sir Sam. 'Sdeath! the Rogue begins to pry into the difference of Sexes, and will discover mine——I must try my Strength with him. Out, lustful Tarquin! you libidinous Goat, have at you.

[Sir Sam. beats Sir Form. kicks him and flings him down.

Sir Form. Help! help! Murder! Murder!

Sir Sam. Be not obstreperous; none can hear you.

Sir Form. Upon my Verity, I think this is an Amazon. Well, I can bear this; but ——

Sir Sam. Do you again attempt my Honour? I'll maul you, you lascivious Villain.

Sir Form. Hold! hold! I beseech you; I humbly rest contented; I acquiesce.

Sir Sam. Get you from me, lustful Swine——Be gone.

Sir Form. I go, Madam: But I know not whether this Vault doth terminate here, or whether it doth issue farther.

[They retire.

SCENE a Bed-Chamber.

Enter Snarl and Mrs. Figgup.

Snarl. Come, we are now safe in this Hold; none will interrupt us in our great Design. Ah, pox o' these wicked Heftors, vicious, impudent Rogues! A Man cannot retire with a Lady for his private Satisfaction, but these ranting Rogues must roar and interrupt us; 'tis a very impudent vicious Age, in Sadness.

Fig. But, my Dear, if any body else should have a Key to this Room: —— (as I know they have) though I dare not tell him, it is a common Scene of Love-Matters.

[Aside.

Snarl.

Snarl. Fear not; the Landlady tells me, no Body has a Key but my self. I have agreed to give her a Guinea a Week for these private Occasions. In sadness, 'tis a fine Place: Here a Man may bring a Lady, and even none of the House observe it. There is not such a Convenience in all the *Pall-Mall* for these Occasions, though some there are, much given to such Diversions. How glad am I to have thee here, poor Pigsnie——

Fig. Ah Lord! there's some Body at the Door!——

Snarl. In sadness there is. There's one with a Key too. In, into the Wood-Hole quickly, or we shall be discover'd——quick, quick.——

Enter Hazard and Lady Gimcrack.

Haz. Come, my dear Lady, now we are safe from Interruption; how happy am I in your Favours?

L. Gim. Ah! so you say; but if ever I hear of your Inconstancy, you shall be no longer happy, as you call it: I cannot suffer a Rival.

Haz. Nothing shall e'er divert me from the Happiness I enjoy in you; nor am I less impatient of a Rival than you are. I am so covetous of you, that the thought of your Husband keeps me still unquiet.

L. Gim. Fear not a Husband. Husbands are such phlegmatick indifferent Rivals; they ne'er can hurt the Gallants; they, poor easie Souls, do every thing as if they did it not.

Haz. They do but court, and keep a Pottery

To make one Gamesome for another.

L. Gim. You are in the right.

Haz. Nay, I think a Husband is a very insipid foolish Animal, and is growing mightily out of Fashion.

L. Gim. We shall begin to lay 'em by. Husbands will be left off, as Gentlemen-Ushers are: Indeed they are more unnecessary Instruments, than those formal spindle-shankt sinical Fools, with Nose-gays and white Gloves, were.

Haz. Those, though they could do no Service themselves, would make way for them that cou'd; but a Husband

band is a Clog, a Dog in a Manger; a Miser, that hoards up Gold from others, and will not make use on't himself——

L. Gim. Nay, a thousand times worse; a Miser would keep to himself what he loves, and a Husband what he does not care for. Out on him. A Husband's an Insect, a Drone, a Dormouse——

Haz. A foolish Matrimonial Lump——

L. Gim. A Cuckow in Winter——

Haz. An Opiate for Love——

L. Gim. A Body without a Soul——

Haz. A Chip in Porridge——

E. Gim. A White of an Egg——

Haz. All Phlegm, and no Choler——

L. Gim. A Drudge——

Haz. An Excuse——

L. Gim. A necessary thing——

Haz. A Cloak at a Pinch——

L. Gim. A pitiful Utensil——

Haz. Good for nothing, but to cover Shame, pay Debts, and own Children for his Wife.

L. Gim. In short, a Husband is a Husband, and there's an end of him; but a Lover is——

Haz. Not to be expressed but in Action. I'll shew you what a Lover is with a vengeance, Madam. Come on. 'Sdeath! there's a Key in the Door.

E. Gim. What shall we do?

Haz. Run into the Wood-hole quickly; I'll bear the brunt, and I may perhaps make a Discovery into the Bargain——

[She goes in.]

Enter Sir Nicholas and Mrs. Flirt.

Sir Nich. Come, dearest; the Landlady is not at home, or we would have a Collation here.

Flirt. O Heaven! Who's this, Hazard?

Haz. 'Sdeath, Sir! how dare you invade my Room?

L. Gim. Oh! who's here? the Devil, the Devil!——

Enter

Enter Lady Gimcrack.

Oh Heaven! Who's this? My Husband with a Whore!

Sir Nich. Death and Hell! my Wife with a Hectorly Fellow here! Oh my Disgrace!

L. Gim. Oh vile false Man! Thy Falshood I have long suspected; now this happy Opportunity has discover'd all.

Sir Nich. What means her Impudence?

L. Gim. Was I not sufficient for thee, vile Man, but thou must thus betray me? I cannot look on thee with Patience. I shall faint! I shall faint! Oh! Oh!

Haz. Help, help the Lady.

Sir Nich. Hang the Lady. O Woman-kind! What Artifice is this? I was inform'd by this Lady I should find you here; I wonder not at your Disorder upon this unexpected Surprise. O vile treacherous Woman!

L. Gim. Take him from my Sight, I shall die else. Have I been always your obedient virtuous Wife, and am I thus requited? Heaven sent this honourable Gentleman to assist me in the Discovery, who on purpose got a Key to this Room, the filthy Scene, it seems, of all thy Lust and Baseness. Be gone—thou infamous Wretch! I am not able to support the Sight of thee.

Sir Nich. Lewd Woman! thou Abstract of Impudence and Falshood! tremble at my Revenge. Have I at length found out your base lascivious Haunt?—

L. Gim. O insufferable! do you add to all your barbarous Injuries this of aspersing my Innocence?

Flirt. [*to Haz.*] False Man! did I for this give my Affection to thee? and canst thou think I'll bear this unrevenged?

Haz. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath! this Wench will undo me with my Lady.

L. Gim. What do I hear? Is he false too? then my Misfortunes are compleat.—Base, vile, ungrateful Fellow! is this your Constancy and Gratitude to me?

Haz. Madam, this is a Lady of a great Estate, whom

[*To Haz.*

I should have married; and this Accident, I fear, has ruined all my Fortune.

Sir Nich. [to *Flirt.*] Has my Kindness deserved this? Is this your Gallant too? Oh this Villain has made me doubly a Cuckold.

Flirt. [to *Sir Nich.*] Do not mistake me; this Fellow took me for a great Fortune, and should have married me.

Are you consulting for my Ruin? [To them.

L. Gim. [to *Haz.*] This is a Flamt; I'll not believe it: This Strumpet has doubly betrayed me. Lewd Creature; first I'll take Revenge on thee.

Flirt. [to *L. Gim.*] I thought I should at last find out the Cause of my Misfortune.

[To *Haz.*] You are like to make a good Husband, that can make so ill a Lover.

Haz. After I have heard all your Accusation, which is false, let me tell you, I have been inform'd of your frequent coming hither with *Sir Nicholas*, and was resolv'd at once to be revenged of him and you, by bringing my Lady hither to discover both.

Flirt. O Insolence! I never saw the Place before.

Sir Nich. I am too well satisfied of her Falshood; and though it be something below a Philosopher to draw a Sword, yet to punish her I will.

Haz. Hold, Sir! first you must try with me.

Sir Nich. What are you, her Stallion and her Bravo too?

L. Gim. Was ever Woman yet so miserable, to be betray'd by one, whom she has lov'd so much better than her Life? she wou'd have laid it down to have done him any Kindness; and yet, to perfect all his Cruelty, he blots my Reputation. And since the only Treasure of my Life is gone, pray take that too. Do not resist him; let him pierce this Breast, that ne'er bore any Image but his own. Come on then, cruel Man.

Sir Nich. What can this mean?

Flirt.

Flirt. [to Sir Nich.] For Heaven's sake, do not betray me to him; if I be not clear'd in this, I am undone.

Haz. Now hear me, Sir: This Lady, on my Honour, Sir, is free from all Blemish; I believe even in Thought. But I, being inform'd you us'd to come with that Lady to this House, of ill Reputation, in anger to you both, betray'd you to my Lady: I dogg'd her Messenger from her Lodging to you, and immediately gave Notice to my Lady; and in all Haste we came——

Sir Nich. Indeed I have been acquainted with this Lady, being a Virtuoso, upon Philosophical Matters; but never saw her here, 'till we now came for this Discovery. She inform'd me, she saw you two come hither; and my Wife being gone out before me, and alone, gave me more Suspicion.

Flirt. I having seen you privately talking with my Lady in the Mall, suspected you; and to revenge my self on her and you, I sent for him, and we having dogg'd you hither——

Sir Nich. But why was she hidden to avoid my Sight, if she came for a Discovery?

Haz. She thought to have discover'd more, by being unseen, and overhearing your Discourse.

L. Gim. Now see, injurious Man, how you have wronged me.

Sir Nich. [to himself.] Though I hope I have deceiv'd her with a Lie, yet what she says looks like Truth.——
[To her.] It must be so. Come, no more; I will believe you true, and so am I.

Flirt. Though this Sham passes upon him, I know too well you are guilty, good Mr. Hazard; and I hate you for't.

Haz. Pr'ythee hold thy Peace; I am kept by her, as I know you are by him—I am kept, I—

Sir Nich. Heaven knows, I am true.

L. Gim. And Heaven can witness for my Innocence.

Haz. I am glad that all Things are thus happily clear'd.

Sir

Sir Nick. But what was it frighted you within, my Dear?

L. Gim. There is some body in the Wood-hole.

Haz. Now all's over, I'll see who it is. Come out here. What's here, a Woman — [Pulls out Fig.]

L. Gim. A shame on her; how sneakingly she looks? This is some Strumpet, I warrant you. Oh! Foh! how I hate such Cattle? Heaven grant she did not hear me and Hazard.

Haz. Here's a Man too. Come out of your Hole. Mr. Snarl, is it you? [Pulls him out by the Heels.]

Sir Nick. Is this the Fruit of your Virtue, and declaiming against the Vice of the Age?

L. Gim. Heaven! if he over-heard me, I am ruin'd eternally. I'll try him. — We met all here upon a Mistake, which is now happily rectified. But 'tis too apparent, Uncle, you came for Wickedness and Abomination.

Fig. I scorn your Words, Madam; I am civil and virtuous.

Snarl. Ay, in Sadness, are we; our Intentions were honourable. I met this Lady upon a virtuous Account, by the Mass. I love and honour her in a civil Way, and scorn your filthy lascivious Beasts of this Age.

Sir Nick. Remember, Sir, I have you on the Hip; no more will I endure your Frumps and Taunts about my Philosophy, and the noble exercise of my Parts.

Snarl. Nephew, let me tell you, you are an Ass, in Sadness; and I will make you know this Lady is virtuous, yes as virtuous as your Ladyship; [to L. Gim.] and I will defend her Honour with my Sword, by the Mass; and he that dares be so presumptuous to contradict it, let him draw. [He draws.]

Sir Nick. Gad forgive me! what means he?

Haz. No, none are so much concern'd at it — But what are these Rods, which I drew out with you? What do they mean?

Snarl. O Devil—I shall be betray'd.—Ha! Rods! what

a pox know I what they are? I believe the Mistress of the House is a School-Mistress.

Haz. Yes, she keeps a very virtuous School, for the disciplining of hopeful towardsly old Gentlemen.

Fig. Now my Honour's clear, let's go, Sir. Besides, here's that base Creature, *Flirt*; I cannot abide the Sight of her, since she discommended thee, my Dear.

Snarl. Come, Madam ——— in Sadness, this is very fine. Two civil Persons cannot meet privately in an affectionate Way, but such as you must censure them. But I will make you know this Lady is honourable; I will, in Sadness: and so fare you well.

[*Ex. Snarl and Fig.*]

Sir Nich. Come, my Dear, now let's go Home: Do not grieve at my unhappy Jealousie, since my Belief of thy dear Truth is more confirm'd by it — Come, my Dear ———

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. *Sir Nicholas's House.*

Enter Longvil, Bruce, Miranda, and Clarinda.

Mir. Come, to divert this insipid Talk of Love, a Theme so threadbare, no Man can speak new Sense upon it, my Maid shall sing you a Song she learnt the other Day.

Clar. You must not expect much Wit in it: (For Poets are grown such good Husbands, they'll lay out none upon a Song.

Mir. All we must look for is smooth Verse, and a good Tune.

Clar. And how a good Tune, and tinkling Rhime attenes for Nonsense, the Songsters and Heroicks of the Time may sufficiently convince you.

Mir. They make Nonsense go down as glib without tasting, as a seditious Lie is swallowed in a City Coffee-House, or Common-wealth Club, without Examination.

Clar. But now let's hear it ———

SONG.

S O N G.

HOW wretched is the Slave to Love,
 Who can no real Pleasures prove!
 For still they're mixt with Pains:
 When not obtain'd, restless is the Desire.
 Enjoyment puts out all the Fire,
 And shows the Love was vain.

It wanders to another soon,
 Wanes and Encreases like the Moon,
 And like her never rests:
 Brings Tides of Pleasure now, and then of Tears;
 Makes Ebbs and Flows of Joys and Cares,
 In Lover's wavering Breasts.

But, spite of Love, I will be free,
 And triumph in the Liberty
 I without him enjoy.
 Peh' worst of Prisons I'll my Body bind,
 Rather than Chain my free-born Mind,
 For such a foolish Toy.

Long. 'Tis very well, Madam.

Bruce. But to us there is no Musick like Love, or Harmony like the consent of Lover's Hearts.

Miran. But as Musick is improv'd by Practice, Love decays by it; and therefore I scarce dare talk on't.

Clarim. Let what Harmony soever be between Lovers at first, in a short time it turns to scurvy jangling: and therefore can you blame us, if we divert so dangerous a thing any way? —

Long. I confess, it may come to Discord; but 'tis as in Musick, if it be made good, it makes the following Concord better.

Bruce. If they play upon one another, till they are out of Tune, they must needs jangle.

Long.

Long. In that case, they must lay by, and tune again, and then strike up afresh.

Miran. That Simile will never hold; for when Love grows once out of Tune, they may screw and keep a Coil, but 'twill never stand in Tune again.

Clarín. 'Tis most certain; when Love comes once to bend, it breaks presently.

Bruce. But perhaps it may be set again, like a broken Limb, and be the stronger for't.

Miran. No: When Love breaks, 'tis into so many Splinters, 'tis never to be set again.

Enter Maid to Miranda.

Maid. Shift for your selves; Sir Nicholas and my Lady are both return'd home again.

Clarín. O mischievous ill Fortune!

Miran. Unlucky Accident!

Clarín. I must look after Sir Formal.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Long. Their Carriage, since their cross Appointment in the Garden, has too evidently declar'd their Intentions. We have mistaken, I see; if we design to succeed, we must change Mistresses.

Bruce. 'Tis too evident, we have plac'd our Loves wrong: they are both handsome, rich, and honest; three Qualities that seldom meet in Women.

Long. 'Tis true: and since 'twill be necessary, after all our Rambles, to fix our unsettled Lives to be grave, formal, very wise, and serve our Country, and propagate our Species; Let us think on't here.

Bruce. Let us walk and consult about this weighty Affair.

[*Exeunt Bruce and Long.*]

Enter Sir Nicholas, Lady Grimcrack, Clarinda, Miranda.

Sir Nich. A Woman with a Letter! a Tire-woman too! are they all Bawds? Their very Art of washing and adorning Women is implicate Bawding, but this is downright explicite Bawdery.

Miran. Good Sir, let her be made an Example to all vile Women.

Clarín. We have secur'd her in the Vault here.

Sir

Sir Nick. You have done well; she shall be brought to condign Punishment.

Miran. But we can tell you yet a stranger Thing; *Sir Formal* is privately shut up with this lewd Woman, and has been this Hour.

Clarim. 'Tis very true; what his Intentions are, I know not; but 'tis a very scandalous thing.

Sir Nick. O *Monstrum horrendum*! Is my Friend, that seeming virtuous Man, fallen into the Snare?

L. Gim. O Virtue, whither art thou fled? my House is dishonoured, abus'd! I am ready to faint, when I hear of Lewdness. My Dear, do not endure it; I shall never endure my House again; lett it with all speed, and let's remove.

Sir Nick. Pr'ythee, Dear, be pacified.

L. Gim. O, I cannot be pacified: my Blood rises, when I hear of lewd whoring Fellows; I would have 'em all hang'd.

Miran. Excellent Hypocrite!

Sir Nick. Well, Heaven be prais'd, I am the happiest Man in a Wife. I will rebuke him: But for the Bawd, I'll have a Warrant from the next Justice; I will have her Whipt and carted. Come, bring 'em out here.

[*Servants bring in Sir Samuel, and Sir Formal.*
Truly, Sir Formal, I am much asham'd to find a Virtuoso in such a Posture with a lewd Woman.

Sir Form. Why, Sir, upon my Sincerity——

L. Gim. Out upon you! have you the face to speak in your own Defence, or in Defence of this odious Vice? Out on't! you think to bring all off with your Eloquence; but I'll not hear it: You have defil'd my House, and committed Lewdness within the Walls.

Sir Form. Why, Ladies, you know——

Miran. What, you are angry we have discover'd you!

Clarim. Would you have had us keep your pernicious Counsel? had that been becoming our Virtue?

Sir Form. Why, *Sir Nicholas*, I profess——

L. Gim.

L. Gim. I cannot suffer it. 'Tis fit such Hypocrites should be punished. Is this your Virtue? your serenity of Mind? and are all your Flowers of Rhetorick come to this?

Sir Nich. I know not what to say in your Excuse; to retire with such a lewd Creature! I did not think you could have fall'n into so shameful Scandal. I am sorry, since 'twill be a Reproach to all Virtuoso's.

Sir Form. By my Integrity——

L. Gim. You are a Man of Integrity, to meet privately with a filthy Creature! a Bawd! an ugly Bawd too!

Sir Sam. I scorn your Words; neither a Bawd, nor ugly neither, by your leave——Ugly, and Bawd, quoth she?

Sir Form. Can I not be heard? shall Oratory have no Place?

L. Gim. You think to bewitch us with your Oratory, but 'tis too Apparent; you have dishonour'd my House.

Sir Form. Here are some Phænomena's of Scandal, but I will dissolve all in a *punctum* of time.

L. Gim. I will never endure you; you shall solve none of your Phænomena's here more.

Sir Form. 'Tis true; I confess I was found here privately with this Woman, but no less true——

Sir Nich. 'Pray let me hear him speak——

Sir Form. My Oratory was never slighted before; when did I open my Mouth in vain before? I confess——

Miran. Why look you, Sir, he confesses it; what wou'd you have?

Clarin. Will you not believe us? he has been privately with her this Hour.

Sir Nich. I say, peace; I will hear him.

Sir Form. I confess to you all——

Miran. D' you see again? he confesses to us all——

Enter Snarl.

Sir Form. Now my Shame comes upon me.

Snarl. What! is my florid Fool catch'd with a Whore?

an ugly Whore? does your noble Soul operate clearly, without the Clog of your sordid humane Body now? You are a fine formal Hypocrite, in sadness; by the Mass, it's a fine World we live in.

Sir *Nich.* I am confident, my Friend is Innocent.

Sir *Sam.* He innocent! hang him! he would have ravish'd me, if I had not been stronger than he, and beaten him soundly: my Honour had suffer'd upon that Business—

Sir *Form.* O *Tempora!* O *Mores!* but I doubt not but I shall shine clearer after this Eclipse: I will bear these Wrongs with a serene Temper of Mind.

Snarl. Hang you! never trust your Orator; in Sadness they will all be like Dogs: by the Mass, I would go fifty Miles to see an Orator hang'd. Orators are Rogues, the very Grievances of the Nation, always putting in an Oar, and prating and disturbing the Business of the Nation with their foolish Tropes, and care not which way Matters go, so they may shew their Parts.

Sir *Nich.* I do believe you, Sir *Formal.* You young Sluts, will you never leave?

Miran. Will you not take the Woman's Word?

Sir *Nich.* What, a Bawd's Word! she suffer in her Honour! one that brought a Letter to you—

Sir *Sam.* A Bawd! I scorn your Words; I brought a Letter from a Gentleman that makes honourable Love, and wou'd marry her.

Snarl. A Match-maker! that's worst of all.

Sir *Nich.* Your Marriage-Bawd, your Canonical-Bawd is worst of all; they betray People for their Life-time. Here, carry her, and lock her up in the Green-room; I'll maul your Bawdship.

Sir *Sam.* O Heaven! I shall be whipt; nay, which is ten times worse, I shall disappoint the Town, and have no Masquerade to-Night. But I'll bail my self with Money, if it be possible—

Miran. Courage! my Sister brought this upon you; but I'll redeem all.

Sir

Sir Sam. Nay, if I succeed in my Love, I care not if I be beaten, kickt, and whipt, as if Heaven and Earth would come together.

L. Gim. Come, I'll see her lockt up safe my self; filthy Creature!

[Exit L. Gim.]
Clarin. Not a Word more o' this Business. I could not forbear the Trick; but you will find me more favourable.

Sir Form. I shall be content to suffer any thing for your sweet sake——

[Exeunt Clarin. and Miran.]

Enter Longvil and Bruce.

Snarl. If you had come sooner, you might have taken this Orator, this flashy Fellow, with a Whore, in sadness, a foul deformed Strumpet——

Sir Form. Upon my Honour, Gentlemen, I am wrong'd; but he was taken with a Lady, and Rods too, in German-street, about an Hour since.

Long. What, this virtuous Gentleman of the last Age?

Bruce. One, that so justly reproaches the Vices of this? It cannot be.

Snarl. Oh Dog! Rogue! Nephew, I'll be reveng'd. No, it cannot be; it is not. The Orator's a Son of a Whore, and my Nephew a foolish Rascally Philosopher; one good for nothing but an empty Noise of florid Words, without Sense, in sadness; And the other good for nothing but useless Experiments upon Flies, Maggots, Eels in Vinegar, and the Blue upon Plumbs, which he finds to be living Creatures; But all the World will find him an Ass; and so I leave him, and all of ye, with a Pox t' ye. But in sadness, Orator, I will beat thee mightily. I with a Whore! I scorn your Words, by the Mass.

[Exit Snarl.]

Sir Nich. I know he is in a Rage, but 'tis true; Sir Formal will no more endure his Taunts. But now he talks of Eels, I'll shew you Millions in a Sawcer of Vinegar; they resemble other Eels, save in their Motion;

which in others is side-ways, but in them upwards and downwards, thus, and very slow.

Long. We have heard of these, Sir, often.

Sir Nich. Another Difference is, these have sharp Stings in their Tails. By the way, the sharpest Vinegar is most full of 'em.

Bruce. Then certainly the sharpness, or biting of Vinegar, proceeds from those Stings, striking upon the Tongue.

Sir Nich. I see you are a most admirable Observer: It must needs be so.—So, this is, a rare Phænomenon solv'd by the by. (*Aside.*)—I have often concluded that before.—The whole Air is full of living Creatures, a thousand times less visible than those living Creatures, mistaken for Motes in the Sun; I know most of 'em distinctly by my Glasses.

Sir Form. Talk of Use! These are the Mysteries of Nature's Closer.

Bruce. This foolish Virtuoso does not consider, that one Bricklayer is worth forty Philosophers.

Sir Nich. Then for the Blue upon Plumbs, it is nothing but many living Creatures. I have observ'd upon a Wall-plumb (with my most exquisite Glasses, which cost me several thousands of Pounds) at first beginning to turn blue, it comes first to Fluidity, then to Orbiculation, then Fixation, so to Angulization, then Chrystallization, from thence to Germination or Ebullition, then Vegetation, then Plantanimation, perfect Animation, Sensation, Local Motion, and the like——

Enter Servant to Sir Nicholas.

Ser. Sir, there are a great Number of sick Men waiting in the Hall for your Worship, and desire to be dispatch'd. [*Exit.*]

Sir Nich. Now, Gentlemen, you shall see my Method of Practice: *Sir Formal,* will you go and rank 'em?

Sir Form. I obey in my wonted Office. Gentlemen, I humbly kiss your Hands. [*Exit Sir Formal.*]

Sir

Sir Nich. He ranks the diseased People in their several Classes, Forms, or Orders of Diseases; to save Trouble: You shall see all.

Servant returns.

Ser. Sir, the Constable is come with a Warrant to carry the Bawd away.

Sir Nich. Come, we will deliver the Bawd into their Clutches, and when I have administred to my Sick, we'll take the Air. By the way, Gentlemen, what Country Air do you like best?

Bruce. Why we cannot travel far for't this Evening.

Sir Nich. Travel! I thought I should have you. Why, I never travel, I take it in a close Chamber.

Long. Why, you can take but one kind of nasty smoaky Air in a Chamber.

Sir Nich. There's your Mistake. Chuse your Air, you shall have it in my Chamber; *Newmarket, Banstead-down, Wiltshire, Bury Air, Norwich Air*; what you will.

Bruce. Would a Man think it possible for a Virtuoso to arrive at this Extravagance?

Long. Yes, I assure you; it is beyond the wit of Man to invent such extravagant Things for them, as their Folly finds out for themselves.——Is it possible to take all these several Country Airs in your Chamber?

Sir Nich. I knew you were to seek. I employ Men all over England, Factors for Air, who bottle up Air, and weigh it in all Places, sealing the Bottles Hermetically: they send me Loads from all Places. That Vault is full of Country Air.

Bruce. To weigh Air, and send it to you!

Sir Nich. O yes; I have sent one to weigh Air at the Picque of *Teneriff*, that's the lightest Air: I shall have a considerable Cargo of that Air. *Shetland*, and the Isle of *Dogs* Air is the heaviest. Now if I have a Mind to take Country Air, I send for, may be, forty Gallons of *Bury* Air, shut all my Windows and Doors close, and let it fly in my Chamber.

Bruce. This is a most admirable Invention!

Long. But to what purpose do you weigh Air?

Sir Nich. That I shall tell you, as we are taking it. Now let's see this Bawd dispos'd of: every thing in its Order.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sir Samuel in the Chamber, solus.

Sir Sam. How long shall I expect my Fate? Well, there never was such a Martyr in Love, to be kick'd, beaten, pump'd, tofs'd in a Blanket, about Business, and now in Danger of being whipt, with a flap dash. But she loves me! come, 'tis well 'tis no worse! but to miss my Masquerade, that's the Sum of all: But I'll bribe my Justice, and escape. 'Tis a Trade: some of the Justices are liker Malefactors than Magistrates: but 'twill cost me a plaguy deal, for this damn'd Virtuoso will prosecute furiously. Ha! what's here, a Rope? I am deliver'd as *Rabby Busie* was, by Miracle. I'll slide down from the Window into the Garden. The Back-door's open: so I save my Money *ipso facto*, and go to my Ball; and *Whip Stich, your Nose in my Breech, Sir Nicholas!* I'll leave my Cloaths behind me. Though I am Bawd above, I am *Sir Samuel* underneath. So, Tyre-woman, lie thou there; and away Knight. 'Tis well 'tis no worse

[*Ex. Sir Sam.*]

Enter Sir Nicholas, Longv. Bruce, L. Gim. Clarin. Miran. Servants, Constable, Officers.

Sir Nich. Come! where is this Bawd? Now we shall make her an Example. Here! where are you? Ha! here's no body.

L. Gim. I am sure I saw her lockt in.

Ser. The Door was lockt, when we came in: here are her Cloaths too.

Long. The Rogue has stripp'd himself, and has escap'd naked.

L. Gim. O Heaven! this must be the Devil; the House is haunted.

Enter

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir Form. I have set all the sick Men in Order, and they wait for your Prescription.

Misan. O, Sir Formal, your Mistress is flown, and has left her Case behind her.

L. Gim. The Doors are fast, and she is flown out of the Chimney: have a care, Sir Formal; if you were naught with her, you will be torn in Pieces.

Sir Form. Not I, upon my Sincerity.

Sir Nich. It was undoubtedly a Spirit. I could have told you that before, but I was afraid I should fright you all.

Bruce. How, Sir! was it a Spirit, say you?

Sir Nich. You must know, Sir, I am much skill'd in Rosacrucian Learning: I am one of the *vere adepts*, as simple as I stand here. I discover'd it by my Sight, having familiar Conversation with Spirits.

Clarim. O the subtilty of this *Virtuoso*! This notable Spirit, Sir Samuel, makes a Ball to Night; we will steal out, one way or other.

Bruce. You'll remember the Masquerade, Ladies?

Misan. Yes, yes, we will see the Spirit.

L. Gim. I see your crows Love, and will Plague ye, ye young Sluts, for it.

Sir Nich. You converse with a great many People, which you take to be Men and Women; but we *Rosacrucians* know 'em to be Spirits. Now let us go to my sick People, and administer. [Exeunt.]

SCENE is the Court-yard full of several Lame and Sick People.

Enter Sir Nicholas, Sir Formal, Longvil, and Bruce.

Sick Peo. Heaven bless your Worship.

Sir Nich. Come, Gentlemen, you must know I have study'd all manner of Cases, and have Bills ready written

for all Diseases; that's my way. I give 'em Advice for nothing.

Sir Form. Not more resorted to the Temple of *Æsculapius*; I am sure, not so many found Relief, as from my noble Friend. You have Reason, good languishing People, to be Trumpeters to his illustrious Fame, whose indefatigable Care for the good of feeble and distress'd Mankind, with his transcendent Skill, each Day cures even incurable Diseases.

Long. Your Orators are very subject to that Figure in Speech, call'd a Bull.

Sir Nich. I still administred to the incurable in *Italy*, and never fail'd of Success. Here are my Bills. Where is the Roll? call it over.

Sir Form. Gout.

2 Gout. Here—

[Haling.]

Sir Nich. There's a Bill for you two, take it betwixt you.

Sir Form. Stone.

2 Stone. Here, Sir.

Sir Nich. There's one for you two.

Sir Form. Scurvy.

4 Scur. Here, Sir.

Sir Nich. There's a Bill for you four.

Serv. Go, pass by, as you are serv'd.

Sir Form. Consumption.

2 Consum. Here.

Sir Nich. Take your Bill.

Sir Form. Droptic.

2 Drsp. Here, Sir.

Sir Nich. There's for you two.

Sir Form. There is a Mad-man I have fet by for transfusion of Blood.

Sir Nich. That's well. The Truth on't is, we shall never get any but Mad-men, for that Operation. But proceed.

Sir Form. These are the last; but not the least, Pox.

Enter

Enter a great number of Men and Women.

All. Here, here, here——

Sir Nich. There are three or four Bills for you, you are so many.

All. Heaven blefs your Worship——

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



ACT V.

Enter Sir Formal and Clarinda.

Sir Form. **H**OW long shall I languish in Expectation of your noble Favour, for the Enjoyment of which my Desires are as great, as my Deserts are little?

Clarinda. Truly, *Sir Formal*, I am so sensible of your Service, and so troubled with my Confinement under my Uncle, that at length I have determin'd by you to free my self from him.

Sir Form. Hold, Madam! I am too suddenly blest, I am all Rapture, Ecstasie; my Soul me-thinks is fled from its corporeal Clog, and I am all unbody'd. Divinest Lady! Let me kneel and adore that Hand, that snowy Hand, to which the Snow it self is tann'd and Sun-burnt.

Clarinda. Not too much of this: But in short, conduct my Sister and me out of these Doors to the Masquerade; for we cannot get out without your Authority with the Porter; and after you have return'd to my Uncle some time, procure the Habit of *Scaramoucha*, that I may know you, and come to us, and you shall absolutely dispose of me.

Sir Form. Madam, I'll fly; nay, out-fly *Sir Nicholas* himself, to do you Service, or any *Virtuoso* in England. But how shall I know you? you'll be disguis'd.

Clarín. I'll find you out; besides, you know this Ring and Bracelet. We must have our Maids with us, for we'll not return. Let's find my Sister, and about it instantly.

Sir Form. I am all Obedience. I should not envy now an Universal Monarch—I hear my Lady's Voice—*[Exeunt.]*

Enter Sir Nicholas, Longvil, and Servants to Sir Nicholas.

Serv. Mr. Bruce is coming to wait on you.

Enter Bruce:

Sir Nich. Sir, your Servant. Now open the Bottles, and let the Air fly; Gentlemen, be ready to snuff it up. O this *Bury* Air is delicate, 'tis delicious! O very refreshing!

Bruce. O admirable——who would go to *Bury* to take it?

Sir Nich. Not I, 'tis much better here; it takes so much the fresher for being bottled, as other Liquors do. For let me tell you, Gentlemen, Air is but a thinner sort of Liquor, and drinks much the better for being bottled.

Long. Most certainly the World is very foolish, not to snuff up bottled Air, as they drink bottled Drink.

Bruce. The foolish World is never to be mended. For all this, your Glass-Coach will to *Hyde-Park* for Air; the Suburb-fools trudge to *Lamb's-Conduit*, or *Tottenham*; your sprucer sort of Citizens gallop to *Epsom*; your Mechanick gross Fellows, shewing much conjugal Affection, strut before their Wives, each with a Child in his Arms, to *Islington* or *Hogsden*.

Sir Nich. Ay, poor dull Fools!

Long. But to what end do you weigh this Air, Sir?

Sir Nich. To what end should I? to know what it weighs? O, Knowledge is a fine thing; why, I can tell to a grain what a Gallon of any Air in *England* weighs.

Bruce. Is that all the use you make of these Pneumatick Engines?

Sir Nich. No; I eclipse the Light of rotten Wood, stinking Whitings and Thornback, and putrid Flesh, when it becomes lucid.

Long. Will stinking Flesh give Light, like rotten Wood?

Sir Nich. O! yes; there was a lucid Surloin of Beef in the *Strand*: foolish People thought it burnt, when it only became lucid and chrySTALLINE by the Coagulation of the aqueous Juice of the Beef, by the Corruption that invaded it. 'Tis frequent. I my self have read a *Geneva Bible* by a Leg of Pork.

Bruce. How! a *Geneva Bible* by a Leg of Pork?

Sir Nich. O ay, 'tis the finest Light in the World: But for all that, I could eclipse the Leg of Pork in my Receiver, by pumping out the Air; but immediately upon the Appulse of the Air let in again, it becomes lucid as before.

Long. Is it so curious a Light?

Sir Nich. O admirable! I am now studying of Glow-Worms; a fine Study! it is a curious Animal: I think I shall preserve 'em light all the Year, and then I'll never use any other Light in my Study but Glow-Worms and Concave-Glasses.

Bruce. What do you with the Speaking-Trumpet?

Sir Nich. O, that Stentrophonical Tube, though not invented by me, yet is improved beyond all Men's Expectations.

Long. They can hear distinctly a League at Sea by them already.

Sir Nich. Pish! that's nothing! I have made one you may hear eight Mile about, and I shall improve it very much more: For there's no stop in Art. But of all Languages, none is heard so far as *Greek*; your *Ionick Dialect*

of Oio does so roll in the Sound. I make Sir *Formal* speak *Greek* often in it.

Bruce. This Sir *Formal* has a great many pretty Employments under him.

Sir Nich. I doubt not but in three Months to improve it so, that from the chief Mountain, Hill or Eminency in a County, a Man may be heard round the Country.

Long. This will be above all Wonder.

Sir Nich. I have thought of this, to do the King Service; for when I have perfected it, there needs but one Parson to preach to a whole County; the King may then take all the Church-Lands into his Hands, and serve all *England* with his Chaplains in Ordinary.

Long. This is a most admirable Project. But what will become of the rest of the Parsons?

Sir Nich. It is no matter; let 'em learn to make Woollen Cloth, and advance the Manufacture of the Nation; or learn to make Nets, and improve the Fishing-Trade; it is a fine sedentary Life for those idle Fellows in Black.

Bruce. These illiterate Virtuoso's hate all, that have Relation to Learning.

Long. You cannot blame 'em. But there being no stop in Art, you may advance this Trumpet so far, you may make 'em talk from one Nation to another.

Sir Nich. So I may in time.

Bruce. By this Princes may converse, treat, congratulate, and condole, without the great Charge and Trouble of Ambassadors.

Sir Nich. I hope to effect it. But I wonder Sir *Formal* is not returned; I sent him to fix my Telescopes for surveying the Moon.

Long. Do you believe the Moon is an Earth, as you told us?

Sir Nich. Believe it! I know it; I shall shortly publish a Book of Geography for it. Why, 'tis as big as our Earth; I can see all the Mountainous Parts, and Vallies, and Seas, and Lakes in it; nay, the larger Sort of Animals, as Elephants and Camels; but publick Buildings and Ships
very

very easily. I have seen several Battles fought there. They have great Guns, and have the use of Gun-Powder. At Land they fight with Elephants and Castles. I have seen 'em.

Bruce. No Phanatick, that has lost his Wits in Revelation, is so mad as this Fool.

Long. You are mistaken; this is but a faint Copy to some Originals among the Tribe.

Sir Nich. There's now a great Monarch, who has Armies in several Countries in the Moon; which we find out, because the Colours which we see are all alike. There are a great many States, which we take to be Confederates against him. He is a very ambitious Prince, and aims at universal Monarchy; but the rest of the Moon will be too hard for him.

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir Form. I have fix'd the Tubes in the Garden; and, if we be not deceived, the great Monarch is making an Attack upon a Town, and they are in very hard Service.

Sir Nich. 'Tis probable; We'll haste to see it. But first do me the Favour to speak two or three Greek Verses in this Trumpet.

Sir Form. With all my Heart.

[Sir Formal speaks some Verses out of Homer.]

Enter Sir Nicholas's Servants.

Serv. Sir, Sir! stand upon your Guard; the House is beset by a great Rabble of People, who threaten to pull you out of it, and tear you in Pieces.

Sir Nich. O Heaven! What is the Matter?

Serv. Sir, they are Ribbon-Weavers; who have been informed, that you are he that invented the Engine-Loom, which has provok'd 'em to rise up in Arms, and they are resolv'd to be reveng'd for't: Listen, Sir, you may hear 'em.

Sir

Sir Nich. O what will become of me! Gentlemen, Gentlemen! for Heaven's sake do something for me; I protest and vow, they wrong me; I never invented any Thing of Use in my Life, as gad shall mend me, not I.

Bruce. We shall be beaten for being in such damn'd Company, and 'faith we shall deserve it.

[A Noise without.

Sir Nich. Mercy on me! How loud they are! O Gentlemen, what is to be done?

Long. Get your Guns and Pistols charg'd. The Rabble, like wild Beasts, are frighted at Fire-Arms.

Sir Nich. Go, get 'em charg'd quickly.

Sir Form. Now is the time for me to shew my Parts. I have another Weapon. Let me alone with them.

Sir Nich. What Weapon, *Sir Formal*?

Sir Form. Eloquence: I warrant ye. Let me alone. I'll go out among 'em.

Sir Nich. O! 'twill never do; they are very outrageous Rogues. What will become of us!

Sir Form. You know not the Charms of Oratory. 'Twas my Fortune to be near the Temple-Stairs, when the Watermen, who drank too deep of a Liquor somewhat stronger than that, which is the Scene of their Vocation, were stirr'd up into so popular a Heat and Fervour, that its Fury threaten'd the adjacent Society. — The Watermen were themselves (as I may so say) blown into a Tempest, when strait I ventur'd in among th' intemperate Crowd, and by the Force of Rhetorick dispell'd the Barbarity of their over-boiling Ale and too much fermented Choler, and gently recompos'd their Minds into a sedate and quiet Temper: And I doubt not but to have the same Effect upon these.

Sir Nich. Quickly then, dispatch. Tell 'em I am innocent, I never invented any Thing in my Life. Go, go, quickly.

[Exeunt.

The SCENE the Street, a great Rabble together, and Snarl, &c.

Snarl. Whatever they say, this Sir Nicholas, and one Sir Formal that's with him, invented the Engine-Loom, to the Confusion of Ribbon-Weavers.—I shall be sufficiently reveng'd on the Rogues now. *[Aside.]*

1 Weav. O Villains! We'll maul 'em. Are these the Tricks of a Virtuoso? Have they study'd these fourteen Years for this?

Snarl. Yes, for much less. The Truth is, 'tis a burning Shame that poor Men should be ruin'd by such Fellows; in Sadness, 'tis——

2 Weav. I never thought these Virtuoso's would do any Thing but Mischief, for my Part.

3 Weav. Where are the Rogues? Come out of your Den.

All. Come out! Where are the Virtuoso's here?

1 Weav. Break open the House. Open the Door, or we'll demolish——

Porter within.] What would you have? Stand off.

1 Weav. What would you have, you Son of a Whore? The Engine, and the Rogues that invented it.

Porter within.] Here's no Engine, no Rogues, nor Inventers neither——

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir Form. Now will I try my Eloquence;—— Come, Gentlemen, what is it you would have? What is the Fountain of your Discontents?—— Now for the Power of Oratory! Come, come, come——

1 Weav. Here's one of the Rascals; take him amongst you.

Sir Form. Why, Gentlemen——

2 Weav. Tear him in Pieces.

Sir Form. I say, Gentlemen——

3 Weav. Cut off his Ears.

1 Weav.

1 Weav. Take him, and hang him upon the next Sign.

Sir Form. I beseech you.

All. Ay, hang him up quickly.

Sir Form. Hold! hold! shall I not speak?

2 Weav. Yes, if you can after you are hang'd.

Sir Form. Why, Gentlemen, I am of your Side. If you commit this Outrage, you will be soundly punish'd upon a *Quare fremuerus Gentes*.

Some. Let him speak.

Others. No, he shall not speak; hang him.

1 Weav. Hold, Neighbours and Friends, let's hear him; he may perhaps discover something of this Business.

All. Let him speak.

Sir Form. By what Occasion or Accident this unheard of Torrent of tempestuous Rage was thus inflam'd, I very much ignore. But let it not be said that *English* Men, good Common-wealth's Men, and sober, discreet Ribbon-Weavers, should be thus hurry'd by the rapid Force of the too dangerous Whirlwind, or Hurricane of Passion.

1 Weav. He speaks notably!

2 Weav. He's a well-spoken Man, truly.

Sir Form. Of Passion, I say, which with its sudden, and, alas! too violent Circumgyrations, does too often shipwreck those that are agitated by it; while it turns them into such giddy Confusion, that they can no longer trim the Sails of Reason, or steer by the Compass of Judgment.

1 Weav. His Tongue's well hung; but I know not what he means by all this Stuff.

Sir Form. I say, Gentlemen.

2 Weav. Pox on you, you shall say no more. What's this to the Invention of the Loom?

3 Weav. This is one of the Inventers; hang him. Where's t'other? break open the House.

Enter Sir Nicholas, Bruce, and Longvil. above.

Sir Form. Do but hear me.

1 Weav.

1 Weav. No, Rascal; we will not hear you.
[They beat him, kick him, and sling Oranges at him.]
Sir Form. All this I can bear, if you will but hear me,
 Gentlemen—I am a Person—

2 Weav. A Person! A Rogue! A Villain! A damn'd
 Virtuoso! A Person!

Sir Form. I say, Gentlemen, I am a Person—

1 Weav. Pox on you — We'll use you like a Dog—
 Sir—

Sir Form. *Quousque tandem effrenata jactabit audacia!*
 This is a Barbarity, which *Scythians* would blush at.

1 Weav. *Scythians!* what a pox! does he call us Names?
 take him, and hang him up.

Sir Nich. I see *Sir Form's* Oratory cannot prevail;
 what shall I do?

1 Weav. O, there he is. Come down! or we'll fetch
 you down, and your Engine too.

Long. Nay, then 'tis time to fall out—

Bruce. Give us Pistols, quickly—

Sir Nich. Hear me, Gentlemen. I never invented an
 Engine in my Life; as Gad shall save me, you do me
 Wrong. I never invented so much as an Engine to pare
 Cream-Cheese with. We Virtuoso's never find out any
 Thing of Use; 'tis not our Way.

1 Weav. Hang your Way. You are a damn'd lying
 Virtuoso. Break open the Door quickly—

Enter Longvil and Bruce below with Pistols, Servants.

Bruce. Where are these Dogs?

[Discharge their Pistols, all run out.]

Sir Form. Murder, Murder! *[Falls down.]*

Enter Sir Nicholas creeping out with a Blunderbuss.

Sir Nich. Where are these Rogues?

Long. Sirrah, go and call the Guard, lest they should
 fall again.

Bruce.

Bruce. Sir *Formal* is shot, and all the Rabble is escap'd unhurt.

Sir Nich. O my Friend! Sir *Formal*! Sir *Formal*!

Sir Form. I am alive, Sir *Nicholas*; but surely I am shot.

Sir Nich. Let's search——Here is no Hole in your Cloaths.

Sir Form. Hum—I find no Blood. Truly I did opine that I was shot—but I am exceedingly beaten and bruised. Though there be no Discretion, I have suffered much Confusion.

Sir Nich. I see your Oratory could not prevail.

Sir Form. No, no; these Barbarians understand not E-loquence. I must go in, and recover this Disorder.

[*Ex. Sir Form.*]

Bruce. Let's take this Opportunity to get rid of the Virtuoso, and go to the Masquerade.

Footm. Sir, the Guard was coming to suppress the Tumult, ere I went; they seiz'd some of the Mutineers, and dispersed the rest.

Long. Now we are safe, Sir, we humbly take our Leaves till to Morrow——

[*Exe. Longvil and Bruce.*]

Sir Nich. Gentlemen, your humble Servant.

Where are my Wife and Nieces?

Porter. They are gone abroad, Sir.

Sir Nich. At this time o'night! Did they go together?

Port. No, Sir; my Lady went alone.

Sir Nich. And did you let my Nieces go out, Villain, without your Lady?

Port. Sir *Formal* carried them out.

Sir Nich. Death! What Design is this? They are gone to the Masquerade: My Wife alone too! I like not this. The Story in *German-street* was very suspicious. I shall find out these Practices.

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE is a large Room, with a great Number of Masqueraders, Men and Women, in many different Habits.

Enter Sir Samuel and Hazard.

Sir Sam. Now, Hazard, let's enjoy our selves: I am never in my Element, but when I am adventuring an Intrigue, or Masquerading about Business. Now you shall see me shew my Parts.

Haz. Do, Sir Samuel; you are excellent at these Things.

Sir Sam. Nay, if any Man out-does me about this Business—Well, no more to be said. Is not mine a very pretty Disguise? Ha!

Haz. An admirable one—

Sir Sam. I have forty of 'em upon Intrigue's and Businesses—But now to work. Do you know me?

[To Clar.]

Clar. No: yet methinks you look through your Disguise like a foolish Fellow I have seen.

Sir Sam. A foolish Fellow! --Hey poop! you were never so much in the wrong in your Life, as gad mend me—

Clar. I do not think so; a Mask might cover Deformity, but not Folly. You have the very Mien of a Coxcomb; all the Motions of your Body declare the Weakness of your Mind.

Sir Sam. Pish! What, you are upon the high Ropes now! Whip stick, your Nose in my Breech. Pish! I'll talk no more with her.

Haz. Do you know me?

[To Mir.]

Mir. No; I neither know ye, nor care to know ye.

Haz. They, who have so little Curiosity, have less Pleasure.

Mir. I guess your Inside to be no better than your Outside.

Haz.

Haz. Try 'em both, and you'll be of another Opinion.

Mir. The Conviction's not worth the Tryal.

L. Gim. I wonder which is *Hazard*.—But my Business is not with him.

Sir Sam. These are very angry Ladies, *Hazard*. Just now we met two were very kind to us. Pretty Rogues! They had delicate Hands, Arms and Necks——— and they were Women of Quality, I'm sure, by their Linnen———

Haz. That's no Rule; for Whores wear as good Linnen as honest Women: Fine Cloaths and good Linnen are the Working-Tools of their Trade.

Sir Sam. But I know by their Wit and Repartees, they were fine Persons. I am confident my Woman knows me, and has a Kindness for me.

Haz. Methought they seem'd to be rank Strumpets----

Sir Sam. Pr'ythee hold thy Peace. *Tace* is *Latin* for a Candle. I am used to these Intrigues and Businesses,

Enter Longvil and Bruce in their own Cloaths, Masqued.

Clar. *Longvil* and *Bruce*! Let's watch them, and see where they'll direct themselves.

Mir. Like right-bred Men o'th' Town, I warrant, upon the next they light on.

Sir Sam. 'Ods my Life, I ha' lost my Lac'd Handkerchief———

Haz. 'Death! I ha' lost mine too. 'Heart! all my Money's gone———

Sir Sam. Ha! Money! What a Pox! mine's all flown too. Whip, slap-dash———

Haz. Whip, slap-dash! a pox o'your Women of Quality! they are flown too. Whip, slap-dash——— But you have been us'd to such Intrigues and Businesses——

Sir Sam. I darst ha'sworn I could not be deceiv'd. Though I ha' been often serv'd so by Vizard Masques in the Pit, they are mightily given to't; we Men of Adventure

venture must bear this. Come, no more to be said.
Come, 'till well 'tis no worse. Come.

Long. This is a fine civil Assembly, truly. The Knight has great Conveniencies of Couches and Retiring-Rooms.

Bruce. It is a very rank Ball; there's like to be very much Fornication committed to-night.

Long. A Masquerade is good for nothing else, but to hide Blushes, and bring bashful People together, who are ashamed to sin bare-faced. There's a Lady hovering about you, and longs to pickeer with you.

[*Lady Gim. stares on Bruce.*]

Bruce. O that it were *Clavinda*, in a good Mind.

Long. I wish it be not *Miranda* in a bad one; her Shape's like her's ———

Sir Sam. Come, Fiddles, be ready ——— Shall I wait on you in a Dance, about Business ——— [Takes out Clar.

The Boree ———

[*They Dance, Sir Samuel leaves her, she takes in another.*]

Clar. A Corant.

Bruce. May I not have the Honour to know who you are?

L. Gim. 'Tis sufficient to tell you, I am one you have no ill Wishes to, and would not tell you this but in a Masque.

Bruce. She's finely shap'd, and by her Jewels a Woman of some Condition. Come, off with this Cloud to a good Face, and Ornament to a bad one.

L. Gim. No: But if you will withdraw into another Room, I'll let you know more of my Mind, though not of my Face.

Bruce. The Temptation is too strong to be resisted. Let's steal off.

[*They steal out.*]

Entry of Scaramouch and Clowns.

[*Dance.*]

Sir Sam. Very fine, I swear, very fine! ——— Where the Devil's this *Miranda*? I cannot find her out for my Life. ———

Clar. Did you not see *Bruce* steal off with a Lady?

Mir.

Mr. Yes, and cannot bear it, I am so foolish; I would I were not.

Sir Sam. But hold. Who held my Sword, while I danced? 'Twas a *French* Sword, cost me fifteen Pistoles: A curse on him! he's rubb'd off with it—But come, 'tis well 'tis no worse yet—

Long. This *Bruce* stays somewhat long; I like it not. If I could find out either *Clarinda* or *Miranda* here, I shou'd be out of Doubt ——— Let me see, who are you?

Fig. What Authority have you to examine me—
[*She speaks in a Popper's Voice.*]

Long. What have we here, a Popper?

Fig. Such a Popper as you'll be glad to change for the Player you keep ———

Long. You are mistaken; I love the Stage too well to keep any of their Women, to make 'em proud and insolent, and despise that Calling to take up a worse.

Fig. Then you are none of the Fops I took you for.

Enter Bruce and Lady Gimerack.

Bruce. I can never rest, till I know who has oblig'd me.

L. Gim. Since you are so importunate, I'll give you a Note will discover it. If you'll give me your Honour not to open it, till the Masquerade be done.

Bruce. Upon my Honour, I will not.

L. Gim. Now shew your self a Man of Honour.

Bruce. Gad I think I have already—

Enter Sir Formal in Scaramouch's Habit.

Clar. Yonder's Sir Formal! You have your Cue, *Betty.*

Ber. I warrant you, Madam.

[*To Sir Form.*] You see, I am as good as my Word.

Sir Form. 'Tis she, by her Bracelet and Pendants. Ma-dam,

dam, had not some Disaster interven'd, I had sooner kiss'd your Hand. But of that more anon.

Enter L. Gimerack in another Disguise.

L. Gim. Now for the rest of my Plot. I shall disappoint these young Sluts, or make Mischief enough.

[Exeunt Long. and L. Gim.]

Enter Snarl bare-faced.

Miran. Did not you see Longvil steal out with a Woman?

Clarim. Too well. Our Lovers are well match'd.

Snarl. In sadness, I think *Bedlam's* broke loose and come hither. What a Company of Antick Puppies are here? Pox on 'em all. But where is this *Figgus*? by the Mass, I'll not suffer her to go to these Schools of Bawdery; in sadness, she'll be too apt a Scholar, I am afraid.

Sir Sam. Hey, Snarl! What, do you come to a Masquerade bare-fac'd?

Snarl. Yes, that I do; nor am I ashamed of my Face, as Rogues and Whores are. Whose Fool are you?

Clarim. Sir, will you please to Dance?

Snarl. No indeed won't I. I thank God, I am not such a Coxcomb yet, in sadness — What do you find in my Face, to think me such an Owl?

Miran. What do you come for then?

Snarl. Why, to find one, that should be wiser than to be here, by the Mass.

Fig. He means me; I shall be undone.

Clarim. Whom do you mean? she, that was in the Wood-hole?

Miran. She, that was discover'd in *German-street*?

Snarl. Ounds! I shall be a By-word all over the Town, in sadness.

Enter Bell, Darn Rogues and Fools.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir Nich. My Uncle here?

Clarim. Is it she you look for?

Snarl. What pert, snivelling, squeaking-Baggages are you? here's a squealing with you, with a pox to you.

Haz. To him, Sir Samuel.

Sir Sam. Sir, let me ask you one civil Question.

[In a squeaking tone.

Snarl. What civil Question would you ask now?

[Mocking him.

Sir Sam. Were not you with a Lady in German-street pull'd out by the Heels to-day?

Snarl. Ounds! What Rogue art thou? I could find in my Heart to beat thee most exorbitantly.

Haz. Your Land-lady in German-street is a School-mistress; is she not, Sir?

Snarl. O my Shame comes upon me! In sadness, you are all a Company of squealing Coxcombs; would you were all Eunuchs, by the Ma's, that you might always keep your Treble Voices.

1 Bull. What, was this virtuous Gentleman taken with a Whore?

2 Bull. Sir, do you very much delight in Birch?

Sir Sam. Yes, for Mortification-sake. He's a great doer of Penance.

Haz. A fine old Gentleman, with gray Hairs, to be over-taken!

Sir Form. Truly, I am sorry a Person of your Gravity should so expose your Discretion.

Snarl. What damn'd antick Rascal's this?

[Kicks him.

Sir Form. As Gad mend me it was uncivil; But, Madam, we will retire, if you please.

Snarl. What a Devil! shall I be over-set with Rogues and Fools here—

1 Bull. Damn Rogues and Fools.

Snarl.

Snarl. So I say, in sadness; The Men are all Rogues and Fools, and the Women all Strumpets, by the Mass, or which are ten times worse, scandalous honest Women. In sadness, it is a shame such Bawdy doings should be suffer'd in a civil Nation; my Heart bleeds for't, by the Mass. It was not so in the last Age. Why, what do I talk with a Company of Owls for? I come to find one, whom I'll never seek again, if she will not appear now——

Fig. O Baddy! I am here; but I was afraid you'd be anger'd.

Snarl. In sadness, I wonder you are not ashamed to come to these vicious scandalous bawdy Places. Come away, for shame—— [Exeunt *Snarl* and *Fig.*]

Enter Longvil and Lady Gimcrack.

Long. I never yet knew one so free of her Body, and so nice of her Face before. Shall I know no more of you?

L. Gim. Since you will have it so——there's a Note will inform you more. But, upon your Honour, you must not open it till the Masquerade be over.

Long. I will not.

Sir Nich. My Dear, I wonder'd I could not see you before.

L. Gim. O Hazard, have I found thee? this is good luck, my dear.

Sir Nich. O infamous damn'd Woman!

L. Gim. It makes me break my Spleen almost, to think what an Ass we made of Sir Nicholas to-day.

Sir Nich. Ay, so it does mine. Ha, ha, ha——A curse on Womankind!

L. Gim. He, poor Fool! believes us all this while to be as innocent.—Now shall you have free Liberty to come home to me.

Sir Nich. Shall he so, Madam? [L. Gim. *strikes out.*]

Sir Sam. What's here? one offering Violence to a Lady?

Haz.

Haz. Who's this, my Lady *Gimcrack*?

L. Gim. It is my Husband! for Heaven's sake keep here, till I run home. *[Ex. Lady Gim.]*

Haz. Villain! how dare you abuse a Lady? *[Kicks him.]*

Sir Nich. It's no matter for that; I shall not discover my self.

Haz. It is Sir *Nicholas*; now you may lock him up, and be revenged on him.

Sir Sam. No more to be said. Hey! who waits there? Take this Fellow, and lock him up, till I talk with him, about Business.

Sir Nich. Death! What will become of me?

Long. I have fixed upon almost every Woman of the Masquerade, and cannot find which is either *Clarinda* or *Miranda*.

Bull. Ounds, you lie.

Bull. Take that; Rascal.

[They draw, and all draw.]

[Exeunt all, Women shrieking.]

Sir Sam. These damn'd Bully Rogues have spoil'd my Intrigue; a pox on 'em all! the Ladies are gone. But I'll find a way to be convey'd into *Miranda's* Chamber to-Night yet.

[Ex. Sir Sam.]

Enter Longvil, Bruce, and Porter.

Long. Is Sir *Nicholas* within?

Port. No: But my Lady, and the two young Ladies are come; my Lady is gone up to my Master's Closet, and the young Ladies are in the Garden.

Bruce. We come to tell Sir *Nicholas*; we've wholly quell'd the Mutiny, and seen the Offenders committed.

Port. He will be within presently. *[Exit.]*

Long. I do not see the Ladies here: But this was a strange Adventure at the Masquerade.

Bruce. The Circumstances are so like, had I not seen two several Habits, I should believe 'twas the same Woman.

man I have a Note to, and received the same Injunction not to open it.

Long. Let me read your Note, and you shall read mine: the Moon-light will serve for that.

By that means I may discover something. [*Aside.*]

Bruce. Agreed—I may perhaps make a Discovery. [*Aside.*]

Reads. [You see I dare not own my Kindness, but when I had something to hide my Blushes. I hope you'll use the Conquest like a Gentleman.] *Clarinda.*

Long. How! this is to the same Effect, subscrib'd by *Miranda*. There needs no further Argument of your Treachery, and such as I did not think a Gentleman could be guilty of.

Bruce. 'Death! Do you accuse me of Treachery, who are your self so great a Traitor? Draw —

Long. Are you so nimble? Have at you — [*Fight.*]

Enter Clarinda and Miranda.

Clarinda. } Hold! Hold! for Heaven's sake, hold!
Miranda. }

Clarinda. What means this Madness in this Place?

Bruce. I suppose you guess at the Meaning.

Long. If not, *Miranda* can inform you.

Miranda. This is absolute Distraction, Gentlemen.

Bruce. You let *Longvil* know more of your Mind, Madam, in a private Room at the Masquerade to-night.

Long. If she did not, this Lady was kind enough to you there.

Miranda. What Madness is this! I spoke ne'er a Word to either of you there.

Clarinda. Nor I, Heaven knows; but we saw each of you steal away with a Lady —

Bruce. Do you know that Hand, Madam?

[To *Clarinda.*
Long.]

Long. Or you this, Madam?

[To Miran.]

Clarín. My Name subscribed!

Miran. And here is mine!

Clarín. This Mischief is too evident. This is my Aunt's Hand.

Miran. And this is her Character too. This Malice is beyond Example, and your Baseness, so soon to entertain such Thoughts of us.

Clarín. That senseless Vanity, that makes them think so well of themselves, made 'em think so ill of us.

Long. O Heaven! what have we done! I beg a thousand Pardons for my Fault.

Bruce. Hear but my Acknowledgement; on my Knees I beg forgiveness for my ill Thoughts of so excellent a Lady.

Clarín. Be gone, unworthy Men, and never see us more.

Miran. I'll ne'er forgive the Man, that thus dare injure me. [Exit Clarín and Miran.]

Long. This damn'd Lady has put her self upon us for two Women. Let's not leave 'em, till we have satisfied them of the Occasion of our Jealousie.

Bruce. Let's follow at a Distance.

[Longvil and Bruce follow 'em.]

Enter Clarinda and Miranda, and go into an Arbour.

Long. They are gone into that Arbour: Let's do an ungenerous thing for once, and listen.

Bruce. Agreed; we then perhaps may hear what their Resentments are.

Miran. I see we must carry our selves with more Reservedness, since Men of Wit and Pleasure are so apt to think ill of our Sex.

Clarín. For all this, I love Longvil to that Height, I cannot be reserved to him; I can forgive him any thing.

Miran.

Miran. I love *Bruce* too almost to Distraction, and could venture any thing but Honour for him.

Clarim. I'd lose my Life and Love a thousand times before my Virtue. But our cross Love can never meet.

Miran. The Breach was great enough before: But this Falshood and Malice of my Lady has made it wider: But hold! we are over-heard.

Clarim. O Heaven! here are *Longvil* and *Bruce* ———

[They run away shrieking.]

Long. Our Case is plain, we have no hopes of succeeding in our intended Loves; or if I had, I wou'd not have the Body without the Mind.

Bruce. A Man enjoys as much by a Rape, as that way. But I am so pleas'd to find *Miranda* loves me, that I'd not change for any but *Clarinda*.

Long. I have the same Opinion of *Clarinda*'s Love; and could you be contented, I would willingly change. Gratitude to her will move my Heart, more than *Miranda*'s Charms with her Aversion can.

Bruce. Since our Affections will not thrive in the Soil we had placed them in, we must transplant them.

Long. Love, like the Sun-beams, will not warm much, unless reflected back again. It is resolv'd it shall be so.

Bruce. Let's follow them now; and while the Metal's hot, 'twill take a Bent the easier.

[Exeunt.]

SCENA Ultima.

Enter Sir Nicholas, and Lady Gimcrack.

Sir Nick. Infamous, vile Woman! I'll be revenged on all your Lewdness.

L. Gim. I have broke open your Closet, and here are all your Letters from your several Whores: And do you think I'll bear your Falshood without Revenge?

Sir Nich. Be gone out of my Doors; I cast you from me: and I have here another Mistress of this House. Come in. —

Enter Flirt.

To you I give Possession of all here, Madam. Out of my Doors.

L. Gim. Is this one of the Creatures you converse with about Philosophical Matters? Fare you well. I have, Thanks to my Friends, a Settlement for separate Maintenance, and I have provided for my self too a worthy Gentleman. Come in, Sir; he will defend my Person, and my Honour.

Enter Hazard.

Sir Nich. Whoe'er shall make such Settlements hereafter, may they be plagued as I am! Vile Creature! —

L. Gim. Sir, I shall publish your Letters into the Bargain, and send 'em to *Gresham-College*; then you'll be more despis'd than now you are there. —

Sir Nich. O Misfortune! That will be worse than all the Miseries can happen to me. Hold, Madam! I have thought on't; and to shew how much I can be a Philosopher, I am content it should be a drawn Battle betwixt us. Do you forgive, and you shall find that I can do so too.

Enter Steward.

Stew. O Sir! I bring you the most unfortunate News that you ever heard.

Sir Nich. More Crosses still!

Stew. Several Engineers, Glass-makers, and other People you have dealt with for Experiments, have brought Executions, and Extents, and seized on all your Estate in the Country.

L. Gim.

L. Gim. 'Tis very well; you were all this while bot-
tling of Air, a studying Spiders and Glow-worms, stink-
ing Fish and rotten Wood.

Sir Nich. This last Affliction is too great to bear; but
I am resolv'd to forgive thee, my Dear, and be a good
Husband, and redeem all.

L. Gim. No, Sir, I thank you; my Settlement is with-
out Incumbrance, and I'll preserve it without you, who
are the greatest a Woman can have.

Enter Sir Formal and Betty.

Sir Form. Sir, I humbly implore your Pardon for a
Crime, which Love, which was too strong for my Re-
sistance, caus'd in me.

Sir Nich. What do you mean?

Sir Form. I have marry'd *Clarinda*; the pretty Crea-
ture had an odd Fancy to be marry'd in Masquerade. I
hope you'll pardon it! Love is not in our Power.

Sir Nich. O Heaven! this is to add to all the rest. No,
base Man, I never will forgive it.

Betty unmasks.] Sir, you may, if you please, and he
too; consider, Sir, Love is not in our Power.

Sir Form. I am amaz'd! I am struck dumb! I ne'er
shall speak again!

Sir Nich. I am sorry for you, Sir Formal; but I
have greater Sorrows of my own: Yet I have my Un-
kle *Snarl* in reserve. I'll try his Countey. — Oh here
he is!

Enter Snarl and Figgup.

Snarl. Here! Where is this Coxcomb? Nephew —
This Virtuoso? I was with a Whore in *German-street*?
was I? And your Ladyship reproach'd me too; she is
your Aunt, in Sadness.

Sir Nich. How, Sir! What do you mean?

T 3.

Snarl.

Snarl. Mean! Why, what should I mean? she is my Wife, she is my Wife; I am marry'd to her——

Fig. Yes, Sir, we are marry'd, I assure you.

Sir Nich. Oh! this is worst of all; I have lost all Hopes of his Estate, for which I have so long suffer'd all his Frowardness.

Enter Lorgvil, Bruce, Clarinda, and Miranda.

L. Gim. Oh Heaven! are they so soon come to a right Understanding? I am undone. Curse on 'em!

Snarl. O Gentlemen! That foolish Virtuoso, and that wordy Puppy *Sir Formal*, said, I was taken with a Whore in *German-street*: This is the Lady, and she's my Wife.

Haz. Be pleas'd to give *Sir Formal* Joy; he is marry'd to Mrs. *Betty* too.

Sir Form. Upon my Sincerity, Madam, it was very uncivilly done, to slur your Maid upon me in your stead: But I must rest contented; no more to be said.

Clar. Betty, I wish thee Joy; *Sir Formal*, she is as good a Gentlewoman as you a Gentleman.

Snarl. I thought my foolish flashy Orator would be catch'd at last. Ha, ha, ha! What, marry a Chamber-Maid!

Sir Form. But, Sir, I have not marry'd a Strumpet, as you have.

Long. How! is this virtuous Gentleman of the last Age so over-taken?

Bruce. Did Gentlemen and Men of Honour marry Whores in the last Age?

Snarl. In sadness, they have much ado to avoid it in this; if I have married one, she is my own; and I had better marry my own, than another Man's, by the Mass; as 'tis fifty to one I shou'd, if I had marry'd elsewhere, in Sadness.

Sir Nich. I have yet a Reserve: Nieces, my Land in the Country is extended, and my Goods are seized on: The

The Money which I have of yours will redeem all, and I will account with you.

Clar. Sir, I can do nothing but by my Guardian's Consent; and I have chosen Mr. *Longvil* for mine.

Mir. And Mr. *Bruce* has undertaken the Protection of my Fortune.

Sir Nich. Death! now all my Hopes are cut off; I thought to have made a good Sum of Money of my Nieces. Was this the Philosophy you came for, Gentlemen?

Enter two Porters with Sir Samuel in a Chest.

How now? Whom have we here?

Port. Sir, here is a Chest of Goods, directed to Mrs. *Miranda*, and we were commanded to bring it to her.

Mir. For me? Set it down there.

Port. Shall we not carry it into your Chamber, Madam?

Mir. No: There's something for you; be gone.

Clar. It stands in the Way: Footmen, set it upon one End. [*Ex. Porters.*]

[*They offer to turn Sir Samuel with his Head downwards.*]

Sir Sam. Hold! hold! Murder! Murder!

Sir Nich. How's this? Some Rogue and Thief! pull him out.

Sir Sam. Rogue and Thief! I scorn your Words.

Snarl. An Antick Coxcomb; I have seen a Baboon with more common Sense.

Sir Sam. I came hither to my Mistress *Miranda*, and would marry her, about this Business.

Bruce. You must ask my Leave; she has chosen me for her Guardian, and I will cut your Throat, if you attempt to make Love to her any more.

Sir Sam. And do you own what he says, Madam?

Mir. I must be rul'd by my Guardian.

Sir Sam. Why then I have been kick'd, beaten, pump'd, and

and toss'd in a Blanket, &c. to no Purpose: I am unfortunate in this Intrigue. But no more to be said. Come, 'tis well it's no worse yet.

Sir Nich. Sure, *Sir Formal*, you'll not deny me that?

Sir Form. Truly I opine it not reasonable for one, who has married one with nothing, to be Security for another.

Sir Nich. That I should know Men no better! I wou'd I had studied Mankind, instead of Spiders and Insects. Sure, my Dear, thou wilt not leave me?

L. Gim. I am resolv'd to part this Moment.

Sir Nich. Well, I have something left yet; and here's one loves me, she has told me so a thousand times.

Flirt. Sir, trust not to that; for Women of my Profession love Men but as far as their Money goes.

Sir Nich. Am I deserted by all? Well, now 'tis time to study for Use: I will presently find out the Philosopher's Stone; I had like to have gotten it last Year, but that I wanted *May-Dew*, it being a dry Season.

Long. I hope, Ladies, since you have put your Estates into our Hands, you'll let us dispose of your Persons.

Mr. You must have time to leave off your old Love, before you put on new.

Clar. Nothing but time can fit it to you.

Bruce. You have given us Hope, and we must live upon that a while; and sure 'twill not be long that we shall live upon that slender Diet: For

*If Love can once a Lady's Out-works win,
It soon will master all that is within.*

EPI-

you are admiring by all the means

EPILOGUE.

Now you, who think y' are Judges of the Pie,
 Who never, but in finding Faults, shew Wit;
 And ne'er reflect on Follies of your own;
 Our Poet can from you no Mercy find,
 Who salvage are to all, but your own kind.
 Nay, on the Stage if some of those appear,
 Though ne'er so like your selves, you hate 'em there;
 As the whole Herd falls on a wounded Deer.
 And of those Ladies be despair to-day,
 Who love a dull Romantick whining Play:
 Where poor frail Woman's made a Deity,
 With senseless amorous Idolatry,
 And swivelling Heroes sigh, and pine, and cry.
 Though singly they beat Armies, and huff Kings,
 Rant at the Gods, and do impossible Things;
 Though they can laugh at Danger, Blood, and Wounds;
 Yet if the Dams once abides, the Milk-sop Hero frowns.
 Those doughty Things nor Manners have, nor Wit;
 We ne'er saw Hero sit to drink with yet.
 But hold! I hear some say among the rest,
 This Play is not well-bred, nor yet well-drest:
 Such Plays the Women's Poets can write best.
 They differ from the Men's, you must allow;
 As Women's Taylors, Women's Poets too.
 But know, good Breeding shows its Excellence,
 Not in small trifling Forms, but in good Sense.

But think you are admired by all the Town?

EPILOGUE.

Yet, Ladies, to Stage-Teals some Favour show;
Since of the Stage some Fops you can allow.
Few of the Sex's happy Favourites yet
Have been the most remarkable for Wit:
Sure you must like Copies of such as these,
If the Original Coxcombs can so please.
But to the Men of Wit our Poet flies,
And makes his Fops to them a Sacrifice:
You know the Pangs and many labouring Throws,
By which your Brains their perfect Births disclose.
You can the Faults and Excellencies find,
Pass by the one, and be to th' other kind.
By you he is resolv'd to stand or fall;
Whate'er's his Doom, he'll not repine at all.
And if this Birth should want its perfect Shape,
And cannot by our Care its Death escape,
Th' abortive Issue came before its Day,
And th' Poet has miscarried of a Play.

The End of the First Volume.

